

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 2

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, October 17, 1939

\$1.00 A Year

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

As the first marking period draws to a close on October 20, with grades due on the 23rd, Dr. Gibson says that from all indications the student body is doing good work and that she is looking forward to a very satisfactory academic record.

Any students who are planning to obtain a degree, certificate, or diploma are asked to sign the list in the Registrar's office as soon as possible.

Also, any student planning an additional degree or certificate should also outline her course as early as possible to meet the requirements in both fields.

### • College Calendar •

- October 17—Tuesday:**  
3:30 p. m., Junior Tea for Freshmen.  
5 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu.
- October 18—Wednesday:**  
5 p. m., Commercial Club.  
6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A. Style Show.
- October 19—Thursday:**  
11 a. m., Assembly Address by Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, Kings-highway Presbyterian Church.  
5 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega Picnic.  
8:30 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon.
- October 21—Saturday:**  
Date Dance sponsored by Senior Class.
- October 22—Sunday:**  
6:30 p. m., Faculty Concert by Miss Isidor and Miss Coulson.
- October 23—Monday:**  
6:30 p. m., Freshman Meeting. College Club Play.
- October 24—Tuesday:**  
5 p. m., Sigma Tau Delta.
- October 25—Wednesday:**  
5 p. m., League of Women Voters.
- October 26—Thursday:**  
Founders' Day.  
11 a. m., Address by Dr. Sam Higginbottom. Dedication of Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Fine Arts Building.  
8 p. m., St. Louis Simfionetta.
- October 27—Friday:**  
Hallowe'en Party.
- October 29—Sunday:**  
6:30 p. m., Dr. D. M. Skilling.
- October 30—Monday:**  
6:30 p. m., Freshman Meeting.
- October 31—Tuesday:**  
5 p. m., Delta Phi Delta.

### Senior Hall

#### New Dormitory

The old Music Hall, now Senior Hall, has been turned into a small homelike dormitory and houses 14 girls. Not all of the girls are seniors, although the hall does go by that name.

Back in history, the building was at first the home of Judge Bruere and his family. He had no connection with the school except that he lived on the campus, his daughters went to Lindenwood, and his sons later married Lindenwood girls. Judge Bruere sold his property to the College, and up until this year

### Graduate Studies at Johns Hopkin

Gwendolyn Payne, who received her B. S. Degree at Lindenwood College last spring, is now a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. She is using the fellowship that she received here at Lindenwood in June. Gwen is in the School of Hygiene and Public Health and is majoring in biochemistry, with bacteriology and immunology as minors.

Gwen is enjoying, besides studying very hard, the sights of Baltimore and has been down the Chesapeake Bay, to Annapolis, and to Washington, D. C. She finds the whole place, including the school and her work, quite interesting and compares Baltimore with St. Louis, seeing a likeness in the two cities.

While at Lindenwood, Gwen made an outstanding record and was in many activities. She was editor of the *Linden Leaves*, a member of Beta Pi Theta, Sigma Tau Delta, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, International Relations Club, League of Women Voters, vice-president of Alpha Sigma Tau, and secretary of the Triangle club.

### Gutenberg Bible Leaf On Exhibition

Dr. Stanley Burns of St. Louis owns an original Gutenberg Bible Leaf which he very kindly let Lindenwood have for a few days. He sent it directly to the classical department (courtesy of Dr. Dawson who brought it out) knowing that the classical department would be especially interested in it since the Bible was written in Latin. Many other students and faculty members took pleasure in seeing it. The English literature classes greatly enjoyed looking upon an original.

This particular leaf was taken from an imperfect Bible of an early Gutenberg issue (1450-55). It is printed on paper which is very well preserved, the page is hand decorated in red and blue, the type is in imitation of hand writing, large Gothic characters, the ink is seemingly as clear and brilliant as it was when the page was printed. A note upon the printing of the Gutenberg Bible says, "The printing was done both upon vellum and upon paper; which was first used, cannot positively now be determined, but it is generally believed that the paper copies are the earliest. This page, then, may be the earliest example of the printed page from movable type in the world—it being not only a page from the first printed book, but a page of its very first issue. Of its emotional value it is not for me to speak. It is, indeed, beyond words. Throughout the middle ages the most important book was the Latin Bible. It is not possible for many men ever to touch or even look upon a page of a Gutenberg Bible."

the old home had been used as the Music Hall.

The building contains, besides the  
(Continued on Page 2)

### Full Staff Appointed

#### Best Annual Promised for Next Spring

Announcement has been made of the Linden Leaves staff for this year. The editor is Helen Bandy who is a member of Sigma Tau Delta, the Poetry Society, and Pi Bamma Mu. Assistant to the editor, Betty Lou Foster, who will have charge of pictures, and Dorothy Keyes. Betty Lou is a member of Beta Pi Theta, and Dorothy is a member of the Triangle Club, Beta Theta, and Alpha Sigma Tau. Business Manager, Lucille Vosberg, who was the assistant business manager last year. Her activities include membership in Sigma Tau Delta, Pi Alpha Delta, Der Deutsche Verein, Pi Gamma Mu, Alpha Sigma Tau, and the Athletic Association. She was treasurer of the junior class last year and vice-president of Y. W. C. A.

The assistants to the business manager are Mary Jean DuHadway and Helen Meyers. Mary Jean who has charge of advertising, was a member of the sophomore council last year and secretary-treasurer of El Circulo Espanol. She is a member of the Poetry Society, Alpha Sigma Tau and Sigma Tau Delta. Helen is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau.

The humor editor is Christine McDonald; Tau Sigma, Poetry Society, Alpha Sigma Tau, El Circulo Espanole. Last year, she was treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta and vice-president of Beta Pi Theta.

The literary editors are Margaret Barton, who was president of the German club last year, and is a member of International Relations Club, Alpha Sigma Tau, Sigma Tau Delta, and the Athletic Association.

The art editors are Jeanette Lee and Peggy Dodge. Jeanette was treasurer of Kappi Pi last year, a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and the annual staff. Peggy's activities include Kappi Pi and the Athletic Association.

Snapshot editors include Martha Norris, Commercial Club; Louise Mailander, choir; and Helen McLane. The organization editors are Helen Rose Bruns, who is a member of El Circulo Espanol, Beta Pi Theta, and was secretary-treasurer of Alpha Sigma Tau last year, and Margaret Cannon, who is a member of the Poetry Society and the *Linden Bark* Staff.

The assistants to the organization editors are: seniors; Marge Dearmont, president of the Y. W. C. A. and a member of last year's Linden Leaves Staff; Ruth E. Vance, Delores Anderson, and Mimi Stumberg, who was assistant organization editor of *Linden Leaves* '37-'38, and is a member of Beta Pi Theta; Genevieve Knise, juniors, Harriet Heck, Annamae Ruhman, and Barbara Bruce, sophomores. Harriet belongs to the Athletic Association and Barbara to the International Relations Club. The freshman assistants are Jean Davis, Mary Catherine Downs, Rena Eberspacher, Margaret Funk, Virginia Lee Teale, Sallie Van Buren, Wanda Cole, and Betty Laird.

Those who will assist with  
(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

### Building Nears

#### Completion

#### Moving Happily Conflicts With Classes

Can you imagine trying to hold high "C" while a piano is being pushed around the room? That is only one of the many things that has seemed a bit odd at the new Fine Arts building. Moving started September 28 and all the art classes were dismissed for a few days so that the desks could be moved and set up in their new home. A pulley was rigged up from third floor Roemer to the basement for the moving of the heavier pieces in the art department. Although it rained the second day, the men were busy moving things all day and trying to keep them from getting wet.

Dr. Roemer was over at the new building one night trying the sound-proofness of the music rooms and discovered Mr. Thomas having quite a time shoving pianos around the rooms.

Students were seen carrying armloads of art material from their dormitory rooms to the new art department and looked as if they would surely drop at least one piece of the paraphernalia, but so far no serious mishaps have been reported.

The Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts Building will soon be complete. The music and art students are having classes there now and they say they don't mind a few interruptions when they know that they will soon have all new rooms and new building. Does any girl ever mind being interrupted when she is in class or studying?

Sincere best wishes for the new building!

