

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 4

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 14, 1939

\$1.00 A Year

NEWS FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

An announcement has been made concerning the Christmas story, which will be due in the office Friday, December 1, at 5 o'clock. The story should run not more than 1500 words and should be typed or legibly written. Each story should have a pen name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope which contains pen name and the real name of the writer. The Dean is hopeful for a good contest.

Grades are out for the first six weeks and in general all of the students did well. However, Dean Gipson hopes that the records will improve with the December grades. Special credit is due to those freshmen who adjusted themselves and did satisfactory work for the first six weeks.

In this connection, students should watch cutting, as overcutting may result in loss of credit of a student's grades.

Dean Gipson wishes all students a happy Thanksgiving recess.

• College Calendar •

November 15—Wednesday:

6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
7:30 p. m., Faculty Social Meeting.
Dr. Ernst J. Melby (Club Room)

November 16—Thursday:

11 a. m., Speech Recital.
6:30 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon (Y. W. Parlors)

6:30-7:30 p. m., Party by the Theory of Play Class.

November 17—Friday:

6:30 p. m., Formal Dinner Dance
—Senior Class Sponsor.

November 18—Saturday:

8:45 a. m., Trip of Art Department to Art Museum.

November 19—Sunday:

6:30 p. m., Vesper Concert—Miss Pearl Walker and Mr. John Thomas.

November 20—Monday:

5 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega (Room 4, Roemer Hall)

6:30 p. m., Triangle Club (Club Room)

8 p. m., Major James Sawders—"Friendly Finland", Roemer Auditorium.

Opera—"Siegfried"—St. Louis.

November 22—Wednesday:

Noon, Thanksgiving Recess Begins.

November 23—Thursday:

THANKSGIVING

November 27—Monday:

8 a. m., Thanksgiving Recess Ends.

November 26—Tuesday:

5 p. m., Student Recital (Sibley Chapel).

6:30 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu (Club Room)

Thanksgiving Coming!

Start dieting, girls! One must increase his capacity for that turkey which will be steaming under one's nose before long. Thanksgiving is just around the corner, thanks to President Roosevelt. Lindenwood recess begins at noon, Wednesday 22, and ends Monday 27.

Missouri Educational Events

Lindenwood Takes Part In All

Dr. Gipson and Dr. Schaper were guests of Dr. Parker at the Contemporary Club, St. Louis, Tuesday, October 31. The speaker, who gave information on the destruction of Poland, was one of the few newspaper photographers who was able to get past the border with his pictures.

On Wednesday, November 1, the University of Missouri had its Centennial Convocation, with President Conant of Harvard and President Sprout of University of California giving the addresses. The administration of Lindenwood was represented by Dr. Gipson and Mr. Motley; the faculty by Dr. Parker, Miss Hankins, and Dr. Schaper, who are alumnæ of the University.

Next week, there will be a luncheon of Missouri State Deans and Advisors of Deans. Dean Gipson will talk on the proceedings of the National Association of Deans at the meeting in Cleveland last February.

Tuesday, December 12, at Webster College, there will be a panel discussion of "Liberal Arts Education." Speakers will talk from the standpoint of the Catholic university, the Catholic girls' college, the private university, and the private girls' college. Dr. Gipson will lead a discussion on the contribution to liberal arts to be expected from a private college for women.

This week, Dr. Gipson received a letter from the Secretary of National Education of Deans of Women, asking her to act on the committee of entertainment at the convention to be held in February, 1940, in St. Louis.

Rats and Alligators In Our Own Zoo

Probably the most interesting of the new animals in the Zoo lab. is the two weeks old hooded rat. It is the offspring of Rebecca and Roger Rat and was just opening its eyes at the time of this interview.

Clara, the white rat of last year, is back at school after a summer spent with D. Manion at her home.

A hive has been set up for the bees and the alligator has also been returned.

Charity Drive Begins

Set Aside Day

The Y. W. C. A. began its annual charity drive in chapel, November 9. Lucy Vosburg, who is at the head of the campaign, explained what the money is to be used for and made an appeal for funds.

Virginia Feller, Marion Wettstone, Martha Weber and Christine MacDonald, presidents of the classes, made short talks in which they assured the support of their respective class.

Dr. Roemer suggested that we set aside a day when no cokes or candy will be sold at the tea room, and when no one will go out to dinner,

Blumeyer Chapel Speaker

Industrial Banking Chief Topic

An interesting departure from the usual type of Thursday chapel address was made by Mr. A. A. Blumeyer, president of the Industrial Bank and Trust Company of St. Louis, on November 2. Mr. Blumeyer spoke on the banking system in this country and in particular on industrial banking, a field in which his own bank was a pioneer.

In his resume of United States banking, Mr. Blumeyer spoke first on the Federal Reserve Banks which are owned by the commercial banks, and under the supervision of the government act as fiscal agents in distributing government bonds.

"Commercial banks", said Mr. Blumeyer, "are members of the Federal Bank Reserve system, and make loans to large businesses and corporations, but do very little business with the individual."

Mr. Blumeyer's next topic was the Investment bank which furnishes capital funds for large corporations and carries on most of their business internationally.

The largest and most interesting part of Mr. Blumeyer's talk was a discussion of Industrial banking, his own field. Thirty years ago the individual could not easily secure loans of any type, and in 1910, Col. James A. Butler, recognizing this need, organized the first Industrial Bank at Eighth and Chestnut Streets, with Mr. Blumeyer as one of his two employees. In the 30 years since it was founded, Industrial has expanded many times and today in its present location at Ninth and Washington, it has 300 employees; \$12,000,000 in deposits, 80,000 customers, and loan branches in five other western cities. Industrial banking is retail banking on consumer credit. It makes loans, which are repaid in monthly installments, to individuals. Credit is granted on the individual's income and his ability to pay back the money loaned to him. Anything from an automobile to a steady job is recognized as collateral.

Of special interest to Lindenwood students is the fact that in the Industrial Bank in St. Louis there is a large mural of Col. Butler, who endowed Lindenwood when Dr. Roemer first came, and a group of Lindenwood girls circling around their friend.

but will give the money to the fund instead. The suggestion was enthusiastically received, and today was decided upon as the day.

Much New Talent Now Present In Orchestra

Although the orchestra is small this year Miss Isidor is pleased with the talent thus far put out and is sure of its success. Those playing violins this year are Dorothy Isbell, Margaret McCoid, Mary Frances Stuart, Helen Goldthwaite, Coralee Burchard, Alice Darneal, Annamae Ruhman, Marilyn Casebier. John Lammers, a young student from St. Charles, also plays the violin in

Presentation of Memorial

Dr. Roemer Presents Building To Dr. MacIvor of the Board

After the academic procession and the school hymn, on Founders' Day, the faculty and students stood in line to hear Dr. Roemer present the new Lillie P. Roemer Memorial building to Dr. MacIvor. Dr. Roemer said that he believed the building would be adequate for all the needs of the art and music students, and believed it would fulfill the hopes of Mrs. Roemer who had always desired such a building. He said that there had been such a spirit of harmony among all the workmen from the highest to the lowest. One of the workmen was quoted as saying that "This has been the happiest job that any of us have ever undertaken" Dr. Roemer praised Dr. Stumberg, who was chairman of the building committee, the architects, and the contractors. Then he presented the new building. Dr. MacIvor, who accepted it, said that the memory of Mrs. Roemer would always be with Lindenwood and it would follow us through the years. He said that this building carried out her gracious spirit. After Dr. MacIvor's prayer, Dr. Roemer said that all those who were unable to stay and go through the building in the afternoon were welcome to go through it before the noon meal was served.

The noon meal was, as usual, the big point of interest to many at that time of the day. There was a grand rush to the dining room even though Dr. Roemer had said there was plenty of food to go around. Tomato juice cocktail, olives, celery, cottage cheese, chicken patties, French fries, buttered peas, apricots, salad, pumpkin pie, nuts, and coffee were served bountifully and each class sang its class songs. It was indeed a dinner fit for a queen.

Beautiful Floral Baskets Gifts of Many Friends

On Founders' Day, the new Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Fine Arts Building was filled with many gorgeous baskets of flowers sent by friends of the college and of Dr. Roemer. Among the donors were the faculty, the senior, junior, sophomore and freshman classes, the Student Board, Kappa Pi and the Art Club, Miss Hankins, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Mrs. Zeisler, Mrs. Frederic H. Fox, Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. Ross W. Eastlick, Pasadena, Cal.; and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Cobbs, St. Louis. Mr. Cobbs is a member of the board of directors. Other designs were also received from many friends in St. Charles.

the college orchestra.

In the cello division are Constance Scott, Genevieve Kniese, and Ruth Dayton. Ruth Stiefel plays the clarinet; Bernice Clark, the flute; Frances Shudde, the piano; Betty Daniel, the trombone; Esther Farrell, the double bass; and Barbara Tennant, the drum.

