

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 8

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January 31, 1939

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Registration took place last week and the Registrar and Miss Wagner are adjusting the schedules and lining up classes so the second semester can start off with everyone reporting to each class in which she is registered on time.

Exams are this week.

The proof for the new Catalogue was recently received, read, and returned to the printer. The catalogue will be out in early spring.

The committee on the Roemer twenty-fifth anniversary had a meeting recently in Dean Gipson's office and plans for Commencement were discussed. At this time the most important events of the Silver Anniversary celebration will be held.

Dean Gipson expresses best wishes to the students for the next semester for the happiness of all throughout the entire year.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Jan. 31:

8 p.m., St. Charles Co-operative Concert.

Monday, February 6:

Spring Semester Begins.

Thursday, February 9:

11 a.m., Assembly.

Friday, February 10:

Dinner Dance.

Sunday, February 12:

6:30 p.m., Juanita Alphonso Pogalotte, Vignettes Viva Voce.

Business Management Class Takes Trip

The girls in the business organization and management class went to St. Louis, Saturday, January 21, for a trip through the Gardner Advertising Agency. They started at 10 in the morning and made a very thorough study of the agency. The different departments were thoroughly explained, and they spent some time in the art department and the research department. They were also shown radio demonstrating and the principles used in making the radio programs. Careers in advertising were discussed during the tour. Miss Morris was in charge of the trip.

Heavy Snow Covers Lindenwood

The old lady of the skies plucked her geese to good purpose on January 23. The air was filled with swirling flakes and the hills were shortly covered with eager sleighers and snowballers.

One could not walk anywhere without finding pictures of white and black far more skillfully done than any etcher with human hands could do them. The snow crunched under many feet and the streets of St. Charles reverberated to the unaccustomed jingle of bells on cutters and sleighs.

Altogether it was one of the winter's better snows.

From A Distant Land

Spanish Life Described in Puerto Rico

Raquel Canino of Puerto Rico enlightened the Y.W.C.A. Wednesday evening in an interesting talk about her home. After she had spoken, members of the group asked questions.

Raquel first gave general information about Puerto Rico. This island is 100 miles long and 35 miles wide, 1,399 miles from New York. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus on November 19, 1493 and was taken in possession by him in the name of Spain. The result of the Spanish-American War in 1898 placed the United States in formal possession of Puerto Rico. Puerto Ricans have been granted American citizenship. The governing bodies are the Senate, composed of 19 members, and the House of Representatives, composed of 39 members. A governor is appointed by the president of the United States every four years.

The climate is always warm and is never uncomfortable. It is considered the coolest place in the tropics. The average winter temperature is 73 degrees; the average summer temperature, 76 degrees.

According to the census of 1935, the island has 1,723,539 persons with 5.68 persons to every square mile, making it one of the most densely populated places in the world. The largest city is San Juan on the northern coast which has a population of 137,215 inhabitants. According to the latest census figures 76.2 of the population is white while 23.8 is negro. The predominating language of Puerto Rico is Spanish. However the majority of educated businessmen from the continent and the states find no difficulty making themselves understood.

The transportation and communication on the island is good. There is an excellent railway system in Puerto Rico, and rapid and dependable steamship lines connect it with American and European ports.

The largest industry is the manufacture of sugar. Numerous products are found in Puerto Rico such as tobacco, Arabian coffee, citrus fruits, coconut, vegetables, and pineapples. There is a great deal of hand embroidery and needlework.

Year-round opportunities are offered to the visitors who like outdoor sports. Near San Juan is located one of the most beautiful submarine gardens in the world. There are numerous unexplored caves full of mystery and beauty which serve to interest lovers of adventure. There is contrast in the mountains and the sea. Intense interest is shown in the forts and palaces of Spanish architecture.

In answer to the questions Raquel informed her audience on many points of interest. She said that Puerto Rico likes the control of the United States. Only in the beginning was there any feeling. This came from one man who no longer

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Noted Poet and Critic

William Rose Benet Guest at College Vesper Service.

Sunday night, December 15, William Rose Benet, a noted American poet, spoke at vespers on Contemporary Poetry.

He told the student body that there were many fine American poets ever changing like "the sands of the sea". He spoke of the New England school of poets and said that he always associated these poets with beards for most of them were bearded. Mr. Benet said that Walt Whitman was the greatest American poet we ever had. He said that he was like the country, big and burly and often sang so loudly that the people didn't like him; he often offended, but he had genuine poetic qualities.

He then spoke of Edgar Allan Poe who was not only a poet but a philosopher, and of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Benet said that during the century a poet died and was born.