### Dr. Dawson Experiments

This winter in the greenhouse Dr. Dawson will carry on a series of experiments to help prove the worth of a new discovery, vitamin B1. Found by Dr. F. W. Went, Dr. James Bonner, and George C. Warner of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, this vitamin is said to be a great aid in transplanting and growing larger flowers. Five-inch roses, daffodils bigger than plates, snapdragons six feet tall, and roses transplanted while flowering are some of the "miracles" attributed to its use. Anxious to prove its practical worth, the discoverers of vitamin B1 have asked that private owners of greenhouses and gardens use this amazing addition to botanical knowledge. Dr. Dawson, always willing to further plant development, has consented.

In addition to experimenting, Dr. Dawson is making the regular preparations for winter. Plants have been brought from the deck-boxes into the greenhouse, and bulbs and seeds are being made ready for planting. This fore-sight of Dr. Dawson's will bring many pleasures to Lindenwood girls during the long, cold months of early spring.

# LINDEN BARK

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by the Department of Journalism

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Mary Ekberg, '41

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
Phyllis Carpenter, '42

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Margaret Cannon, '42	Gloria Stunkel, '42
Ann Earickson, '42	Dorothy Jean Mathias, '42
Lulagene Johnson, '42	Jacqueline Morrison, '41

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1939

### The Linden Bark:

It is a maxim of such weight,  
Worth conning o'er and o'er,  
He who has Homer to translate,  
Had need do nothing more.  
—Cowper

## Founders' Day — A Day of Two Celebrations

Major and Mrs. Sibley were the co-founders of "Linden Wood" in 1827. Major Sibley was the first United States' commissioner to the Indians, and when the Indians came to see the Major, Mrs. Sibley taught them. Mrs. Sibley was the daughter of Rufus Easton, who was a federal judge appointed by President Jefferson. She was born in January, 1800. Judge Easton saw much of the Sibleys and the two families are buried in the cemetery behind Sibley. When the college was in financial straits, Judge and Mrs. Watson and some other St. Charles friends aided them. In 1914 Col. J. G. Butler's backing brought Dr. and Mrs. Roemer to Lindenwood. Col. and Mrs. Butler's gifts and endowments amounted to \$4,000,000.

From all this history, the girls of Lindenwood, indeed, have a great heritage and a lot of tradition. Think of the privilege of being able to go to the burial place of the founders without leaving the campus. That is one of the true traditions of the school. We, the girls of this day, have much to live up to, so that we can keep the standards high for future girls. Perhaps our own daughters will come here to college and will know just what the ideals and traditions are. Some of the rules will change, but never the background.

Founders' Day this year will be even more important than usual, because of the Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts Memorial Building that Dr. Roemer has given to the college. We are proud of our founders and shall never cease singing their praises.

## Sports An Important Part of Lindenwood

Sports are much of the life that Americans lead. Not only is it a life for the young generations, but for all generations. Of sports we must remember that they help to hold and raise the moral standard of our country, to keep the health of the country at its best, to teach fair-play in all fields, and to teach the participants to think quickly. Sports offer one of the best recreations the world has. As participants in sports, people's minds are distracted from the problems of the day. As sport fans, too, they find relaxation in watching the game.

Sports are being taught to the youngest children, teaching them the essentials of life early. Swimming has offered a great field for youngsters. They lose the fear of water, begin to have confidence in their bodies, and learn the value of relaxation. Golf is the business man's game, as well as the woman's game. The association with others, being out in the sun and fresh air, getting away from the "hurdy-gurdy" world for a few hours, helps in an endless way. The high school and college groups indulge in football, track, basketball, tennis, and hockey. At this school age, a dangerous age for many, the activities in sports prevent the student from gathering at hang-outs; they lower the number of juvenile crimes and gangs, and give young people a chance to develop their bodies and acquire good health, which is valueless.

There is nothing in this world that is as much an asset to a personality as being a good sport. You don't have to be a participant in games of sport to be a good sport. Oh! no, all ways of life demand good sports. At work and at play good sports are outstanding. It has been proved that athletics teach one to be a good sport, and that far above 50 per cent of the competitors and fans have learned to be good sports through athletic connections.

At our college, let's see a large group of students active in sports, gaining all the benefits that this avenue of life can and will give.

### Cotton Picks A Winner

This past summer Margaret Cannon entered a contest of a theme-writing nature. Two days later she received a telegram from the company saying she had been one of the winners for that day and won as a prize, a General Electric radio valued at \$30. Margaret wrote a nonsensical essay on, "Why College Girls Use Kleenex."

### Miss McKee at Hickey's

Miss Werdna McKee has been appointed on the faculty of the Hickey Secretarial School in St. Louis. Miss McKee has been a popular instructor in Lindenwood since February, 1939. In her new position she will teach advanced shorthand in the Hickey night school.

Read the Linden Bark.

## CAMPUS DIARY

by L. J.

### Tuesday, October 3:

"Bark's" out to make mail for all—good music at dinner—sophomore election of class officers.

### Wednesday, October 4:

Out to dinner and a show—nothing very exciting but mice.

### Saturday, October 7:

A wire from the B. M.—unexpectedly hot in the city but food galore, anyhow.

### Sunday, October 8:

Many men and convertibles on campus—riding in the rain.

### Monday, October 9

Hot as a July day—much cutting and lying around—good food from home and belated birthday presents.

### Tuesday, October 10:

Flurried preparations for the Veiled Prophet parade—an early dinner and to the city—250 Lindenwoodites running loose—home about 1 a. m., and rushing around in the dark—more fun and mice—V. P.'s should come more often.

### Wednesday, October 11:

Many sleepy gals—unexpected wires, hurried planning, and unlooked-for home goings.

## Mr. Rath Tells Experiences

### Vienna During German Anschluss

At the first meeting of the International Relations Club this year on Thursday, October 5, Mr. Rath, new history professor at Lindenwood, spoke on some of his experiences in Vienna during the German Anschluss.

Mr. Rath went to Vienna as a fellow of the Social Science Research Council. On the night when the Germans took possession of the country Mr. Rath and his wife had gained permission to go into one of the forbidden sections and found, instead of the usual crowds, only a few people in the cafes. A little later the Nazis broke through the police lines and news spread that Seyss-Inquart, an Austrian official, had turned traitor, and that Schushnigg, Austria's president, had resigned.

On that same night the persecution began. Those who were not known to be Nazis were attacked, shops were pillaged and sacked, and shocking indignities were perpetrated against the Jews. Before the Nazis even entered Austria a black list had been made out and many of those on the list were taken prisoners during the first night, before they had time to flee. Within an hour of their entry, all railroad stations were covered and within two hours the frontiers were closed.

Many reports were circulated about inhuman treatment given the Jews, but some of the stories were verified. One of these was about the actual gangster methods used by the Nazis in extorting money from the Jews for protection against further persecution. Another story known to be true was the horrible mass drowning in the Danube river of Jews who had been blindfolded and pushed into the water.

Mr. Rath in his role of American was able to warn many of his friends and enable them to escape before being taken to concentration camps. One of these was Dr. Winter, Vice-Mayor of Vienna, who is now in New York.

In his informal talk Mr. Rath was able to give his listeners a picture of the horrors of the Nazi regime, which was far clearer than merely reading about it, and brought the situation much closer to us, especially at this time.

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parlors, one single room and six double rooms. Most of the rooms are quite large, rugs and curtains being furnished as they had been used in the music classrooms. There is no regular housemother, but Miss Scott of the speech department fills that capacity. The girls are all enthused over their new quarters and find the atmosphere quite enjoyable.

Those girls who are "lucky enough" to live in Senior Hall are Kay Wagner, Katie Craig, Cordelia Buck, Beverley Mayhall, Dorothy Nieman, Jane Griswold, Rosanna Veach, Polly Pollock, Betty Merrill, Billy Vance, Celeste Karlstadt, Margaret Duff, and Betty Hartness.

## Rescue of Athenia

### Cobbs Had Friends On Rescue Ship, City of Flint

Everyone seems to be interested in war news these days and it becomes all the more interesting if one knows people or has friends in the war areas. The recent Athenia disaster was brought very close to Barbara Cobbs because two of her friends were passengers on the City of Flint, which brought 220 of the survivors to safety at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and New York. The boys, Alex Warner and Julian Glass, had been on a vacation in Europe and when the situation became ominous they tried to get passage in London and Liverpool. Finally through the American Consul in Glasgow they were able to get passage on the freighter City of Flint.