LINDEN BARK

A Bi-Weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.,
by the Department of Journalism

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Mary Ekberg, '41

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Phyllis Carpenter, '42

EDITORIAL STAFF

Margaret Cannon, '42
Ann Earickson, '42
Lulagene Johnson, '42

Gloria Stunkel, '42
Dorothy Jean Mathias, '42
Jacqueline Morrison, '41

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1939

The Linden Bark:

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As though the woods I reverent creep
Watching all things lie "down to sleep"

Helen Hunt Jackson—"Down to Sleep"

Thanksgiving Day One To Always Be Remembered

Thanksgiving, a true American holiday, was set apart by the Pilgrims in 1621, immediately after their first harvest. Those forefathers of ours were thankful for their blessings: Massachusetts celebrated Thanksgiving first in 1630, Connecticut in 1639, and the Dutch in New Netherlands appointed a day for giving thanks in 1644. During the Revolutionary War the Continental Congress decreed one or more Thanksgiving days each year, except in 1777. President Washington appointed a day of thanksgiving in 1789, and another in 1795. President Madison, in response to resolutions of Congress, set apart a day for thanksgiving at the close of the War of 1812. By 1858, proclamations appointing Thanksgiving Day were issued by the governors of 25 States and two Territories. President Lincoln appointed the last Thursday of November, 1864, and each president has followed his example until this year, when by proclamation of President Roosevelt, Thanksgiving Day has been moved up one week to fall on Thursday, November 23.

So much for the history of Thanksgiving. Like most histories, it is made up only of dates and cold, hard facts. But behind these facts lie the strife and heartbreak, the joy and triumph of a young nation, thankful for its right to survive and develop. In this year of 1939, when the world is a turmoil of war and hate, and the United States, careful though she may be is a art of that turmoil, Thanksgiving Day may seem an ironic and futile celebration. Certainly the outlook is not bright, but neither was the outlook of those early Pilgrims. They had a wilderness to conquer; they had enemies to face. Yet they were thankful for the blessings they had, and for the opportunity of a new life.

America again faces a wilderness. But we are not afraid. Thanksgiving Day is a time to stop and consider our blessings and our abilities—there are many of them. It does not matter on which day Thanksgiving falls, or even if we celebrate two Thanksgiving Days, for the idea is the same, and the result should be an American people more willing to work toward the peace and understanding of the world.

Ambitions of Lindenwood Girls Prove Enlightening

Have times changed? Do women really want to be homemakers or do they want to become women of the world? In a survey of students at Lindenwood many answers were found to this query, "What is your ambition?"

One sophomore wanted to be a chic, aristocratic woman who was quite wealthy and businesslike, while another's ambition was to be a great laboratory technician, as this was a new field. One of our sweet young things around school has her mind set on being America's No. 1 glamour girl in a few years to come, while her roommate said she would be satisfied to be manager of Garland's in St. Louis.

The satisfaction of being a good cornet player was one music lover's ambition, two others' ambitions were to be, the one an instructor of physical education and the other of speech.

One rather tall, good-looking blonde has her heart set on being a great photographer's model, another on being a stylist, and still another a designer of Fifth avenue.

A junior who has several ambitions expressed her idea thus: "A famous archeologist, in fact just and archeologist; or a female Anthony Eden. If nothing better comes along I would be satisfied to be Mrs. Tyrone Power or Mrs. Errol Flynn." As it now stands this ambitious junior would have to be the second Mrs. Power or Mrs. Flynn.

We have a Fortune hunter in our midst—for four years she has wanted to be advertising manager of Fortune magazine—what an ambition to follow.

And then we have those girls who want to be just happy or successful at whatever they do.

More than forty per cent of the girls interviewed wanted to be just happily married. Doesn't that show that there really are those who want to be good homemakers, a joy to their husbands and children?

• Campus Diary •

By M. C.

Nov. 1. At 9:30 p. m., the daughters of Butler toss their books to the winds and hold a reception in the parlor for Mr. Ching.

Nov. 2. Frantic scratchings through the change purses and a last mad dash to the bank. Reason, annual sale.

Nov. 3. Juniors hit the hay, so to speak, at 7 p. m. and turn up at 11, a trifle seedy but happy.

Nov. 4. The freshmen start out to lick old man term paper, and emerge from the library weary, hungry, very disgusted, but proudly bearing two note-cards. Sophomores give a hayride for the seniors. Cold noses, frozen feet, juicy steaks, swell fun, nuff sed.

Nov. 5. Lindenwood evacuated in favor of the movie. Nothing happened here. Why should it, in the face of such competition?

Nov. 6. The seniors come forth with a killer-diller of an assembly that leaves the whole place in stitches. Real talent accidentally discovered in the senior class.

Nov. 7. The inmates go music-minded in a big way. Mr. Friess' lovely concert in the afternoon, and the Civic Music League at night.

Nov. 8. Lucy Vosburg makes the Annual Appeal for the King's Kiddies. Student body votes to sacrifice cokes on Tuesday, November 14, and drop the pennies in the little tin cup.

Nov. 9. No chapel today. Gotta rush home and catch up on sleep. Goc'nite.

Nov. 10. Greasepaint and powder in the air! Fall play is big success.

Nov. 11. Many of us kiddies hopefuls for the ranks of intelligence stay home and study.

Nov. 11. Many of us kiddies spend Armistice Day in the city watching the birdie. Some aspiring hopeful for the ranks of intelligence stay home and study.

Nov. 12. Students attend the movies. (This is growing into a habit.) Mrs. Georgia Clifford speaks in vespers.

Nov. 13. Blue Monday. Also the day before the Barks come out.

Nov. 14. The Barks are out. That is enough news for one day.

College Pleases Mr. Ching

Mr. R. C. Ching, father of Charlotte Ching and uncle of Hyacinth Young, has been visiting here at the college for several days. He came especially to the States to attend the Ice Cream and Dairy Dealers Convention in San Francisco and continued his stay as a pleasure trip. His interest in the convention was to check over the different types of equipment, machinery, and ideas of the various companies that he could use in the Islands. Charlotte's father left Honolulu by boat, October 13, and arrived in San Francisco, October 18. He plans to leave November 18 and be back in his home by November 23. He stated that the traveling facilities of today are very convenient, with the coming of air plane travel. It takes only 17 hours to fly from San Francisco to Honolulu, whereas it takes the average boat about four and one-half days.

Mr. Ching was educated in the Islands and when the World War was in progress he joined the army. After the war, he was in the navy for a short time, then civilian work, and for the last twelve years has been associated in the ice cream manufacturing business. At the present time this concern makes ice cream and distributes milk to different homes. "Business on the islands is conducted very much in the same order as it in the States,

and the general stores are owned and conducted by either Chinese or Japanese operators," stated Mr. Ching.

The College was very impressive to Mr. Ching and as long as his daughter is much satisfied with her choice of where to be educated, he is even more satisfied. On this visit back to the states, Mr. Ching finds the cities much more congested than when he was here before. The Chings have no relatives in the United States although they have a number of close friends. Hyacinth Young has an older brother in Michigan.

Mark Twain once said, "The most lovely group of isles in the Pacific Ocean are the Hawaiian Islands," and Mr. Ching agrees with this statement wholeheartedly. These islands have been called many gorgeous names, but the ones that have been outstanding in one's mind are these: The Hawaiian Islands, The Paradise of the Pacific, The Cross Roads of the Pacific, The Military Outpost of the United States, The Melting Pot of the World, and The Land of Liquid Sunshine. As to the scenery, Mr. Ching thinks that the islands have much more to offer a person than the mainland of the United States.

The Hawaiian group is composed of eight islands. The largest of them is the island of Hawaii and it is as large as the state of Delaware. The next one in size is Maui, where the largest extinct volcano in the world is located. Oahu is next in size and the capital, Honolulu, is located on this island. Fourth in size is Kanai, the oldest island in the group and this has the Warimea Canyon that is a miniature of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. The other islands are much smaller and are not of much significance except for agricultural purposes. The total population of the group of islands is nearly 400,000 of which Wahoo has 265,000. At the present time the Japanese predominate, followed by the Filipinos, Portuguese, Hawaiians and Part Hawaiians, Anglo-Saxons, Chinese, and others.

"We have people practically from every nation in the world and the name, 'The Melting Pot of the World' certainly applies here. Notwithstanding all the unrest of the Orient and Europe, all the racial groups are living in harmony with one another.

"The principal products of the islands are sugar cane, pineapple, coffee, bananas, some truck gardening, and a little rice." The Hawaiian staple food is Hawaiian poi and has been adopted by the other nationalities. There is not much difference in their modes of living although Mr. Ching thought possibly their food might be a little higher in price.

As to the sports, they are about the same as those in the United States. They have football, baseball, track, swimming, a good deal of fishing, and practically all the other sports that we, here in the United States, possess. Stated Mr. Ching, "One thing I like to point out is that our boys play football in their bare feet." The climate in the Islands is more ideal for the sports and as far as swimming is concerned, one can engage in that sport all winter long. The temperature of the water never varies more than six degrees between winter and summer.

Clothes in the Islands are much less formal than ours here in the States as it is summer all winter long. However, there is a greater variety of clothes due to the many different racial groups.

HELP

KING'S KIDDIES

Deciding the awards in the annual contest sponsored by the Poetry Society is never easy, and this year brought an especially interesting group of poems to the judges. Winners' poems, together with poems by other students whose entries qualified them for membership in the Society, head this issue of the Literary Supplement.