Richard Hovey was mentioned and William Vaughn Moody. Mr. Moody taught at the University of Chicago, wrote poetic drama and turned playwright. He wrote, "The Great Divide". Poetry was called filler material in that day. It was used to fill in gaps in the newspapers and magazines.

Edward A. Robinson was spoken of highly, although it was long before he was recognized. In spite of the indifference, new poetry was born. Robert Frost was a new figure in new England. He used natural language and wrote about the New England landscape and New England people.

Carl Sandburg who wrote "Chicago", Vachel Lindsey who wrote Negro pieces, and Edgar Lee Masters were mentioned.

This period right before the war was called the Renaissance period of poetry.

Other names mentioned in the world of poetry were Ezra Pound, who formed the school of Imagists which Amy Lowell brought to America and of which H. D., a woman who wrote abroad, and John G. Fletcher, from Arkansas, were members; Edna St. Vincent Millay who wrote ballads, lyrics and songs; Rupert Brooke who was killed in the war and never showed his real genius; John Masefield, the poet laureate who created a new kind of narrative poetry. W. P. Yates of Ireland was mentioned as the finest poet in Great Britain.

Mr. Benet spoke of the mood of depression and disillusionment after the war. He said that T. S. Elliot depicted this mood better than any other for he wrote of the wasteland and the battlefield of man.

The later poetry was of a graver character.

He spoke of Charles Erskine Scott Wood on the coast who wrote "The Poet in the Desert"; George Sterling; Robinson Jeffers who feels that nature is more important than mankind.

The women after the war that Mr.

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Many Modern Ideas

In Semester Curriculum

With the beginning of the second semester some new courses of study and some which haven't been offered for two years are now available. In most departments some new classes have been organized which promise to be very interesting and popular.

In the art department there are two courses which include: Commercial and Industrial Designing and Interior Decoration. Another course which is most popular in the botanical department is the Cultivated Plants course in which the girls do a lot of work in the greenhouse.

Business law in the economics department is a course now open to all students.

Lindenwood offers some most valuable courses in its "patterns of living". Community Life is a course in connection with which the students take field trips to institutions such as churches having welfare work (Markham Memorial), settlement centers, the city hall and the water systems. The Family Life course definitely tries to make the girls think of the problems which will confront them as wives and mothers. Clinical Psychology, in which the girls take trips to clinics, is open to girls specializing in psychology.

The homemaking courses include a class in foods, in which the girls give luncheons and dinners; a clothing class which has a style show in the spring; and a Home Nursing class.

The music department is offering some new courses: Playing of Stringed Instruments, Orchestral Directing and Choral Directing, among others.

Stagecraft, Advanced Story Telling, which the girls apply by telling stories to children in the St. Charles schools, and the production of plays in the Little Theatre include most interesting courses in the dramatics department.

There will also be a course in Labor Problems.

Scheduled studies in all the courses continue.

Books Most Read By L. C. Students

Even with exams and term papers taking a great deal of time on the part of both faculty members and students, the library is still kept busy with everyone asking for the following books: "Rebecca", Daphne Du Maurier; "All This and Heaven Too", Rachel Field; "With Malice Towards Some", Margaret Halsey; "Wisdom's Gate", Margaret Ayer Barnes; "The Yearling", Marjorie Rawlings; "Mortal Storm", Phyllis Bottome; "And Tell of Time", Krey; "Listen, The Wind", Anne Morrow Lindbergh; "Gracie Allen Murder Case", S.S. Van Dine; "Dark River", Charles Nordhoff; "Midway In My Song", Lotte Lehmann; "Horse and Buggy Doctor", Hertzler; and The Burns Mantle Book of the Best Plays of 1937 and 1938.

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

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1939

The Linden Bark:

'Now there is frost upon the hill
And no leaf stirring in the wood;
The little streams are cold and still;
Never so still has winter stood.'

George O'Neil

Large Junior Class Plans Many Activities

The junior class, the class of 1940, is the largest in the history of the many years of Lindenwood College. All of the 39 members of the class are most active in advancing the various functions of the group. The juniors annually sponsor a date dance, a tea for their sister class the freshmen, and also entertain with a dinner, and present gifts to the seniors. In the spring the juniors with the seniors have their prom at the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis. Plans are also being arranged for the juniors to have a dinner in the city and later attend a play at the American.

Dr. Gregg, the sponsor of the class of 1940, has given her fine cooperation to the class, and she has shown a keen interest in these girls who have been with her for three years. Indeed the junior class is proud of its sponsor, its members, and its record of being the largest in Lindenwood's history.

Among the outstanding juniors are Kay Donnell, president of the Y.W.C.A., and a member of the student board; Frances Brandenburg, president of Butler Hall, and a member of the student board; Kay Wagner, student board and Alpha Sigma Tau; and Christine McDonald, member of the Poetry Society, Alpha Sigma Tau, and Beta Pi Theta.