In an Associated Press interview, Alex Warner described the rescue of Athenia survivors as follows:

"On the third day the SOS was received from the Athenia, and the freighter started back towards Scotland. When we reached the point where we picked up the survivors, on the morning of September 4, there was a heavy swell running and a cold wind.

"With the arrival of the lifeboats bearing the Athenia survivors, every person on the City of Flint, crew and passengers, got to work. I was assigned to take the names and addresses of those brought on board, for the captain's log."

Warner was impressed by the manner in which those on the City of Flint kept their heads for the most part. The captain said that in such cases a man showed up either as a hero or a bum. Everyone did the task which was assigned to him, and they soon became accustomed to the hardships incident upon a freighter with no passenger accommodations, suddenly having a passenger list of nearly 300 persons.

Upon arrival at Halifax the freighter was crowded with reporters and news photographers, all eager to get stories from and pictures of the survivors. On the voyage, the freighter had two huge American flags painted on its sides and on its deck, as well as an American flag flown at the mast; they were flooded with lights at nights, that no mistake could be made as to the nationality of the ship.

## At Lindenwood Mary Is Popular Name

Mary! Mary! If anyone called that name on Lindenwood's campus, many voices would answer, for there are 29 girls possessing the name "Mary" at Lindenwood. The name "Betty" is second choice for popularity, as there are 27 "Bettys", including four "Betty Janes".

Read the Linden Bark.

Poetry, the short story, the informal essay, the descriptive sketch—all are interestingly represented in this first BARK supplement of the new year. A number of people make their Lindenwood literary debut; we welcome them, and are happy too to see further work from some of our old contributors.

### TO FARMING MEN

by Adelaide Wilke, '41

Out of the soil whose life is everlasting,  
You bring our visions to reality,  
Your work is planting after harvesting  
What the earth will produce in entity;  
Long before the bridges traced the skyways  
And chimneys scattered shadows in bright air,  
When grass was growing where there now are highways  
And little labor, you were walking there.  
Through ages men have studied more and more,  
Learned much of tides and stars and singing steam.  
And harnessed streams to furnish power in store.  
Some gave the food—some wrestled with the dream.  
But what is more, as every thinker knows,  
Yours is the truest work that God bestows.

### LANDING

by Elizabeth Meyer, '42

From the dark night-sky, the snowflakes were falling. They clung soft and damp, to hats, coats, hair and even our eyelashes. Breath rose from our lips in clouds of fluffy white steam. The dark, soft coldness of the night penetrated our heavy coats, and made us shiver at times with a sudden chill. Abruptly, a queer, blue-white light streamed over the landing field, turning the whole airport into a dream-like place. The sky, so far away, with its millions of floating snowflakes, dropped suddenly, and we felt that that madly rushing whirlwind of snow was flying directly at each of us. As we stood there, amazed, we heard a low humming sound. Louder and louder it roared, until it seemed as if the whole sky, too heavy with its burden of damp snow, had cracked and would fall and crush us. In the distance, two brilliant circles of green began to move slowly toward us, accompanied by the now deafening roar, and into the blue light a huge silver airplane glided majestically. From the little waiting station rushed two red-capped, grey-coated men, ready to assist the fortunate people inside to get out safely. The blue light was turned off just as abruptly as it had been turned on, and the airport resumed its normal night-time appearance. We turned back toward the station then, but for a while we had been in a strange land of make-believe, and had seen a silver Phoenix alight from a blue and white sky.

### HOW TO BECOME UNPOPULAR AT A BRIDGE PARTY

by Dorothy Felger, '42

If you are one of those individuals who is always asked to parties and simply hates to play bridge, it will be well worth your time to learn some practical ways of avoiding this situation. In only one easy lesson you can learn how to become unpopular to the extent that you will not be invited to any more bridge parties, and consequently you will be spared the agony of

playing.

One of the first essentials is to arrive at least an hour or more late because, as the other guests will be late anyway, you must keep them all waiting. This will necessitate holding up the game for you and will cause the more ardent bridge lovers to think of many names which they would love to call you. After the hostess and the guests have begun to think that you aren't coming, nonchalantly saunter in, casually explaining that you were late because you had been reading a very interesting book and simply had to find out who committed the murders. This, being a rather lame excuse, will kindle a little enmity toward you.

After the game has begun, do not pay too much attention to the cards, but keep up a continual conversation of gossip and wit and include some poor puns. When called upon to bid, take your time to work your bid out systematically. Either don't bid at all, or better still, bid highly on a hand which is sure to set you. Then when your opponent doubles, by all means redouble. After all, a few sets will only make your partner want to come over and wring your neck.

When you are the dummy, do some "kibitzing." Walk around and peer over everyone's shoulder at his cards and also give a little advice on what cards to play. Pick up a magazine to read; make the others wait for you. A little talking across the table and a bit of cheating might help matters along, and then if you quibble about the score, insisting that your opponents cheated, you are bound to be a bridge party outcast.

You might ask the hostess several times when lunch will be served, remarking that you are very hungry. Then when the food is served, look at it rather discriminatingly and make a few insulting remarks about it.

If you follow carefully all these helpful hints the very next time you go to a bridge party, you may rest assured that it will be the last. You will be very unpopular; your name will cause every hostess to shudder. And your bridge playing days will be over.

### THE IMPERTURBABLE MRS. WEATHERBY

by Ann Earickson, '42

Mrs. Augustus Weatherby was eighty years old. Eighty years had done nothing to that indomitable spirit; if anything they had added a keenness which few of Mrs. Weatherby's younger friends possessed. She was a widow; Augustus had "passed on" (always accompanied by a slight sniff and a batting of eyelids from Mrs. Weatherby) twenty years before. Though she never admitted it, Mrs. Weatherby had enjoyed herself immensely since.

She lived in Oakgrove Cemetery to what its name implied, Oakgrove was built not in a circle of beautiful oak trees but on the banks of the rushing Mississippi. The oak trees, if there were such, had long ago been used by industrious and trusting settlers. Mrs. Weatherby, for one, was not trusting. She hated the river. She feared it. She nevertheless defied it—dared it to make her move from the cottage to which Augustus had brought her soon after their wedding. "No puddle of muddy water is going to make me move outen my home. I'm alive and it's not. I ain't to be intimidated by it." And she sniffed.

The Misses Hale, two caustic spinsters, were Mrs. Weatherby's closest neighbors and dearest friends. "The girls," for to Mrs. Weatherby women twenty years her junior were young things in the

prime of life, were kept well posted on the feud between Mrs. Weatherby and the Mississippi. "Some day," said Miss Martha Hale to Miss Deborah Hale, "the river's going to resent what Elvira says about it, and lose its temper. Then we'll really see who's the better of the two."

Miss Deborah shrugged. "That's the day Elvira's waiting for," she said.

The spring rises came early that year because of heavy rains and snows. Every day Mrs. Weatherby used the telephone—her one extravagance—to call Miss Martha Hale and talk over Oakgrove people and their foolishness. "How's the river, Elvira?" Miss Martha asked one day when all other topics had been discussed and Mrs. Weatherby refused to hang up the receiver. "I see by the paper it's rising."

A scornful sniff reached Miss Martha's ears. "Risin' or not, I've taken no notice. Other folks may, but it makes no difference to me!" "I declare, Elvira," exclaimed Miss Martha, "you talk like the river was a bad child!"

"And so it is, as far as I'm concerned," replied the imperturbable Mrs. Weatherby. "I've lived here for almost sixty years, and not a drop of Mississippi water has entered my house."

"You've just been lucky," said Miss Martha. "What you should do is—"

"Lucky nothin'!" snorted Mrs. Weatherby. "The river's afraid of me, I tell you!"

A few more remarks and Mrs. Weatherby, much to Miss Martha's relief, decided that dinner was rather important. As she rose from the telephone and passed before the front windows, something stopped her. Something was out of place. Then she realized. At the foot of the levee stood a large, black, continually growing pool of water. The levee was leaking!