FIRST PRIZE

PSALM FOR AUTUMN

by Ann Earickson, '42

Blue sky, a polished turquoise mound;
Beyond red leaves which spin and drift and spin again,
And reach the cold, hard earth where peace is found,
And sweet oblivion.
Wild birds that sail and float and dive,
And then drive on once more with rising cry.
Autumn: the time of death and life and dying beauty.
What echoes live in your eternity;
What memories arise, and then return to me!

RAIN IN SPRING

by Ann Earickson, '42

Caught high in the branches of a graceful tree
One perfect star shines down,
And looks in through the window here at me,
And makes the darkness of the sky around
Seem deep and solemn;
Filled with a foreboding of the storm to come,
Or with a steady beat and hum
Of wind along a winding street.
How sweet
And fragrant is the air!
I lie still, for I do not dare
To move, and break the spell or mar the sound,
As with a rush of thundering steps
The raindrops fall against my window-pane,
And blot from sight the sky, the tree, the star
With a curtain of clear, shining rain.

HONORABLE MENTION

STORM

by Jane Harris, '42

In the midst of sudden stillness
I saw flashed across the sky,
Brilliant streaks of white gold lightning
Hushed by rolling black storm clouds,
Oh, the depth of that black heaven
With its shooting streaks of flame!
I could but stare in fascination,
Held in awe struck wonder, at the work of God's great hand.

PICTURE

by Jane Harris, '42

The tree stood far, by itself
An etched vein against the sky.
The hills reached softly as the Earth ball circled and slowly moved.
The bubbles in the blue cup above
Strained and slightly touched the treepole tops.
But the serene picture was
Scarcely noticed by the busy world.

SONNET

by Helen Hellerud, '40

Around me roll the waves of deep despair
And in my ears a melancholy sound
Gives warning of the hazards to be found
So near that tranquil shore. Yet I must dare

To face the perils of Despondency and Care,
Those treacherous rocks on which the breakers pound,
But even in that never ceasing sound,
I hear a note which tells of happiness we'll share.
My cherished dreams of you will never cease
To represent that bliss which is beyond;
For there we'll find security and peace,
Those anchors which will form a steadfast bond
To tie us ever to eternity.

AN OCTOBER TREASURE

by Barbara Bruce, '42

The October Midas of the sky
Goldplates the falling leaves,
And shades with a mellow fortune
The autumn fields and sheaves.
But only the earth's brown fingers
Can catch this golden prize
Before the gleam of a fleeting touch
Lowers in the west and dies.

THE STREET PEDLAR'S STORY

by Doris Jean Banta, '43

I studied dramatics
And later fine art,
But because of my tactics
I now push a cart.
I once was an actor
Young, bold, and quite gay,
But I squandered my money
For one happy day.
I next was artistic,
Took a brush up and painted,
But my art was so modernistic
That all who saw it fainted.
So now I'm a pedlar
Just pushing my cart,
No longer a meddler
In drama and art.

A CHILD'S DREAM

by Laurabeall Parkinson, '41

I scampered up a fairy hill,
I floated on the clouds,
I walked on top the ocean blue,
To visit fairy crowds.

I gathered shining stars on high
And put them on my gown.
I wore a moonlight garment and
The sun rays for a crown.

What more could any person ask
Than such a happy dream?
Till Nurse waked me from my rest
For cereal and cream.

THE SAD PUPPET

by Laurabeall Parkinson, '41

Funny little puppet
On a lively string—
Jumping and dancing,
Laughter he will bring.

In a funny clown suit
Pretty green and red,
Chasing after fairies.
All of whom have fled.

Oh, so sad and lonely,
Foolish wooden heart.
Don't you know that fairies
Here and there will dart?

Chasing pretty butterflies,
Dancing over dew,
Laughing at the best of folks,
And poking fun at you.

CERISE, ELEANOR, CORINNE

by Shirley Violet Gardner, '43

As though by strange enchantment,
I chanced one day to see
A lovely painting not done by man,
Nor in an art gallery.
With all of dreamland's ecstasy
The ocean seemed to paint for me,
Three strange mermaids in the sea.

It took the hues of nature, there.
I smiled through my surprise,
For now and right before my eyes
It grasped the blue from out the skies.

It took the gold as the sun did rise,
And from its own wild waters laid
The green for one mystic mermaid.

The deep and orange single
Suffused with carmine gold,
Made a scarlet raptured mermaid
Whose lips of paint unfold
The ivory sheen of loveliness
Throughout her form retold.
Cerise, the princess of the Gold.

The deep and royal double
Turquoise with silver, fondly
The midnight blue reflects
A second mermaid of beauty,
Her navy lips closed, in
A prayer of love so daintly.
Eleanor, goddess of Eternity.

The deep and bronzed triple
Exalt with ocean wings,
The aqua-girded mermaid,
Her form in rhythm swings.
Green as her lips do part
In soothing song she sings.
Corinne, the queen of Kings.

'Tis thus a poet writes
Of what the ocean drew.
'Tis thus a listener hears,
An onlooker peers to view.
Three strange mermaids—
Cerise, Eleanor, Corinne.
All in a dreamer's fancy dream.

THOUGHT

by Pat McKinney, '43

Across the room from me he sits,
Considering with eyes aloof and wise
The place about him.
For a moment he lets them rest on me,
But only with benignity and scorn
Intermingled.
And then he turns away to stare un-
seeingly into far-reaching space.

What are his thoughts?
As he basks luxuriously in the warm rays
The sun god, Ra, has sent to him,
Perhaps he dreams of a lost dynasty,
Of a land with sifting sands,
And gold and the endless Nile.
In his mind's eye he sees a panorama of old Egypt,
Where kings, not commoners hold sway,
And he is king of kings.
There above all else
He is high honored and respected.
A pyramid above him towers!
And only he can know the secret of the Sphinx.

The faint fragrance of sandalwood pervades the room.
From a distance drifts the mystic music of a forgotten melody.
But as the cymbals clang,
The vision fades and disappears.
Now sitting in disdainful gloom,
He hates the destiny which sent him here
Instead of to that bygone age.

Or does he ponder on that knowledge
Which men with labor and cruel sacrifice
Have vied to gather and to horde since Time began?
Yet he's possessed through his whole life
All that they've learned and more.
Is he exploring still deeper into the Annals of Time,
Dwelling on those forbidden things
Which few can know and they who do are cursed,
Fore'er deprived of Eternity.

He yawns and stretches;
Then turns back again to gaze wistfully on me.
He leaps from his couch and smoothing 'gainst my chair,
Plaintively he mews. The spell is broken.
He is hungry.

RAIN

by Pat McKinney, '43

The city streets all covered thick with dust,
The withered grass so low and parced, which must
Soon die; the trees with branches limp with pain
From sun's white scorching heat;
and then, cool rain.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR

by Minerva Pelles, '43

A rather large crowd is gathered on the sidewalk, and from its midst come sounds of fast, gay music. These notes emanate from a violin, badly in need of tuning, which a boy of about twelve years is attacking with a soiled bow. Beside him stands his sixteen-year-old sister waving tambourines, and in front of her dance two small children, a boy and a girl, each arrayed in colorful Spanish costumes. The father of this swarthy family of entertainers plucks at an old guitar, and helps the children pick up the coins which are tossed by generous members of the audience. "Gracias, muchas gracias May the Holy Virgin smile on the friend of the poor." Then, after showering with gratitude "the friend of the poor," and, what is still more important, collecting the nickels and dimes, the group resumes the music and dancing, perhaps this time to the strains of "Cielito lindo" or "Rancho grande." Soon the spectators move on, and others take their places.

Almost daily this group of Mexicans plays for shoppers and strollers on the Plaza, a quaint business district which has the exotic, fascinating air that Spanish architecture communicates. There is scarcely a passer-by who can resist the temptation to pause a few moments and watch. Of course, the singing is shrill and sometimes flat and the musicians and dancers certainly never have taken a lesson in music or dancing, but in spite of certain Indian features and in spite of Spanish so ungrammatical as to make a Castillian shudder, this irresistible group adds the touch needed to make the Plaza seem a real Spanish village.

Among the spectators a titter of "How cute!" comes from a girl on her way to the beauty salon; an exclamation of "Darling little children!" issues from a tremendous matron on her way to the women's club. Yes, they are an attractive, fascinating, and amusing family, especially the two little dancers. The boy looks almost pompous in his snug trousers and large hat, and the girl seems to be fully occupied in preventing herself from tripping over her long skirts. There are other remarks, too — a rumble of "Should be a law against it!" from a business man; a taunt to the violinist of "Sissy!" from an eleven-year-old roughneck; a murmur of "Pitiful creatures!" from member of the Ladies' Aid Society.