Mrs. Weatherby's first thought was one of panic. Escape! She must get out from beneath that levee! Then years of habit seized her. Aside from a feeling of annoyance that the inspectors had not kept the levee strong, she was perfectly calm. She was not afraid of the river. Deliberately she returned to the telephone and gave Miss Martha Hale's number. Through the window she could see the pool of water growing larger.

"Hello, Martha," she said. "This is Elvira again. I forgot to ask after Deborah." Now she could plainly see the crack in the levee. "Somebody was tellin' me she was having a little cold lately." The crack looked like a miniature waterfall. "That so? Well, you tell her there's nothing like boiling a grapefruit for a cold." The water was bursting through now. It looked like the pictures of the Red Sea in the Bible. Mrs. Weatherby calmly turned her back. "Yes, Martha, tell Deborah to put a whole grapefruit in a pan of water and boil it for."

\* \* \*

"Oakgrove women drowned as levee breaks." Miss Martha lifted her eyes from the paper. "I guess the Mississippi won that feud," she remarked grimly.

Miss Deborah smiled. "I wonder if it did," she said.

### TIME MAKES MY ACQUAINTANCE

by Martha Haw, '43.

You say that time is as old as the ages, but you are wrong. Time for me has never existed—until now. Now I am forced to meet time, to admit that it does exist, and it is the newest experience I have found in Lindenwood.

Perhaps I should explain that I

live in a large, scattered family—that my mother has been dead a year; that my father because of his profession is never at home; and that though each member of my family loves the others, they all recognize and respect the fact that each has his own life—all of which accounts for my not becoming acquainted with Time earlier in my life.

Time began to demand attention when I was in high school. Then I was annoyed by a general sense of Time. I knew then that it wouldn't be long until Time caught up with me, but never admitted that Time had any claim upon me. Now I am forced to admit that it does.

I just became aware of Time when I was writing a letter and the lights went off—it was eleven o'clock: TIME shut off the lights—TIME said I must go to bed. Then one afternoon when I was in town TIME made me return sooner than I wished. TIME makes me eat at hours when I am not hungry. TIME sits on a chair by my bed ticking mercilessly in my ear. TIME says I must get up. TIME says I must study when I have no inclination to do so.

Time is a new acquaintance, not a welcome one. Time is an imp that rules the world. Time will give responsibilities, hardships, age, and I can only hope that it will give me love, happiness, and understanding.

### THE LAST RESORT

by Hary Catherine Downs, '43

As I look back over the experiences of my first eighteen years, I think of my first summer vacation trip as one of my most pleasant memories.

It seems very long ago, now, that day when Daddy looked up from his paper and said, "Mother and I have been talking about taking a trip up into Wisconsin. Do you think you would like to go along?" Would I like to take a trip away from home—out of the state of Illinois? I'll say I would!

The appointed morning came, and amidst bag and baggage we—Mother, Daddy, little brother Wally, and I—piled into the car. We drove for hours and hours, it seemed, stopping in a small town upstate for lunch and then resuming our journey northward, punctuating it with numerous stops at filling stations along the way. Suddenly someone saw a sign, "Illinois-Wisconsin line, eight miles." I could hardly wait! Soon we would be in the cool, woodsy state of Wisconsin! I must admit I was rather disappointed that there was no noticeable difference between the two states.

In the middle of the afternoon we got our first glimpse of great Lake Michigan, and we spent our first night at a very nice lakeside resort. We visited many different vacation spots during the next ten days, some very good and some only fair. Finally Daddy said, "I know of a perfect place where we can have a little bungalow all to ourselves with food cooked like Mother's, of the children to play with, hot and cold running water, and a private garage for the car right behind the cottage. It will be a rather long drive for one day, but if we start early, I think we can get there tomorrow."

We were up bright and early the next morning and on our way. At last we were just half an hour's drive from our destination. Just then brother Wally noticed something vaguely familiar. Why it was the Kaskaskia River! We were only twenty miles from home, the perfect summer resort, the only truly perfect place in which to live.

## ONCE AGAIN!

by Betty Hartness, '42

The girl was the only passenger in the service-car on a drenched black night. For company she had only one suit-case, placed squarely on the seat beside her. Her brightly lacquered nails nervously drummed against her thin knees as she frequently took a hasty glance at her ridiculously tiny watch. Perceiving her obvious distress, the too young driver inquired if she were in a hurry. Relieved by his voice, the girl carefully replied that she had only fifteen minutes to catch her bus. But acute annoyance was plainly written on her delicate features when the reckless chauffeur took his eyes completely off the road, and turning, leered boldly at her. Fortunately, she stared rigidly ahead. The driver offered no further attempt at conversation, but with increased pressure on the accelerator, steered the ancient vehicle skillfully through the dense traffic. He barely avoided several fenders, but the girl remained abstractedly calm and indifferent; her interest obviously lay in catching her bus. Her glazed blue eyes peered unwaveringly ahead. Once, with an impatient gesture, she brushed back a stray, red-gold wisp of her over precise but now damply bedraggled coiffure. In fact, her well-groomed appearance showed a careful neatness, but now the effect was somewhat ruined from the spattering of the rain outside.

The car whizzed on until the bus-station was in sight. With an almost inaudible sigh, she saw the bus—still there. More rain did not add to her attractiveness as she hastily crossed the few feet from car to bus. But her goal attained, her femininity once more asserted itself. She leaned back in the soft, pliable leather seat and begun leisurely and expertly to repair damaged make-up. The fact that the bus was just starting when she entered it left her delightfully unperturbed. Had not the same adventure occurred for all the past week-ends with unchangeable regularity?

## SUNDAY NIGHT SESSION

by Jennie Lynn Sager, '42

Vespers are over on Sunday evening and, with all the good intentions in the world, we return to our rooms to study. Invariably this objective is never accomplished because of a series of events which happen each Sunday.

Fortifying ourselves with "Do not disturb" signs on each door of the suite, we think at first that the study hours are actually to be utilized on this night. One girl is already occupied with drawing tablet and pencils, while two others are undressing. At this moment in bursts our fourth suitemate, returning from a delightful week-end at home, full of enthusiastic details to relate to the rest of us. We cannot resist the temptation to listen to what Bill said and did on Saturday night and how frightfully jealous Bob was when he discovered the awful truth—that she dates other boys. She pauses for breath and finds three of us pouncing upon her with the question, "How do you like the way we fixed your room?" When we receive only a half-hearted reply to the effect that it is quite nice, we are immediately on the defensive, justifying ourselves for changing the room in her absence.

Just then, a loud knock announces a visitor, in spite of our bold signs. Each girl plunges for the book nearest her hand, while one of us says, "Come in," very coolly. We are instantly ashamed when she gener-

ously asks, "Too busy to run down for a piece of cake?"—in fact, we all reach the doorway at the same moment and beat our hostess back to her own room.

We are not the eat-and-run type; but on this occasion we explain our need for study and return to our suite, sighing with satisfaction over the delicious hunks of chocolate cake in our hands.

This delicacy devoured, we settle down in our own respective rooms—now we will study. That fond dream is stoically withdrawn in five minutes when our doors open simultaneously, admitting into our studious presence three privileged characters who are quite sure our ineffective signs are not intended to exclude them. Being hospitable souls, the seven of us gather in one room, laughing and talking in not-too-loud voices, though at least two still hold books in their hands as if the contact might induce knowledge of the content.

"Oh, Jan-ee, just once! That tune on the radio is perfect accompaniment for your hillbilly dance." Jane is our song-and-dance girl, our comic, our mimic. Though we have watched her antics dozens of times before, we hold our sides and roar like Leo the Lion.

In the meantime we have been stuffing down candy brought back by our wandering suitemate. Suddenly one plumpish little girl rushes to our bathroom scales and returns with the news that she has gained beyond the amount her wildest nightmare had allowed. The candy is hastily shoved into a drawer, while some one suggests exercises for all. At this crucial moment our activities have to cease because the eleven o'clock bell rings and the lights snap out. Our visitors say good-night and sneak quietly away.

The four of us left alone; one yawns; one sets her alarm for five a. m.; one pushes the easy chair under the bathroom light; and the fourth murmurs, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

## LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

by Harriet Heck, '42

When I was chosen to represent our high school in the Tri-County Oration Contest during my sophomore year I had no conception of the mental agonies which I would endure before the ordeal. As a matter of fact, no doubts did assail me until I was ushered into the ante-room just off the stage (I suppose it would be called the "greenroom" in the theatre), where I was to wait my turn to appear before the audience. My coaching had been excellent; I had been practicing for weeks, and I knew my ten-minute talk perfectly. That is, I had **thought** I knew it until I walked into that room.

The first disadvantage which I discovered was the fact that I didn't face the audience until next to last on the program. Two talks to be endured—twenty minutes to wait! I felt sure that I should never survive for that length of time.

I attempted to keep calm, and not to think of what lay before me. Someone, sometime, had told me to take ten deep breaths to calm the nerves. I tried the prescribed exercise, but with no success.

The first girl was walking out on the stage. From where I sat I could see her as she took her place in the center of the platform. She gave the impression of being so self-assured and calm that I felt slightly ill. I gazed around at my two companion-sufferers. They also gave the impression of being self-assured. I began to dislike them. The big blonde girl who sat in the chair next to mine became

especially obnoxious to me. She wore a brilliant orange-colored wool suit with a wolf's-head clasp at the neck. I particularly noticed the wolf's head, because it seemed to be leering at me. To my distorted imagination the girl herself seemed to be leering at me. And in my mental state a leer certainly didn't help!

The first contestant, her speech over, re-entered our Chamber of Doom. I could hear applause from the audience.

As the second girl walked onto the stage I resolved to forget the girl next to me. I decided to go ever my talk quickly to be sure I had not forgotten it; but my memory failed me entirely. I could not even think of the opening sentence of the speech. My mind kept wandering to inconsequential matters—the fly crawling lazily across the strip of blue carpet on the floor in front of me; the tune of "Cheek to Cheek," the current song hit." And through it all I could hear the girl on the stage passionately denouncing dishonest officials in our state and national government. I closed my eyes and put my hands over my ears to shut out all sight and sound around me. Once again I tried the ten deep breaths. Then someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was the Girl with the Leer.

"It's your turn," she whispered.

I rose from my chair slowly and moistened my dry lips. As I walked toward the fatal doorway which led onto the stage I mechanically smoothed my hair into place. My last thought before walking out on the platform was, "Oh God, please don't let them see my knees shaking!"

## DESCRIPTION

by Eloise Stump, '42

Two freakish trees grew side by side at the base of the hill, boldly thrusting their shadows across our path. Here and there dirty snow, left from a recent storm, lay struggling against the warmth of the sun. Apparently, however, the sun was the stronger, for already the snow was melting and filling the deep ruts with water. Standing in a corner of the field near the path, a sad-eyed mule, the only animal life visible, stared woefully into the distance; and the whole atmosphere left one filled with restlessness and discontentment. Somewhere among the leafless trees, a breeze danced annoyingly, interrupting the silence with swift, confused noises which added more to the uneasiness of the spot and accentuated the odor of the moist underbrush. All the while quick flashes of sun and shadow darted across the hilly fields, making the ground quiver uncertainly and foreboding some strange event which was about to occur. Indeed had it not been for the clear, unbroken sky, the comfort of the warm sun, and the red green roofs which relieved the monotony of the hills tumbling out into the horizon, that lone country place would encourage one to avoid it completely.

## YOUR RAIN, MY RAIN

by Marje Jameson, '43

Blasts of wind, sand hurled to the sky, clashes of thunder, and vivid streaks of lightning; this is a picture of a typical Texas sand and rain storm. Magnificent in its fury, picturesque in its symphony of lightning, a Texas rainstorm is of lightning, a Texas rain storm is a pleasure to her natives and a terror to her tourists.

Here in Missouri the air cools, a slight breeze blows, and then comes a soft patter of rain. A rain that

is refreshing and simple in its quiet and noiseless way.

Your rain quiets each restless nerve and makes a person feel a strong inner calm and peace. My rain sets a person's nerves on edge, filling them with a restless urge to try to compete with the strength of the wind and rain.

Of course in my opinion the Texas rainstorm is by far the better. I like the drama. I revel in the music of each minor note played by the thunder. It puts me in a thoughtful and emotional state of mind and when the storm has blown over, I feel as if it took with it all my idle cares and fears, leaving me refreshed and cool like the prairie sage and flowers.

## INSIDE STORY OF A TRUNK

by Barbara Bruce, '42

When flag poles and trees were becoming permanent perches for those bent on breaking endurance records, our household was being harassed by constant attempts from the three youngest members to set a new record for staying in a trunk. Before the time of men ruthlessly robbing the birds of comfortable roosts, I had never realized the disadvantage of being the youngest of three girls. But now, somehow, I had been persuaded into becoming an inhabitant of a wardrobe trunk. I wanted very much to be in on the plans of the endurance record, but I had hardly anticipated being the one actually to stay inside the trunk.

The big, shiny, blue trunk in the upstairs hall, and it had rows of round brass nail heads that tickled your hand if you rubbed the side of the trunk very fast. On the top was a large leather strap that men carried it by, and just below this was my aunt's name printed in bold, white letters.

At two o'clock (we considered this a very dramatic hour, for the day before a boy had drowned at that time) I crawled into the trunk, and my sisters, one on each half of it, pushed the partitions together, leaving a crack for air.

When I settled myself inside and took off my huge hair ribbon that was catching on a hook a drawer rested on, I realized the world-wide publicity I would receive if I stayed in for perhaps a month or even longer. It was dim in the trunk, but the crack let in some light, and soon I could see the small pattern of the blue, print cloth which lined the trunk. Flowers, leaves, and many trailing stems grew profusely together; I traced a vine over the entire half of the wall opposite me. I took off my shoes and rested my toes on a large hump that people put their hats on when they pack.

After hours of waiting and increasing discomfort, I heard someone cautiously tap the trunk and ask me if I was all right. Too proud to say that I was tired and very cramped. I replied with a weary affirmative that the contest would go on. Time dragged, and I could no longer find a position that would ease the aches in my body. I trained my ears for the striking of the clock at each half hour; the thirty minutes were interminable now.

At five o'clock I was more hungry for food and relaxation than I was for fame, and the delicious odors of a cake baking in the kitchen were drifting up the back stairs. I wondered if the batter crock had been washed. Feverishly I kicked the sides of the trunk, and I finally pushed it open far enough to crawl out (but not without a scratch on my leg from the lock), and hurried down to the kitchen.

Read the Linden Bark.

Continued from page 1.

the pictures are: Helen Hellerud and Frances Brandenburg, seniors. Helen is a member of the League of Women Voters, and Frances is a member of Kappi Pi, the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, was treasurer of the Athletic Association last year, and house president of Butler her sophomore and junior years. Juniors assisting with the pictures are Mary Helen St. Clair, who is a member of the League of Women Voters, International Relations Club, Athletic Association, the Orchestra, and Mildred Tanke, attendant to the May Queen last year. Sophomores; Flo Vellenga, who was president of the Athletic Association last year, and Marjorie Smith, Alpha Mu Mu and last year's Annual Staff. Those who are assisting in advertising and business are Molly Guard, June Van Winkle, Judith Johnson, Betty Runge, and Harriet Thistlewood.

### Restoration of the Sibley Portraits

Curious Facts About Maj. Sibley Revealed

Of interest to the whole campus and especially to those living in Sibley is the restoration work recently completed on the portraits of Major and Mrs. Sibley. The work was done by McCaughen and Burr, a St. Louis firm which was established in 1840.

Some interesting facts about the portraits were learned in an interview with Mr. C. Burr McCaughen, present head of the firm. The portraits were painted in the 1830's and about 40 years ago a restoration was attempted, especially on the Major Sibley canvas. However, in the first attempt paint containing umber, which turns dark, was used and many of the beauties of the original work were obscured. When the old paint was removed Major Sibley's hair was found to be blond.

Restoration is an extremely rare and difficult work and consequently there are only a few good restorers in the country. Calvin Burr, one of the co-founders of the firm and uncle of the present head, was offered a position as one of the directors of the Louvre Museum in Paris, but he refused it.