But should these people be legally prevented from playing their instruments, singing, and dancing for the public? They are not disturbing anyone; on the contrary, they really entertain almost everyone in their audience. Then, too, the few coins they manage to gather in the course of a day are their only income, and with it they have to buy food and clothing for the whole family and pay the rent of the dilapidated flat they must tenant. It is cruel to call the boy who furnishes tunes with his violin a sissy. He is, rather, a hero, doing his big share to assure the existence of this amazing cooperative group. However, the members of the family do merit the pity and sympathy of those who have seen them perform. They must sacrifice even an elementary

education to subsist; they must work while other children play; they must eat dark bread while other children eat frosted cake. Is there not something which pulls at one's heart about the little girl, her wide, black eyes sparkling above the swirling skirts, who never can hope to be a grand senorita or even a cafe dancer? Does not one have a feeling of depression when he sees the little boy who is dressed as a caballero but can never hope to be one, and the violin-player who probably never will be able to take a single lesson? Still, they seem to be happy in their ignorance. This family of entertainers (it is impossible to call them beggars) most likely will continue for a long while to dance, sing, and play for the smiles and coins of the crowd.

THAT OLD GANG

by Grace Gault, '43

I do not remember exactly how all of us got together to comprise "Our Gang," except that Arthur stood across the street from our house while we were moving in and made faces at my brother and me, and that Eleanor and I met when we were looking for sand rocks with which to make sand stores. I do not remember seeing Franklin, Virginia, or Mildred for the first time. They just seemed to be there. Anyway we gathered to form our gang in the natural, informal, unconscious way that young children have.

Our chief meeting place was the "vacant lot," and every evening after hurriedly eating dinner, we would make a rush for it. When everyone had assembled we would play statue, tag, or red-light until dark. On a thought some one would cry, "Last one over the fence is a nigger baby," and we would go tearing toward the hedgerow which surrounds Mildred's house. Thinking of it afterward, I have always felt sorry for Mildred's father, who was trying so diligently to raise a hedge, for someone almost always fell over it.

It was our chief delight on cool summer evenings to sit on Mildred's front porch in the dark and listen to hair-raising stories. Mildred was an honorary member, since she was so much older than most of us, but then she knew the best stories and her perch did have a wonderful gliding swing.

"Tell us a ghost story, Mildred; you know, the one about the wax figures," we would beg.

"If you tell ghost stories, I'm goin' right home before dark, I tell you!" This was Franklin's usual announcement. He was the youngest member of our gang, and therefore the victim of much teasing. He always said this, but he never left until Virginia, his sister, went flying down the dark street and he was forced to run after her, followed by our cries of "Watch out for the cold, slimy hand when you reach for your light, Frank."

Once we went exploring in the woods down beyond the Gardners' farm, and there we found a brook, running swiftly with cool, silvery water down what we called "little waterfalls." We loved to take our lunch and eat there with our feet dangling in the water.

Now as I think back and recall the good times we had, I also realize sadly that those days are over. We have grown older and apart; the little stream is dry; the vacant lot has a house over it now; Mildred, Arthur, and Virginia are gone; Franklin, the baby, is the only one left, and he plays football. Sentimentality is not a characteristic of mine, but when I hear the song that goes, "Oh gee, but I'd give eth world to see that old gang of mine," I cannot help remembering.

THE UPSIDE-DOWN CITY

by Rebecca Rath, '43

To most of the figures that hurry across the bridges of the river that divides our town, the water down under means no more than a wrinkling of the nose or a clutching of a new gray felt. One of these figures, the cherisher of hats, should turn some soft summer evening and get a good look at "Old Man River."

He'd feel a slight breeze upon his cheek; he'd hear a pleasant gurgle as the "Old Man" slid past a pier; and most of all he'd see there a city he'd never known as his own. A slightly wavering, upside down city, one that would disappear and reappear. Its colors not the usual harsh reds, yellows, and whites, but tinted and softened by the ripples of the water. The black waves turn the sky a deeper color, and the red of "Black's Dry Goods Store" dances gently to and fro. The neon lights of the drab beer tavern take on magic for the moment. The Strand Theatre's sign loses its glare, its cheapness, and becomes an inviting spot, beckoning, not commanding.

He could imagine the population of our inverted town. A stately and gracious race. No need to hurry across their bridge. They would have time to think, to plan, and to enjoy the advantages that this quiet and somehow inspired city would offer.

No horns honk down there, no street cars clang. The automobiles drift down the streets, wandering in and out, but easily avoiding each other. The water seems to have washed away the smoke and dirt, and quieted the bustle of traffic.

So as this man stared, some of the calmness the river had given the noisy city would creep into him, and the next time he crossed the bridge, the fishy smell wouldn't bother his nose, nor would he cling quite so tightly to his gray felt.

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE

by Mary Elizabeth Finley, '43

My brother and I were holding a series of meetings in a little country church. He was a student pastor, and I was acting as his assistant in various ways during these meetings. We had a definite aim, to present to the people the meaning of Christianity and to create a greater interest in the church and its value to the community. Since things seen are retained in one's memory a much longer time than those heard, I wanted to present a play expressing in a vivid way the values of personal religion. The inspiration was good. That was just the thing needed in this church, where many young people came but few took serious responsibilities in the church program. However, finding a suitable play was not so easy as I had expected. I searched endlessly through back numbers of *The Epworth Highroad*, *The Christian Observer*, *The Sunday School Teacher's Magazine* and various others, but no play could I find to fit my purpose.

There was only one thing left to do. Write a play? I couldn't—and yet, would I leave undone the one thing that might show these young people the value of a Christian life? After a mental struggle, I knew that I must at least try to write a play. First I selected my characters and stage setting. I would have a cross lighted with candles placed at the back center of the stage. The rest of the lighting would also be with candles. My characters must represent some vital phase of Christian life. After they were selected the actual writing of the play began. I waited until the family were asleep, then began writing, slowly at

first, then rapidly, for, when I finally started, thoughts came piling one upon the other and I felt an exhilaration with the belief that I would succeed.

Several days later I took the play out to copy and add details; I found to my surprise it was not so wonderful as I had thought. It took hours and hours of revising, cutting out, finding more expressive words, and hours more to arrange the details of scene, choir, and correct song selections to fit the various characters. At last the finished product was clipped together with a paper clip, ready to be presented.

On Friday night when the cross was lighted and the lights turned low as the quartet sang, "Which Way Shall I Take?" my heart beat fast and I breathed a prayer that my creation would be successful.

Finally, after the young man who was playing the part of Youth said, "I also shall light my candle from the cross of Christ; I want my life to count for Jesus, too," a hush fell; the play was ended; and I was happy.

THE ROSE

by Jane Shurman, '43

I'm a little rose bud
Growing every day;
Soon I'll be a large rose,
And then I'll fade away.

This little poem was written by me at the tender age of eight for my third-grade teacher. It was the first and last piece of poetry I have ever written, but it has gone far and wide. I can still remember my standing in front of a group of young children and reading my poem over to them. My teacher helped me with the changing of some of the words, and that month I was amazed along with my family (who never believed me to have such genius) to find my poem in the *Hartford Crier*, our school paper. I remember my mother telling me to write my aunts in Chicago, and I sent them all a copy of my poem.

The following year I volunteered to write a poem for the Sunday-school paper. Not being able to compose a poem as good as my first, I again submitted it. I received honor by having it accepted, and once more I was placed at a desk to write to my aunts in Chicago of this wonderful acclaim.

About this time we moved, so that I had to change schools. Soon the usual call for material for the school paper was made. I, feeling that no one would have the heart to turn down my now famous poem, handed it in to the teacher. The following month my poem was once again in print. I can't truthfully say that I was very much excited over seeing my name along with my poem in the school paper, and thank heaven I was not made to sit down and write to all my aunts.

At this time my mother became very ill, and the doctors prescribed a change of climate. For this reason we left Milwaukee in February and went to Tucson, Arizona. While in Tucson I got my poem into two papers. I feel that the words are branded on my heart, so that whenever I change schools, I'll always have something to offer, even if it is only four lines of a very childish poem.

ELEVATION

by Susan Loetscher, '43

Always, as I have stood by, watching and listening to people from other towns, even other states, exclaim over the quaintness of our Fourth Street Elevator, I have wondered at their obvious interest in what seems to them to be some-

thing completely unique. In fact, I have probably been a little blase toward their somewhat childlike delight over the place. You see, that elevator has been as much a part of my childhood as another little girl's kiddy car has been a part of hers.

Now, being — — as I smugly assume — grown up, realization is upon me. It reverts to the sad misfortune of our taking for granted those things we are accustomed to. Especially since being away from home I am able to understand the attractions of that elevator and its surroundings. In the first place, it carries the distinguished and distinctive charm of old age, for it was built back somewhere in the hazy 1890's. But in order really to appreciate both its situation and its usefulness one must first know that Dubuque is built into the hills; historically, it is called "The City of Seven Hills." Just as important, it sits directly on the shore of the Mississippi. Now, back to our elevator. On its seemingly shaky pulley two shabby little gray cars rattle up and down the face of a shaggy, shrub-hewn cliff which slopes to within four blocks of the river. It is with a profound amazement and thrill that the inexperienced travelers in the little cars realize they have finally reached the tiny control house at the top or the tumble-down shelter at the bottom, as the case may be. Somehow the appearance of the old elevator does not instill a very comforting confidence in anyone.

If a passenger is on an upward trip, he is indeed fortunate, for when he reaches the top, he has in store the lovely panorama of the river with its chugging tugboats and bridges; across the way, the lazily rolling hills of eastern Illinois; and from the distance, the busy whistling of trains. At night all this is enhanced by the hundreds of lights winking from all directions up at the appreciative spectator.