### Shaw's Garden and Jewel Box of Interest to All

On Saturday, September 30, the botany classes, accompanied by Dr. Dawson, made their regular field trip to Shaw's Garden and the Jewel Box. The Jewel Box was visited first, and though there were no flower displays at this season, the classes were shown the possibilities of the beauties there, and were very much interested in the display of greenery and tropical plants. At Shaw's Garden, Dr. Dawson carefully escorted the girls through the entire garden and explained fully hybridization, classes, and characteristics of all the plants. The orchid displays, tropical and cacti houses, and formal gardens were perhaps the most interesting exhibits.

At Lindenwood, the botany classes have made one field excursion on the campus, in order to study various trees and leaves.

### Sigma Tau Delta Elects

Sigma Tau Delta met September 29 and elected the following officers: Mary Jean DuHadway, president; Margaret Barton, vice-president; Sara Jefferson, secretary; Martha Weber, treasurer.

Read the Linden Bark.



The artist, C. Burr McCaughen, at work in the "Recovery" of the Sibley Portraits. —Courtesy, Globe-Democrat

### Lindenwood Girls Attend V. P. Ball

Lindenwood was well represented at the Veiled Prophet Ball. Marge Dearmont attended her third V. P. Ball, wearing a flame-red taffeta formal with hoop skirt. With this, she wore gold accessories.

Martha Weber's azure blue formal had a billowy net skirt topped by a silver lame brocade bodice with a "wasp" waist. She wore silver sandals and accessories.

Dot Miller wore a chartreuse chiffon with a swirling skirt. The formal was trimmed with rhine-

stone and she used silver accessories. Mary Sue Tallman's turquoise taffeta formal was set off by white sandals and white three-quarter length gloves.

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# HUNING'S

## WHO'S WHO

She is small, dark, and slender. Her clothes are always "style-setters." She's a senior this year and president of her hall. Many remember her as the lovely maid of honor to the Silver Jubilee Queen.

### • All Bark and No Bite • by COTTON CANNON

THOUGHTS WHILE STUDYING: Wonder if that new rug in the hall at Ayres was placed there to catch the second and third floor girls who come rolling down to dinner? . . . The Nicolls girls were doing a powerful lot of screaming 'tother night, but upon investigation it was proved that there was nobody up but "just us mice." Maybe that's what caused the screaming . . . Wonder why they call that girl in Irwin, "Ironsides"? . . . Betty Kelley has her post-office box dusted out everyday by somebody 'way up in Massachusetts at Brown University. That's service for ya . . . Jerky says there's nothing funny in Sibley. Then why do Carpy and Barbara Bruce giggle all the time? . . . Just 'cause Gracie Pearl Chapman insists on whistling while she works, that doesn't make her dopey by any means . . . Kay Salyer's life history has been nothing but a series of Rex . . . Was it really a wasp that attacked Harriet Clearman, or could it have been the love-bug? . . . Helen Hellerud was twirling and swirling at the V. P. Ball with her boy friend's brother; that's brotherly love for you . . . Phyllis Steward been having fun getting rid of three chickens, two cakes, a dozen popcorn balls, and the numerous and sundry other things that come in a box from home . . . it just ain't right . . . There are more exciting Army-Navy battles than the ones scrambled on the gridiron . . . Sandy and Jean Osborne are having a nice little scramble themselves over the matter . . . Jackie Jopling was walking with her "Billy" not so many week-ends ago. This Billy hails from Fort Sumner, New Mexico . . . Charlotte Block's been dating Sidney Baer, of Stix-Baer and Fuller . . . Some gals are really getting serious about this ablution business. Virginia Short has even started running her bath-water before she goes down to dinner so that she won't forget about it later . . . pleasant dunkings, Virginia . . . Unusual coincidence when Janet Goodjohn and her little sister Betty Spencer both had their appendices out about the same time . . . It must run in families . . . Janet is back attending classes, and Betty is snoozing in the infirmary . . . We were curious, too, about the young man asleep so early, that Sunday morning in the swing out in front of Ayres. He woke up to be Jim Kent, K. A. at Missouri, who came to call on his sister, Betty, a little too early to get in the dorm. So he swung and snoozed 'til Betty woke up . . . Why don't folks who know news turn it in to the proper authorities?



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### Shower for Former Student

On Friday afternoon, October 6, Miss Virginia McCarty gave a baby shower and tea for Mrs. R. K. Barton, Jr., at her apartment in St. Charles. Mrs. Barton, who was Anne Donnell, attended Lindenwood first semester last year. Many of Mrs. Barton's friends attended the tea and she received a number of lovely gifts for her baby, which she expects this month.

## Dr. Parker Speaks At Y. W. C. A.

### Tells of Interesting South American Trip

The year's first meeting of Y. W. C. A. attended by a large number of girls, was held October 4 in the library club rooms, with Dr. Parker as the guest speaker. Marguerite Dearmont, president, introduced Dr. Parker who told about her two months' trip to South America last summer.

The ideal way to take such a trip, she said, would be to study the geography, history, social conditions, and language of a country, and then stay long enough to have a familiarity with the spirit of the place, to know and enjoy the culture of the daily life, and to exchange ideas. Dr. Parker maintained that she did not study before her cruise, but got many vivid and delightful impressions, and a survey-panorama of the Latin-American countries, in the Caribbean and in the north-east and eastern part of South America.

The sense of foreignness on the Dutch ship was delightful to her. The servants were of many nationalities: her room steward looked as though he had just stepped from a Rembrandt painting, and there was an Italian steward on board speaking five languages, Italian, English, French, German, and Spanish.

The news of the birth of the little Dutch princess to Princess Juliana was received with much happiness and celebrating on board. The captain made a dramatic announcement of her arrival; he was as happy and proud as the father. The following day, the passengers were treated to the regular food, listed on the menu in an elaborate fashion, each dish bearing the name of some member of the Dutch Royal family.

The South Americans on the continent speak little English. We have neglected an opportunity for travel and friendship with them, Dr. Parker said. They look for their culture in Europe; they speak French and send their children abroad to school rather than to America.

Dr. Parker told of visiting a modern school in Venezuela which was as beautifully built as a private school in the United States. There was a radio arrangement in the main office whereby the head of the school could tune in on any lessons in any part of the building. It was also used for the making of announcements, as messages could be sent to all rooms or to a single room.

The principal of the school was very proud of the fact that he had a small pupil who could speak English. Dr. Parker was promptly led off to the school room to talk to him. All the children remained standing with beautiful manners while she conversed with their teacher who understood French. Finally the six-year-old Carlos was brought up to talk to her. The entire room waited to hear the conversation in the foreign tongue. "Are you learning Spanish?" she asked him. Carlos surveyed her solemnly. "I already know Spanish," he replied. And thus the conversation in English ended.

Dr. Parker also vividly described a convent at Recife in Parnambuco, which is on a high hill overlooking the harbor. The convent is high-ceilinged with no hangings on the walls, and the schoolrooms are furnished with a clean, bare simplicity with no pictures. The dormitories are great, airy rooms with many little white beds.

One member of the party wanted to make a present to the little girl who had showed them through the

convent. They tried in many ways to make her understand their question, "What would you like us to send you from North America?" The problem was finally solved by writing the question in French. The little girl replied, "La photographie de Robert Taylor."

Rio de Janeiro, Dr. Parker described as the most beautiful of all harbors. Behind the city rise great mountains of tropical growth, topped by granite cones, the most famous of which are Sugar Loaf and Corcovado, or the Hunchback. On top of the Sugar Loaf, one can see the beaches far below bending in great white curves against the blue water. Dr. Parker went up in the little cable car, the contraption which appears to be a birdcage swinging through the air, to see the sun set and the lights of the city come out. She concluded her talk with this description of Rio's famous diamond necklace. "The sky turned from yellow to rose; and then the lights along the shore came out one by one. The lights and the long shafts of reflections pointing into the jet-black water made the diamond necklace for which Rio is famous."

### Radio Recital by Seniors

Margaret Anne McCoid and Cordelia Mae Buck appeared at 9:30 o'clock on Sunday morning, October 1, in a Steinway-Aeolian piano recital over St. Louis station KMOX.

Lindenwood is proud to have such accomplished pianists as Margaret and Cordelia. Their playing has always been enjoyed by students and teachers and all are glad that a greater scope for their talent has been presented.

### Dr. McKelvey Speaks, Assembly, October 5

"The most religious people are heathens." With this startling statement, Dr. Willis McKelvey, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, emphasized his assembly address, Thursday, October 5.