Recalling all this makes me very sure of something: I'll never be able to grin up my sleeve at others who marvel at our old elevator. Next time I go home I'll probably be grinning in happiness and delight with them, and not at them.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

by Shirley Crooke, '43

Play it again! Once more the strains of "Poor Butterfly" fell sweetly upon my ears. My mind wandered to Japan and as each word of the song became music I could visualize the scene. A lovely Japanese girl sits beneath the blossoms of a cherry tree, clothed in a brightly colored kimono, her blue-black hair piled high atop her head. As she sits there she cries softly to herself and the birds fly about her, perching on a twig and trying to console her with their song.

This all took place during my early childhood when I used to beg my mother to play my favorite song on the piano. Japan was to me what fairies and pixies were to some children. I could sit and read about that far-off place, that land of slanty eyes and mystery, for hours at a time. Perhaps that song imbedded in my mind the loveliness of Japan and my only regret is that time should shatter my dream. Education and the realization that there is strife and warfare in my dream country have done away with my childhood imagination. I can now see that Japan is just like all other countries, filled with greed and hate. The Japanese girls that are crying today are not sitting beneath the blossoms, but in the midst of a war-minded country, with airplanes flying about instead of birds. My butterfly-Japan has become moth-eaten.

A. A. Members Planning Sports

The Athletic Association had its second meeting of the year in the library club rooms, Wednesday, November 8, at five o'clock. The president, Florence Valenga presided at the meeting.

Many activities of the club were planned for the year. It is anticipated that during the year the club will sponsor ice-skating parties, roller skating parties, a picnic of some sort, and the annual dance. Different girls were named as heads of the various activities and they will choose their own committees.

This meeting was the last until after Christmas vacation, but it is expected that a special meeting will be called. A very large attendance was present.

Fashion Is Spinach

October was quite a month for fashion at Lindenwood, for the real fall weather set in and brought out a number of lovely furs and many "wintery" clothes. Also, the freshman style show made the whole campus more or less fashion conscious.

Among the attractive accessories seen on campus in the past few weeks were: Helen Nancy's colored silk shirts which she wears under sweaters and with different suits, and "Wee" Jones' wonderful long-haired angora sweater which, incidentally, she knits herself.

Suits in all shapes and forms are apparent and one which especially catches the eye is a dressy suit worn by Betty Spencer, a black bengaline with a flared skirt, and a fitted jacket with a peplum in the form of a bustle back. Jean Briles has a notable feathered suit in "sorority rose" which was advertised in "Mademoiselle"; it has a flared skirt, a short sleeved fitted jacket with leather buttons. Harriette Wilson has a three-piece suit of brownish herringbone tweed; the inside suit is fitted and has a straight skirt, while the top-coat is a very full swagger style. Jacqueline Davis wears a this year's B. H. Wragge suit of moss green diagonal striped tweed with the new slit back jacket. Betty Kelley wears an aquamarine suit with a small pin stripe made of French flannel, with a cardigan style jacket and a straight skirt. An extremely handsome costume suit is worn by Martha Robbins consisting of a wine wool dress and a wine jacket trimmed with fur.

One outfit which is particularly worthy of notice is Harriet Dillman's black wool jersey dress, fashioned with front fullness in the skirt and with rhinestone clips presenting a contrast at the neck. With this dress she wears a black jersey draped turban, and a skunk chubby. "Interesting miscellany" for this month includes Mary Jean DuHadway's short black rubber rain coats, and Becky Rath's brown platform soled shoes.

Fashion notes a plenty should be provided by the dinner dance on November 17, which will bring out many as yet unseen dinner dresses.

Forum at League Meeting

A forum discussion was held at the meeting November 3, of the League of Women Voters. The girls who talked were Harriet Dalton, Jane Henss, Mary Helen St. Clair, Joyce Works, Margaret Barton, Betty Maude Jacob, and Evelyn Bradley; they were assisted by Prof. Rath. Direct cause and indirect cause of the World War was the subject of discussion. International affairs were also mentioned.

Founders' Day Address

Dr. Higginbottom Enjoyed by All

From a stage beautifully decorated with huge baskets of yellow and orange chrysanthemums, Dr. Sam Higginbottom delivered Lindenwood's Founders' Day address on Thursday, October 26.

The assembly opened with the entrance of the choir and the teachers in academic costume. The prayer of invocation was offered by Dr. Harmon and was followed by the choir anthem, "Ave Maria" (Brahms). Dr. Roemer expressed the happiness and well-being felt by all connected with Lindenwood on this Founders' Day. He added that the Mayor of St. Charles had sent a good luck coin bearing the date 1827, the year in which Lindenwood was founded. Dr. MacIvor, as presiding official of the assembly, introduced Dr. Higginbottom by reminding the audience that there are 2,000,000 members of the Presbyterian church and Dr. Higginbottom is their moderator. He has spent 36 years working in Presbyterian institutions both here and in foreign countries.

The theme of Dr. Higginbottom's address was the supremacy of Christian women above the women of heathen countries. "Society cannot rise to its greatest heights with a subjected and oppressed womanhood," said Dr. Higginbottom. Lindenwood, he added, is a pioneer—will the women of this college accept the challenge of helping their less fortunate sisters in other parts of the world?

Following Dr. Higginbottom's address, a beautiful solo, "Think on Me", (Scott), was sung by Miss Walker. The prayer of benediction was offered by Rev. W. L. Scarborough, and to the recessional hymn, "School of Our Mothers", the choir and academic procession left the auditorium to march to the Memorial Fine Arts Building for its presentation and dedication.

Beta Phi Theta Elects Officers for This Year

Beta Phi Theta met November 5 at 5 p. m. in the library club room. The officers for the coming year are Christine McDonald, president; Helen Rose Bruns, vice-president; Betty Lu Foster, treasurer; Martha Weber, secretary; Peggy Hocker, sentinel; Sara Jefferson, parliamentarian; and Mimi Stumberg, publicity manager.

The program was presented by Martha Weber and Sara Jefferson, who gave short monologues in French.

Dr. Schaper Speaks In Y. W. C. A. Parlors

Y. W. C. A. met Wednesday evening, November 1, in the Y. W. parlors of Sibley Hall at 6:45 o'clock. Dr. Schaper was the speaker.

Dr. Schaper gave a spiritual talk, stressing the quotation, "not what we give, but what we share." She contrasted sharing at the time of sorrow in a family, with the sharing of enthusiasm at a baseball game. We can share the enthusiasm of youth and love life, as well as material things, she said.

Pi Alpha Delta Elects

Pi Alpha Delta held its business meeting and elected its officers at a dessert party at Miss Hank's home last Tuesday evening. Betty Myers is president; Nadeane Snyder, vice-president; and Kay Salyer, secretary-treasurer. The girls discussed their plans for the coming year.

All Bark and No Bite

by
COTTON CANNON

This week we shall attempt to give you select (or anything we could find out) bits from the campus inkwaster. Get ready, Gals, she's going to press! (We don't mean in the pressing room, either. Headline: SENIORS PANIC STUDENT BODY WITH SUPER-COLOSSAL PRODUCTION.

LINDENWOOD, Monday, Nov. 6—The seniors lost their dignity today and treated the students with a never-to-be-forgotten riot. Amidst beautiful scenery, under superb direction, and before a most enthusiastic audience, they presented their characters with the delicate artistry and finesse of professionals. To prove the world-wide success that they have received, Cordelia has found it necessary to ignore three telegrams from Paderewski, imploring her to go on a concert tour as his understudy, Brandy has signed a contract to duet with Phil Baker on his next week's program, and Peggy is endeavoring to decide between two charming offers from the Arthur Murray School of the Dance and from Fritz Kreisler. The two Kays (dinner and dance) also received tempting offers from Mr. Murray but have decided to remain at school and dine and dance. In spite of the war, the sleuths pulled out early Tuesday for Scotland Yard and will be seen no more around these here parts.

EDITORIAL: Body of editorial cut out for lack of space. Moral: Why doesn't somebody do cute things like the Seniors' little stunts all the time?

HOSPITAL NEWS: All will be delighted to hear that Skipper is on the road to recovery after his tonsilectomy. The specialists say that his dog days are over and he is able to sit up and flirt with the nurse. Note: Bones would be appreciated by the patient more than flowers.

FLASH FLASH. The following notice just in from the Associated Press: Jerky Morrison was dragged to breakfast for the first time in three years!! In regard to this, Miss Morrison makes the following statement: "I will obtain my revenge by devious means (dirty work) for this violation by my pals (?) of our country's cardinal principle of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is reported that she will employ the lately cast-off doctrine of watchful waiting, so beware, you oafs!!

SAFETY TALK, by Uncle Charley Cop. It is unsafe to endanger your life and safety (and sanity) by riding in such a contraption as the one driven by those Washington U. youths who squeak and rattle out to see Patty Parnell on Sunday afternoons.

TODAY'S PUZZLE: Where does Doris Nahigian get all her dogs? The first 450 people to phone the correct answer in to Chestnut 9944 will receive enamelled closepins by return mail. (Pssst! The answer is "From a man in California." This little tip should give somebody a head start on hanging up next week's washing.)

WARNING: Listen for the tinkling bell. Miss Mottinger wants the girls in the parlor for a house-meeting.

DETECTIVE STORY: On a bright and sunny morning a young woman was studying in her room down in Irwinshire. Down the hall footprints were heard. (Aha, the plot

WHO'S WHO

She hails from our beloved city of St. Louis, is an officer of the junior class, and is a member of the student board. Her warm brown eyes attract one's attention and are the envy of many. She is tall, well-poised, rather quiet, and has a flair for tailored clothes. She is one of the most liked students on Lindenwood's campus.

(thickens.) Walking in the footprints were Lady Hough and some noble visitors who wished to see the room of the aforementioned young lady, who at this time was not discreetly attired in robes of welcome. So poof! Into the closet she scrambled. (Not very ladylike, but you must remember that this young lady was in a jam.) In came the Lady and her guests, admired the room, and expressed their desires of seeing the closet space. They were greatly surprised to find that the door would not open. Little did they know that our fair maiden was crouched trembling in her dark dungeon clutching her Shakespeare book. The problem is, "Who was the fair maiden?" It is too bad that the sleuths have gone to Scotland Yard as this would give them something to chew on. The only person on campus now who can solve the mystery is Mary Jean DuHadway.

ASK US ANOTHER: Q. Will Martha Weber spend all her week-ends on campus now that her old flame is burning again in St. Louis? A. No, she will go home every week-end and try to decide whether to warble "Just a Kid named Joe," or "Tommy Tommy Tommy." Ed. note. "Billy" must be out to lunch.

WANT ADS: Wanted: Another chance to date that B. M. O. C. at Illinois that I so blithely refused. Signed—Lorraine Allen.

NOTICE: The Humane Society wishes to announce that it intends to take action on or around June first, and prosecute those brats in Sibley who tried to kill Electra's mouse. The mouse was doing no harm, merely having himself a time while Electra slept. For shame!

What! No Santa Claus?

Sleet? Snow? Hail? Whatever it was caused a definite roar of surprise and delight among the students on a certain Tuesday. Whoever heard of such a phenomona on October 30. Girls could hardly wait to get out of classes and out into the "Winter Wonderland". What a let-down, when it was discovered that only a few pools of water remained from the unusual, brief ??? storm.

Hearken, Cheese Lovers Class Has 28 Varieties

For several weeks, the class in food buying and preparation, under the supervision of Miss Anderson, has been learning cheese in all its forms and smells. Cheddars, brie, bricks, roquefort, processed cheese, cream cheese—all have been studied. Twenty-eight varieties were identified either by sight, taste, or odor, and listed each under its correct name and class.

In addition to the identification of cheese, the milk from which it was made and the country or location where the cheese originated were also studied. The girls could not eat all the vast quantities of cheese, so for the past week, the cooking classes have been using the remainder in preparing cheese dishes.

Dr. Lampe Concerned for College Girls' Religion

The vesper service on Sunday evening, November 4, was preceded with Quiet Music. As the choir came in singing the processional, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken" the audience stood and joined in with their singing. The doxology was sung by all, and Dr. Harmon gave the Invocation, all joined in saying the Lord's Prayer, followed by the choir's response. The choir sang the anthem, "Light". Responsive reading was led by Dr. Harmon, and Dr. Lampe gave the pastoral prayer. Dorothy Rhea sang the solo, "Cast Thy Burden".

The address was given by Dr. William B. Lampe, West Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. Dr. Lampe's scripture was taken from Paul's letters to the Romans, and Dr. Lampe began by saying we conform to the customs and attitudes of only the group we are in and do not want to be one who challenges different forms of life. The early Romans challenged all life, for they had learned a new life from Jesus. They not only lived this life themselves, but they also made others live it, and get what they got out of this new life, that was so very beautiful and wonderful.

Dr. Lampe said the Christian youth of today do not want to be heroic, and challenge different ways of life. The Christian youth of today do not go to church regularly enough. They feel that they will be considered queer by their fellow friends if they do. The college student of today would rather just lead a life of pleasure and forget about religion while they are away from home. The girls of school should discover the truth and try and make the world a better place to live in, and do away with many of the perils that are suffered by so many of the unfortunates. He asked the question, "What are we going to do to make this a better world?" Many people know what is right and their conscience knows what is right, but they are not willing to do right. Dr. Lampe closed his sermon by giving an inspiration to leave this world better than one finds it, to work with others and not just with our immediate friends, to take religion more seriously than what our generation now seems to be doing.

The audience remained seated while the recessional hymn was sung and the choir marched out. The recessional hymn was, "Day is Dying in the West", and was followed by the benediction given by Dr. Lampe, the response sung by the choir.

Rev. Mr. Fay Speaks on Spiritual Windows

Rev. Robert W. Fay of Overland, Mo., spoke at vespers, Sunday evening, October 29.

He said that a people are known by the heroes they have and he gave Daniel, who had unquestioned integrity, as an example of the hero of his people.

Rev. Mr. Fay stressed that we must have spiritual frontage, that is, the values that we see in someone. We will be gauged by our spiritual frontage.

He closed by saying that the good life, the useful and happy one, is gained by the window being opened in the right way. People can't gain this life by force or will. Windows must be opened toward Jerusalem and God.

Miss Anderson spoke before the Parent-Teachers' Association of the Benton school Friday, October 27 on "A Balanced Diet for Children".

Mr. Friess Presents Interesting Recital

On Tuesday, November 7, at 5 o'clock, Mr. Friess presented an organ recital in Sibley Chapel. His first selection, "Prelude and Fugue in D Minor" (Bach), was not written especially for the organ, said Mr. Friess, but that it offered an interesting adaptation. The second selection, "Suite in D Op. 54" (Arthur Foote), consisted of three movements: allegro energico, improvisation, and allegro comodo. The composer, Mr. Foote, never received the recognition due the merit of his works; they are exceptionally beautiful organ melodies. "Lamentation", Mr. Friess' third number, was written by Alexandre Guilmant for a friend who had been killed in the Franco-Prussian War. Its solemn tone is climaxed at the last by a fragment taken from an old Latin hymn. Next on the program, "Ancient Hebrew Prayer of Thanksgiving" (Harvey Gaul), presented an interesting adaptation of ancient Jewish music to modern organ compositions. Jewish music, said Mr. Friess, offers great possibilities for composers if they would but take advantage of their opportunity. "Toccata" (Leon Boellmann) played last by Mr. Friess, is a delightful selection written mainly to enable the organist to exhibit his ability in playing light and fanciful compositions.

Mr. Friess' recital was skillfully and interestingly presented. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the Lindenwood students and teachers who attended.

For Mu Phi Epsilon Only Needed Officers

Mu Phi Epsilon met Monday, October 22. The new officers are Beverly Mayhall, president; Dorothy Nieman, vice-president; Peggy McCoid, recording secretary; and Cordelia Buck, corresponding secretary. Other officers will be elected after the initiation of the new members, who are Nelle Motley, Vera Jean Douthat, Pauline Grey, Irene Altheide, Pearl Lucille Lammers and Dorothy Rhea.

Simfonietta Concert End of Founders' Day

On Thursday evening, October 26, the St. Louis Simfonietta gave a concert in Roemer Auditorium. The program started at eight o'clock under the direction of Mr. Paul Schreiber. The Simfonietta is composed of seventeen prominent members of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. The Simfonietta was organized five years ago by Paul Schreiber, and since that time they have achieved great success, and play at many colleges in the middle west and in surrounding communities.

The concert marked the end of the Founders' Day program. The concert program was as follows:

1. Concerto in D Minor for small orchestra Vivaldi
2. Symphony in G Minor.....Mozart
 1. Allegro molto
 2. Andante
 3. Menuetto
 4. Allegro assai
3. Petite Suite.....Debussy
 - A. En Bateau
 - B. Cortège
 - C. Menuet
 - D. Ballet
4. Introduction and Allegro.....Revel
5. "Kammermusik" for small orchestra Hindemith

There were many encores, which everyone delighted in hearing and appreciated the opportunity of having the chance to see and talk to members of this fine organization, the Simfonietta.

Dr. Dawson Prepares Campus for Spring

Dr. Dawson has already started planting borders for the beauty of the campus next spring. She set out a tulip border with edging plants of Alpine forgetmenot of Phlox Subulata, and Iceland poppies; and a new narcissus border using named varieties. These have both been planted near the greenhouse to brighten the campus near there. They will take the place of the annual borders and morning glories that made it so lovely this fall. She is potting about 250 bulbs for forcing in the greenhouse and some of the girls who took cultivated plants last year are helping her with this.

Globe-Democrat Member Speaks to Journalism Class

Miss Josephine Fahey, who is at the head of the reference department of the Globe-Democrat, and also secretary to Mr. Joseph J. McAuliffe, the managing editor, gave a lecture to the journalism class, October 31.

Miss Fahey who has been with the Globe-Democrat for 15 years, reorganized the reference department, or morgue as it is commonly referred to, after she had made an extensive study and tour of the morgues of newspapers in many large cities. It was a tremendous undertaking and required five years for completion. There are five employees who work the hundred and forty files, which are classified in three ways; general subject, geographical, and biographical.