With his subject, "The Religion of an Educated Woman", Dr. McKelvey impressed upon the minds of his audience that this is an age of educated people—an age which forces those educated people to decisions requiring courage and thinking.

"No man or woman is educated if he or she is not religious," said Dr. McKelvey. The heathen is a simple soul; he accepts his religious beliefs and clings to them tenaciously. Our civilization is more complex, and therefore requires more thinking and reason. "People," added Dr. McKelvey, "are the problem of our civilization." They can use their gifts, their thinking and reason as they wish. "But," he continued, "nothing but religion will save our world today." Dictators cannot last; they will not tolerate religion.

Mental thinking and spiritual revival—those are the essence of religion. We must keep out of war; we must throw aside political prejudices and concentrate our forces upon thinking and doing. Our freedom is one of our priceless heritages. Dr. McKelvey closed with the admonition to "Build our freedom and our education into worthwhile things."

### A Peppy Freshman Class

When asked about the freshman meeting, of October 2, Miss Morris replied, "It was certainly a peppy meeting." Final arrangements were made for the "Merry Mixer", October 13. There was a review of the "talent show" by several talented members of the class.

### Lindenwood Toes Mashed In Honor of V. P.

About 250 of Lindenwood's goodly number piled happily into five busses Tuesday night for a jolly journey into the city to view the Veiled Prophet parade. The usual singing and bantering took first place on the way in but when Sixth and Washington was reached, everyone was ready to be on her way to the fun.

After tramping around aimlessly for about an hour, the gangs began to gather along the streets to view the parade. Stepping on toes, crowding, shoving, and pushing was the order of the day. Slowly the large white truck came into sight with the police cars and horsemen following. Then the real thing began. The floats were truly keen and on the most part, very entertaining. The young boys and girls of the city followed in the wake of each float and helped in the spirit of the whole thing.

After the parade, the girls went to their favorite eating places for the goodnight snack before meeting at the busses. Some had a little too much to eat but soon they were on the correct bus and on the way, supposedly, to the college. Suddenly, out of the quietness that had descended as an aftermath, the voice of the bus driver said, "All out for Garavelli's" and surprise reigned supreme. Again a mighty scramble for the doors and out rolled the girls. Eating again and then home to a dark dormitory and a cold bed. Bigger and better Veiled Prophet parades are all that are wanted.

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**Enchanting Days  
for HIKING**

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**HOCKEY Is a  
Sport of Skill****Few Lindenwood  
Girls Know of  
Lindenwood Farm**

In an interview with the LINDEN BARK, Mr. Earl Doerrie, manager of the Lindenwood farm, which lies on the hill west of the campus, gave the following information:

The farm has 83 acres and, in general, raises the usual crops, corn, wheat, oats and hay. For the college use, the farm raises in its truck garden a great many of the vegetables used in the dining room.

Among the farm's animals are four head of horses, two cows, forty hogs, and 150 chickens. The farm has every modern convenience including electricity, running water, and a furnace.

Mr. Doerrie said that on the whole this had been a very good year, but the corn was the best.

**State Club  
Elects Officers**

At a meeting of the Indiana Club, Jeane Osborn, Culver, Ind., was chosen president; Jeanne Miller, Indianapolis, vice-president; Marie Smith, Fowler, Ind., secretary-treasurer; Miss Wurster, sponsor. A picnic at Blanchette Park was scheduled for Friday, September 29, but because of rain the picnic was changed to a party in the library club-rooms with Miss Wurster as hostess. The supper served was the picnic menu—salad, sandwiches, and ice cream. In spite of the rain, the first social event of the Indiana Club was successful and pleasant.

**Sympathy Extended**

Lindenwood extends its sympathy to Mr. Motley on the death of his aunt, Mrs. John Lindsay, of Bowling Green. She was his mother's sister and the last aunt on that side of the family.

**Thirteen—Who Will Be  
The Lucky Freshie?**

Who is the most stunning girl in the freshman class? Thirteen of the most stunning have been elected to take part tomorrow night at 6:45 o'clock in the Style Show which will precede the election of the freshman Hallowe'en Queen. These girls are: Elaine Anderson, Chicago; Dickey Baucus, Kansas City, Mo.; Carol Bindley, Chicago Heights; Marjorie Bogenschultz, Oklahoma City; Betty Brewster, Leavenworth, Kans.; Jean Davis, Fort Worth; Ruth Haines, Rivermines, Mo.; Jean McCulloch, Hinsdale, Ill.; Georgia Shapkoff, Christopher, Ill.; Mary Elizabeth Standerline, Chicago; Jean Stubbs, Dallas; Virginia Veach, Vienna, Ill.; Jean Wallace, Liberty, Mo.

**New Records!**

"Billy"  
"My Prayer"  
"Day In—Day Out"  
"Good Morning"  
"Love Never Went to College"  
"I Didn't Know What Time  
It Was"  
"Blue Moonlight"

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(DOWNTOWN)

**Misses Isidor, Coulson,  
To Give Recital**

The first faculty recital will be given next Sunday night by Miss Isidor, violinist and Miss Coulson, pianist. Miss Coulson will play four movements of Beethoven's "Sonata in A Flat Major". Then Miss Isidor will play the "Allegro Maestoso" from "Concerto, D Major" by Paganini. After this, Miss Coulson will play a Spanish folk song, a selection from Dohnanyi, and another from Ravel. Miss Isidor will close the concert, playing selections from Yost, Spalding, Ibert-Hoerre, Casado, and Dohnanyi. Miss Englehart will accompany Miss Isidor.

This is the first of several faculty recitals and will be enjoyed by all.

**Women Moral  
Fiber of Race****College Groups Develop Character**

At the Thursday convocation, September 28, the guest speaker was Rev. William B. Lampe, of the Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. His theme was "Religion of a Healthy Mind".

He said that everyone is preparing for life, preparing for a life that she didn't know was in store for her. Each person must live her own life, and live in her own world. Our preparation is very important, however, for we must be able to meet the world as it is, and do our part to better it.

Dr. Lampe gave three worthwhile suggestions. (1) It behooves every young person to make life vitally clean and strong. "The moral fiber of the races is wrapped up in the woman". A mother adores all of life. Women, if strong, can make men exactly what they want, the kind of a man that they had always dreamed of. The women of the world must learn to discipline themselves just as much as the men do. (2) A discipline of will is necessary. One cannot discipline oneself without the desire of doing so. (3) Everyone should develop and live a life of religious faith. She should want a life like this and love a life like this, and not have to be pushed and dragged into such life.

Progress will continue toward the Kingdom of God. The will of a strong, true character will and must be developed in student groups, such as the groups on this campus. All the hope of civilization depends upon student groups similar to those in college.

**Modern, Swedish Parlors,  
Pride of Nicolls**

Both of Nicolls' parlors have been re-decorated. One has been completely furnished in the modern Swedish tone while the other is more conservative. The Swedish parlor is attractive with its contrasting green paper, salmon rug, and large mirror which adds depth to the room. A low bookcase divides the modernistic green lounge into two sections. The chairs are in contrasting colors. The windows are draped in Burgundy and green chintz. Two mirrored tables reflect the light from several indirect lamps.

**Iowa Club Elects Officers**

At a meeting of the Iowa Club, the following officers were decided upon: president, Ruth Dayton, Ottumwa, Iowa; vice-president, Betty Lu Foster, Keokuk; secretary, Rebecca Rath, Waterloo; treasurer, Mildred Tanke, Keokuk. Miss Culbertson is sponsor of the club.

**Fashion Is Spinach**

College professors may talk of "bibles" in their various subjects, but the college girl has three "bibles", "Vogue", "Harper's Bazaar", and "Mademoiselle". Everyone knows the general trends in college wardrobes, so in this article only a few of the high-spots in fashions at Lindenwood will be mentioned.

As always, long cardigans and pullovers are much in evidence and almost everyone seems to have one or two, however, Peggy Dodge seems to be leading the "most and longest" club at Lindenwood. Blouses are coming into their own these days also, and Janet Goodjohn has an unusual one in purple with white pin stripes, which she wears with a purple skirt and a white Shetland cardigan. Betty Bruce has a stunning blouse-jacket in lipstick red, with side slits and white buttons.

Odd jackets are also very popular this year and among those at Lindenwood are Betty Brewster's casual camel's-hair sports coat with large patch pockets and hand stitching. Marjorie Ann Bogenschultz has a lipstick red jacket which was featured in "Vogue".

With the shorter skirts, knee length socks are becoming the fashion and Mary Jean Du Harway leads this field with several different pairs to match her skirts.

Date dresses are especially notable this year, and one of the handsomest is Barbara Cobbs' black silk crepe, with gathering up the front and a small peplum which creates the back interest so popular this fall. With this dress she wears a black felt poke bonnet complete with wide grosgrain ribbon streamers.

Among the interesting accessories are Margaret Fisher's flat silver necklace made of overlapping scales; large black off the face hats worn by Amelie Allen and Phyllis Carpenter, and Harriet Dillman's brown corduroy "pork pie".

Of special interest to everyone will be the annual style show given by the 13 Freshmen, one of whom will be chosen as Hallowe'en Queen. The style show this year will be given on Wednesday, October 18.

**Change of Turkey Day  
Upsets Army Maneuvers**

When questioned as to her reactions to the changing of the date of Thanksgiving to November 23, Peggy Hocker immediately exclaimed, "It makes me madder than heck!" One gathered that neither politics nor tradition were foremost in her mind. Could it be the Army-Navy game? Precisely! As usual the Army-Navy game is in November 30, and Fort Leavenworth really makes a large occasion of it. Peggy will have to miss the whirl of social events this year, but 2 to 1 that she doesn't miss hearing the game. Yeah, Army!

**Original Council Idea  
Junior Class Electing**

Members of the junior class have elected the following as members of their council: Mary Jean DuHadway, Irwin; Joyce Works, Sibley; Ann Rayburn, Ayres; Nancy Hopkins, Butler; and Margaret Barton, Day student.

The juniors instituted the council idea two years ago when they were freshmen. It was so successful that they have continued with the council and the succeeding freshman classes have also had a council and chairman.

## Society Sidelights

### Lindenwood Girl Shared Queen's Fete

Marguerite Dearmont, who attended her third Veiled Prophet Ball this year, held at Convention Hall, was very enthusiastic over the Ball and the Queen's supper, which she also attended. "It is all very beautiful and it certainly is a big fashion show," stated Marguerite.

About forty matrons were presented followed by fifty regular maids of honor. The retiring queen came in and immediately after, the men who had been on the floats the night before entered. Before the Veiled Prophet entered his heralds announced him. The four special maids were presented and the queen, Miss Jane Smith, made the climax. The regular maids danced with the men who had been on the floats, for a short while and then the ball was broken up for smaller parties.

The Queen's supper was held in the Gold Room of the Jefferson Hotel. The special maids were at her table, which was located on a platform above everyone else. Dancing was held later in the evening. Marguerite was next to Mr. Smith's table and Governor Stark's table.

### Pi Alpha Delta and Miss Hankins Entertain

Pi Alpha Delta assisted Miss Hankins at entertaining at a tea on Monday, October 9. Marigolds and yellow candles decorated the tea table. The guests were the students in the classical department, Miss Hankins' advisees and friends of the Pi Alpha Delta members. Carol Bindley played while refreshments were served. Kathryn Salyer, Elizabeth Myers, Lucile Vosburg, and Betty Kelley, poured.

On Tuesday, October 17, Dr. Gipson attended a reception given by Mrs. Eugene Ross MacCarthy of St. Louis, for her daughter Carol.

Miss Waye assistant bursar, spent one week of her vacation in New York visiting the Fair. She also visited Radio City and saw television. She said she had a great time and enjoyed the Fair. Her sister, Miss Florence, accompanied her.

Miss Walter drove to northern Illinois, in vacation, in the Fox River Valley where she has a summer home at Crystal Lake. She took several trips to Chicago and Lake Geneva, Wis., and entertained friends and relatives. She bought a new car and had a general good time.

Genevieve Herter went home for the week-end to Golden Eagle, Ill., and was given a birthday party by her parents and friends.

Patty Parnell attended the Washburn-Washington U. football game October 7 and went to the Phi Delta house for the dance.

Helen Kanne and Phyllis Steward attended the Bradley-St. Louis U. game October 6. They stayed at the Melbourne while in St. Louis.

Tommye Lou Jones spent the week-end at her home in Lebanon, Mo.

Maurine Potlitzer, a graduate of last spring, was the guest for a day last week, of Betty Kelley, Irwin hall.

### St. Louis College Club

The College Club of St. Louis is sponsoring again this year one of the well known plays that is given in the city during the season. This year the production will be the famous Shakesperian play, "The Taming of the Shrew" with Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt as the leading characters. College Night will be Monday night, October 23.

Colleges within the St. Louis area will have delegations of students and faculty, and other schools will be represented by alumni clubs. A large group representing Lindenwood is planning to attend.

Miss Helen Louise Shephard, a former Lindenwood student, visited at Irwin hall over the week-end. She was a guest of Mary Jean DuHadway and Ruth Faucett.

Helen Margaret DuHadway was a guest at Eastlick for the week-end. Miss DuHadway graduated from Lindenwood last spring and is now teaching school in Jerseyville, Ill.

Jean Osborn spent the week-end at the home of her room-mate, Margaret Sandow, in University City.

October 5, before the St. Charles chapter of the American Association of University Women met at the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church, Dr. Parker spoke on her trip to South America and Miss Stookey spoke on her trip to Guatemala.

Miss Foster stayed here on campus until August 15, when she went to Kansas City to see her sister and friends in surrounding towns. After Kansas City, she went to her home in Marshfield, Mo., and stayed with her mother.

Lulagene Johnson and Helen Kanne spent the week-end of September 29 with Mr. Johnson, Lulagene's father in Jefferson City, Mo., and attended the M. U.-C. U. football game Saturday afternoon.

Harris Ordelleide sang in the parlor of Butler hall Wednesday, September 27. At the sound of a male voice, many girls drifted into the parlor, and remained to hear "young Mr. Ordelleide" sing several beautiful numbers. Could Louise Battle have been his inspiration?

Estelle Blumeyer, accompanied by Kay Anderson and Marcia Lape, visited her home in St. Louis the week-end of September 29.

Jacky Jopling must have "something on the ball". A friend of hers came from New Mexico to visit her the week-end of September 30. Yes, it's a "he".

A man on second floor Butler after 11 p. m. Yes, it's possible. Gloria Stunkel got her man by rather obvious methods. She turned the hot-water faucet on full force and couldn't get it off. Boy Scout Frank came to the rescue and saved Gloria and her roomie from a Turkish Bath.

Barbara Landenberger spent the week-end at her home in Kansas City.

Dorothy Isbell spent the week-end with her sister in St. Louis.

Martha Abend spent the week-end in St. Louis with her aunt and uncle.

Martha Haw and Ruth Haines went to Columbia and visited Ruth's aunt.

### Dr. Skilling Combats Atheism

Dr. David M. Skilling, pastor emeritus of Webster Groves Presbyterian Church, began a series of three religious conferences at Lindenwood College, Sunday evening, October 8. Dr. Skilling is vice-president of the college Board of Trustees.

The theme of Dr. Skilling's address was the sovereignty of God in our lives. He said that the greatest need in the world today is a vitalization of the reality of God and His sovereign rule over the world and everyone in it. He stated there are no real atheists in the world, because sometime in a life there is a realization of God. To overcome atheism and its tendencies is the purpose of every Christian college in the world. Dr. Skilling added that the influence of the reality of God may kill any atheism that might be in the world.

### Will Be Visited By Father

Charlotte Ching's father, Mr. Richard Ching, is coming over to the mainland this month and will be here at Lindenwood to visit his daughter. He planned to leave Hawaii, October 6, and will be here between October 31 and November 4. He will attend an ice-cream convention in San Francisco before coming here. Mr. Ching is president and manager of the Rico Ice Cream Company in Hawaii.

Elaine Lowenstein went with her uncle and aunt to Vandalia, Ill.

Irene Altheide spent the week-end with June Goran, her roommate, at the latter's home in Pacific, Mo.

Annamae Ruhman has been made a pledge of Kappa Pi, the honorary art fraternity.

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