The task of choosing the clippings to be filed is a difficult one and it takes some time to acquire the knack of knowing just which clippings are going to be of value in the future. The staff constantly weeds out the files as well as adds to them, and this in itself requires good judgment and experience. The prominent person who has the largest file case devoted to him at the present time is President Roosevelt.

Miss Fahey told also of her duties as secretary to the managing editor. She works from 10 in the morning until 7 at night. "It is a strange job," she said, "for when most people are getting ready to quit, I have to be at my best, fresh and on my toes, for the managing editor comes in about 4 p. m. and my work is really just beginning."

DAWN BREAKS

by Amelie Allen, '43

"Br . . . ing . . . ing . . . ing!" At this startling sound a limp hand gropes for the intruder. Having reached its destination, the hand sleepily wends its way back from whence it came. Next, a single eye forces itself into the world and sees, of all things, daylight. A practically useless brain tries very hard to think; but with little success. Its owner is wholly unable to cooperate.

After one more catnap, two eyes open, two feet crawl into woolly shoes, and the owner of the feet sits up on the edge of the bed only to see another inert form, her roommate. The ordeal of awakening is repeated, and soon two weary girls start the day.

Now, fairly well awake, the roommates fly down three flights of stairs, attempting to get to breakfast no more than five minutes late. They find places, and thus the morning meal is begun at exactly seven-thirty-three a. m. Food disappears miraculously in one frantic gulp which punctuates the start of the homeward dash. Once home, the

two make beds and straighten their room though no one asks how it can ever be done so quickly.

Figuring out what books are needed is a positive impossibility since nothing seems to register on the two brains. Make-up is repaired between cigarette "drags," books are collected on the way, and the second non-stop flight from third Irwin to third Roemer is on just as the library clock strikes eight.

Only five more minutes . . . three . . . two! Aching legs run that last flight two steps at a time. One more minute to go! Sighs of relief escape through pursed lips trying to say "Whew!" And there goes the final bell!

However, collected thoughts reveal only too honestly that in the rush, a mailbox key, a money order, a psychology book, and a fountain pen have been forgotten. Too, the girls have not signed up for their dates for Tuesday. All these blunders are overlooked for awhile, though, as Dr. Talbot begins her Monday morning zoology class. I don't believe she notices, but making her eight o'clock has put a tremendous strain on the constitutions of two members of her class.

FOOTBALL FAILS

by Virginia Teale, '43

No doubt my friends will exclaim in horror and my school will disown me when I make this statement, but I'm going to say it anyway. I don't like football games, and I have never yet gone to one that I have thoroughly enjoyed! Why don't I like them? I'll tell you. For one thing, at a school athletic contest everyone and his brother turns out to cheer the home team, and boo the visiting one. People on all sides jostle you, push you down, step on your toes, pour popcorn down your neck, put confetti on your angora sweater, and generally do their best to ruin your clothes and your disposition.

Then, very seldom is the weather agreeable. Sometimes it is too hot, and then we always seem to have seats on the sunny side of the stadium. Sometimes it is too cold, and no matter how many blankets we have, our feet slowly freeze. Sometimes it rains, ruining our new felt hats, which the clerk had blithely informed us not two days before would be absolutely waterproof.

Another thing that contributes to my dislike of football is that I don't understand the game. Why should the scorekeeper give only one point when a football is kicked over the goal posts and six when it is merely carried between them? And why does everyone tackle everyone else, or jump on top of a fellow who is down on the ground anyway? They can't smash him down any farther. Why does the cheering section shout, "Let's go north!" one minute, and the next minute equally fervidly chant, "Let's go south?" Perhaps if I could answer these questions, I should enjoy football more.

And lastly, I dislike the game because of its brutality. I hate to see a perfectly eligible young gentleman don shoulder pads and saunter out onto the field to come back in a few minutes with his arm dangling, or his eye rapidly turning black and blue. Or perhaps he won't even get back under his own power, but he will have to be carried off on a stretcher.

Maybe I am lacking in school spirit, or maybe I haven't the required number of red corpuscles in my veins, but the fact remains, I don't like football!

HELP KING'S KIDDIES



Hallowe'en Queen and Her Court

Standing, left to right—Ruth Haines; Elaine Anderson; Mary Jean DuHadway, the Queen of 1937; Jean McCulloch, the second Maid of Honor; Kay Abernathy, the retiring Queen; Virginia Veach; Georgia Shapkoff. Seated, left to right—Jean Stubbs, Jean Davis Betty Brewster, Marjorie Bogenschutz, Dickey Baucus, Jean Wallace.

the patter
Lulling ever with a steady little
spatter
Bringing sleep, slumber sweet
To a rhythmic, sleepy beat,
And I sink beneath the brink of
earthly matter.

SEE US FOR
ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
TABLE & STAND LAMPS
LIGHT BULBS

—●—
Let Us Do Your Repair Work
—●—

**Floyd Reeves Electric
Company**

136 N. MAIN
Phone
443

**RYTEX
CHRISTMAS
CARDS**

PRINTED WITH
YOUR NAME

50 for \$1.00

300 Designs to Select from

—●—

**AHMANN'S
NEWS STAND**

**FRISINA
STRAND**

ST. CHARLES, MO.

Wednesday Nov. 15
Geo. Bernard Shaw's
"PYGMALION"
with Leslie Howard

Thursday Nov. 16
By Popular Request
"SAN FRANCISCO"
with Clark Gable
Janette Mac Donald
Spencer Tracey

Friday Nov. 17
WORLD'S FAIR NIGHT
"TELL NO TALES"
with Melvyn Douglas

Saturday Nov. 18
ON OUR STAGE
THE FRENCH FOLLIES
35—PEOPLE—35
A Musical Revue
—plus—
"STOP LOOK AND LOVE"
Mat. 10:30 Nite 10:40

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 19
"HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE"
with Alice Faye
Don Ameche

Nov. 23 Thursday
THANKSGIVING DAY
"DANCING COED"
with Lana Turner
Artie Shaw and His Band

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 26-27
"BABES IN ARMS"
Mickey Rooney
Judy Garland

Wed.-Thurs. Nov. 29-30
"HONEYMOON IN BALI"
with Fred Mac Murray
Madeline Carroll

THE RAIN

by Phyllis Whitaker, '42

The pitter and the patter of the
shower
Seem to skitter and to scatter and
to cower
Till the boom, boom, boom
Of the thunder fills my room,
And the lightning flashes far across
my ceiling
To my mirror, making shadows
come revealing.
How the pit, pat, patter
Beating faster, now a clatter,
Now, emboldened comes a-hacking
at my shutter!
Banging loudly, making window
curtain flutter
In the wind's low moan,
Making white frothy foam,
Foaming white caps on the blue-
black glassy waters,
Sending warnings to the tree-top
twin.
Now the din dies down
Leaving all a quiet brown.
No disturbance but the tempo of

NEW LINE OF
**Lindenwood
Crest Jewelry**

—●—

Walters Jewel Shop

230 N. MAIN ST.
ST. CHARLES, MO.

**"Say It With Flowers"
But Say It With Ours!**

**A Thanksgiving
Thought**

If you are not going home,
remember to wire flowers to
the folks.
Wear a "Mum" on Thanks-
giving to that special football
game.

**BUSE'S
FLOWER SHOP**

400 CLAY ST.
Phone 148
• WE DELIVER •

**Ladies'
SHOES
and
HOSIERY**

—●—

**AMERICAN
CLOTHING CO.**

220 N. Main

NEW RECORDS

•

"Are You Having Any Fun"
"I Didn't Know What Time
It was"
"In An 18th Century Drawing
Room"
"South of the Border"
"Billy" — Bonnie Baker
"Johnny, Oh Johnny" — Bonnie
Baker

•

Come In — Try Them Over

•

DENNING RADIO CO.
(DOWNTOWN)

**Compliments
of
F. W. Woolworth
Company**

**IT WON'T
TAKE LONG!**

—●—

Have Your Picture
Taken
For the Annual
at
—●—

**DIECKMAN'S
STUDIO**

319 De Balivere

**Say It With Flowers
Say It With Ours!**

COMPLIMENTS
OF
**PARKVIEW
GARDENS**

**Yellow
Cab**

—●—

Phone 133

Sidelights of Society

Lindenwood Alumna Married in Club Room

On Monday morning, November 6, at ten o'clock, a very lovely wedding was performed in the library club rooms, with Dr. Roemer officiating. The bride and groom were Miss Ruth Howe and Mr. Leonard Boyd Etchinson. Miss Howe graduated from Lindenwood College in 1936, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Howe, of the Castlereagh Apartments of St. Louis. Mr. Etchinson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Etchison, of Elwood, Ind. He is a graduate of the Indianapolis Professional and Business College, 1931.

The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hirschinger of Elwood. The bride wore a gray silk outfit. Following the wedding a breakfast was given by the bride's mother at the Coronado Hotel, to a few relatives and close friends.

Among some of the guests present were, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hirschinger, Elwood, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Ray, and Mrs. Nettie Carrow, aunts of the bride from Elwood; Mr. Virgil Ray, and Miss Imogene Parrish, Elwood, and Mrs. Myrtle Goyer, of St. Louis.

Beverly Mayhall, of Lindenwood, played for the pedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Etchison will be at home in Elwood after a two weeks trip through the East.

Graduate of '95 Visits

Mrs. Pearle Aikin-Smith, Dean of Women of the University of Southern California, spoke at chapel Monday, October 30. Mrs. Aikin-Smith is traveling over the country, visiting the different campuses to find out what the women of the colleges are doing. She said that she would not have had to come to Lindenwood, for since she graduated here in 1895 and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters in 1934 she felt that a visit here was unnecessary; but she expressed her delight in being able to be here. Mrs. Aikin-Smith exclaimed over the new Fine Arts building, comparing it to a poem in its beauty and grace.

Mrs. R. K. Barton (formerly Ann Donnell, 1938) gave birth to a daughter, Bonnie Alice, at St. John's Hospital on November 1. The baby weighed 7 pounds, and has been named after both of her grandmothers.

Pi Gamma Mu held a business and initiation meeting November 6, at which seven members and two faculty members were present. Margaret Barton, Helen Rose Bruns, and Margaret MacDonald were initiated. They talked over the plans for the year, and refreshments were served.

In spite of the cold week-end, November 3, there were two hay rides. On Friday evening, the junior class had one and on Saturday evening, the sophomores entertained the seniors. After riding around, they ate steaks, hot dogs, apples, marshmallows and then returned to the college.

Shirley Crooke was the guest of Marion Claridge at the latter's home in St. Louis over the week end of November 4.

Virginia Veach, Jerre Lewis, Peggy Davidson, Norma White, and Ardelle Welter spent the week end of November 3 as guests at Stephens College in Columbia, Mo.

Reception for Mr. Ching

In honor of Mr. Richard Ching's visit to Lindenwood to see his daughter, Charlotte, and niece, Hyacinth Young, the girls of Butler hall had a reception, Wednesday evening, November 1. Dr. Roemer and Miss Morris were also present.

During the evening, the following program was presented. Terrie Larson and Polly Gray sang a duet, "Indian Love Call" accompanied by Doris Nahigian. Terrie also sang "The Man I Love". Charlotte Ching danced some of the characteristic dances of Hawaii, and Mr. Ching expressed his appreciation of Lindenwood.

Punch and wafers were served.

Alpha Sigma Tau held a meeting in the Library Club rooms at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday, Nov. 8. There were eighteen students and one faculty member present. Financial matters and plans for the year were discussed.

Sue Riley went to Moberly, Mo. with her parents to visit relation there November 3. Sue's parents live in Wichita Falls, Tex.

Standerline Queen Costumes Clever

Mary Elizabeth Standerline was crowned the freshman queen at the annual Y. W. C. A. Hallowe'en dance Friday, October 27, by the retiring queen, Kay Abernathy. Her two attendants were first maid, Carol Bindley, and second maid, Jean McCulloch. Mary Jean DuHadway, freshman queen in 1937, was also presented.

Dancing in various costumes continued throughout the evening, and cider and doughnuts proved to be quite welcome when they were served. The gym was decorated in orange and black, the traditional Hallowe'en colors. Dr. Roemer and Marge Dearmont led the grand march, followed by the girls in their costumes passing before the judges. Immediately afterward the prizes were presented.

The unusual award went to the Bath Girls. Mary Medearis and Martha Marshall were in pajamas and robes, carrying an improvised shower over Isabel Smith who was dressed in various bath towels. The Harum won the prize for the best-dressed. Twilla Graham was the Sultan dressed in a fitting costume and his wives were Marcia Lape, Kay Anderson, Lenette Victor, and Anne Gartner dressed also in suitable costumes. The funniest group, the W. C. T. U., received quite an applause from the audience while the members marched around the gym bearing their two signs and banging on a tin can and dust pans. Their hair done up in knots and their expressionless faces marked them as the teetotalers that they really are. Members of the "W. C. T. U." were Jeanne Briles, Bette Rowe, Barbara Bruce, Janet Goodjohn, Harriette Wilson, Harriet Dillman, Jackie Morrison, and Phyllis Carpenter.

Freshmen Elect Officers

The freshman class had polls in the auditorium November 1 for the election of its officers. The girls elected were, Virginia Feller, president; Maurita Estes, vice-president; and Elaine Anderson, treasurer. The secretary will be elected later.

Lulagene Johnson spent the week-end of October 27 in Rolla, Mo., attending the homecoming activities.

Phyllis Steward went to her home in Peoria, Ill., October 27 for the week-end.

Witches Walk at Lindenwood

On Monday night, October 30, Lindenwood celebrated Hallowe'en with a party in the dining room. It was a surprise party—at least there were a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs", as the girls entered the darkened dining room, which was lighted only by the little jack-o'-lanterns in the center of each table. At each place there were colorful paper napkins and snappers containing hats and fortunes. The dining room was a gay place as everyone opened her snapper and put on her hat. During the evening, an impromptu amateur hour was staged by various girls. With Cordelia Buck at the piano, several group songs were sung, and solos were sung by Terry Larson, Anne Welborn, and Dixie Smith. This "amateur hour" so pleased everyone, that Dr. Roemer has suggested making it a regular part of the week's activities in the dining room.

Although the party was on Monday, no one forgot that Tuesday was really Hallowe'en, as the amounts of leaves, cracker crumbs, and soap chips found in various beds could testify. All the old tricks, with a few new ones added, were revived. Lindenwood girls never forget that Hallowe'en is the time when witches walk!

Dr. Charles C. McCracken, General Director, Department of Colleges, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, made his annual visit to Lindenwood from October 27 to 29. Dr. McCracken is a very eminent educator.

Miss Ostner will serve on the workshop committee or arrangements at the national meeting of Collegiate Registrars to be held in St. Louis in April. The committee will meet in St. Louis on November 16 to discuss future plans.

The comparative anatomy class went on a field trip, October 28, to make any new collections that they could. Mary Ann Green and Mimi Wedeking, who were both students last year, were guests on the trip and picnic. Several town girls also went along and there were twelve in all.

Faul Schreiber, director of the St. Louis Simphonietta, is a cousin of Lorraine Allen, a freshman living in Irwin. Lorraine enjoyed the program very much, and had a very nice visit with Mr. Schreiber and his wife after the concert.

Helen Kanne spent the week end of October 27 with her cousin, Charlotte McFarland in Quincy, Ill.

Miss Evelyn Cohen will entertain as her guests for the week-end at her home in Chester, Illinois, Betty Lou Tatum, Jo Meredith, Dorothy Miller, and Flora Mae Cravens.

Lorraine Allen and Elaine Cornick spent the week-end at the University of Illinois for the homecoming. Ann Thompson also went to Champaign and was a guest at the Delta Gamma House.

Guests of Jeane Osborn for the last week-end of October were two former students, Mimi Wedeking and Mary Ann Green.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Mathias; son, Bob; daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Misener, visited Dorothy Jean Mathias, a sophomore, for the week-end.

Margaret Sandce visited Betty Ruth at the University of Missouri on the week-end past.

Art Club Elects Officers

The Art Club of Lindenwood has elected as its officers for the coming year: president-Ada Parkinson, vice-president-Lola Warren, secretary-Shirley Crooke, and treasurer-Helen Farmer.

Pheasants Very Tasty

Harriet Dillman entertained with a pheasant dinner at the Hollywood, Friday night, October 27. Her father had brought the pheasant to her from a hunting trip in Nebraska and Colorado. Those attending the dinner, besides the hostess, were Mrs. R. McCarty, Virginia McCarty, Jeanne Brile, Bette Rowe, Janet Goodjohn, Jackie Morrison, Harriette Wilson, Barbara Bruce, Shirley Crook, and Phyllis Carpenter.

Molly Guard and Roberta Schuler went from Ayres Hall to the Missouri Military Academy dance November 4.

Betty Kent spent the week-end of November 3 in Columbia, Mo. She and her parents visited her brother and attended the Missouri-Nebraska football game.

Lorraine Allen, Elaine Cornick, Harriette Thistlewood, and Mary Elizabeth Standerline attended the Homecoming celebration at the University of Illinois.

Betty Tatum, Flora Mae Cravens, Dorothy Owen, and Jo Meredith spent the week-end with Evelyn Cohen at her home in Chester, Ill.

Grace Quebbeman and Mimi Pulverman visited friends in Greencastle, Ind.

Molly Guard and Martha Robbins visited Missouri Military Academy, enjoying various Homecoming events.

Ruth Haines and Georgia Shapoff spent the week-end at Christian College. While in Columbia, they saw the Missouri-Nebraska game, which was played Saturday afternoon.

Anne Thompson visited in Champaign, Ill. over the week-end.

Kay Salyer, Frances Brandenburg, and Shirley Carlson spent the week-end in Chicago.

Marion Ohlsen was visited by her mother and father over the week-end. The Ohlsens are from Valparaiso, Ind.

HELP

KING'S KIDDIES

For Finest . . .

MALTED MILKS
and

Other Dairy Drinks

Visit Your Dairy Store

ST. CHARLES
DAIRY CO.

BENTON AVE. & CLAY ST.