February, Month of Birthdays and Groundhogs

As we approach the month of February everyone sighs with relief. Exams have almost faded into the background, so we can breathe more easily.

Another sigh of bliss overtakes us when we realize that February is the shortest month of the year; but it will probably be the coldest one. However the southern girls look forward with great glee to the snowfalls which have already started and are hoping fervently to be able to go home with the report of sleigh rides and jingle bells.

On the 2nd day of February we shall hear the ground hog's report. That little fellow will confirm our worst fears, "Spring will be late".

On the 14th of the month hearts will be mended with big red Valentines—we hope.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated on the 22nd and that same day the period of Lent begins.

We'll resolve to do better this month and start out on a new term with a clean slate.

This month is one of importance to Lindenwood for ground will be broken for the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial building. Everyone is looking forward to seeing this structure rise, in memory of the much-loved "Mother" Roemer.

Beta Pi Theta Meeting Centers on French Drama

Theta Xi, the Lindenwood chapter of Beta Pi Theta, national French honorary fraternity, held a meeting in the library club rooms on Monday, January 16, at 5 p.m. Helen Margaret Du Hadway, president, had charge of the business meeting at the beginning of the program. The program, under Christine McDonald, consisted of a discussion of French drama and French actors in the present day. Some of the actors and actresses discussed were Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry. Short papers were read on this subject by various members of the club. Miss Wurster is sponsor of the club.

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Benet spoke of were Elinor Wylie, who had the gift for the right word and wrote "To Catch the Wind";

Louise Adams; Genevieve Taggard and Louise Bogan.

Anna Hempstead Branch illustrated the period before the war. She wrote "Nimrod" and was interested in settlement work. He spoke of Lola Ridge; Sara Bard Field; Helen Margaret and her "Trumpeting Crane" and briefly of his brother, Stephen Vincent Benet, and his poem, "John Brown's Body."

Mr. Benet is tall. He likes lyrical poetry and short poems as well as long ones. He likes to see the theme of our country used and thinks that poets should be as clear as possible in their writing, even though there is the tendency to write higher intellectual poetry lately.

Mr. Benet said that he himself is more successful in the ballad, and read the students his own work on "The Whale".

His other works that he read "The Fawn in the Snow", "The Skater of Ghost Lake" and as an encore, "Falconer of God" and "Mad Blake."

CAMPUS DIARY

By I. H.

Tuesday, January 17—Student body recorded its dislikes in Chapel. Much snow, damp and wet. All who wished entered into a snowball fight behind Music hall. There's a tale about a faculty member and a snowball, too. Tennis matches in St. Louis with Don Budge and Ellsworth Vines. Civic Music League in the city. A meeting from Alpha Psi. Katzy heard from Vincent.

Wednesday, January 18—Camera fiends scurried over the campus for good snow shots. The home economics girls served their final luncheons. Miss Anderson was hostess to another steak dinner at Eastlick. World Literature Tea. Many meetings—Alpha Sigma Tau, Sophomore Council.

Thursday, January 19—No chapel program today. A lesson to the superstitious—you've heard of the junior who fell and sprained her ankle, because she dodged walking under a ladder.

Friday, January 20—The sophomores gave one of the best dances of the year—the Carnival dance, with side shows, concessions, and even a Rogues' Gallery. Congratulations to the clever people who were responsible. Congratulations, too, to the three teachers who entered into the spirit by dressing and by taking away first prizes.

Saturday, January 21—The same old conflict of what one should do or what one ought to do. Study or go to the city. Miss Morris' class in Business Psychology made an interesting trip through Gardner's Advertising Agency.

Sunday, January 22—Main memories of the day, creamed chicken and a cold wind. Rev. Mr. Rohlfing spoke at vespers.

Monday, January 23—Sudden snow, dry and beautiful. German club meeting. Thanks to Miss Walter for her most excellent meals today. Nan Field is now house president of Nicolls.

Tuesday, January 24—Organ recital in Sibley. Dr. Garnett and student discuss the proper use of cane in case of sprained or broken ankles.

Wednesday, January 25—Raquel Canino charms Y. W. group with her talk on Puerto Rico. Eastlick adds a radio phonograph to its parlor.

Thursday, January 26—Speech recital. Jean McFarland beams with a telegram in her hand.

Friday, January 27—Semester finished. Who can study today? Reports on Amphitryon 38 float around.

Saturday, January 28—Study cr go to St. Louis?

Sunday, January 29—STUDY. Rev. Mr. Ellis spoke at vespers.

Monday, January 30—FINALS.

Animals Display Human Traits In Zoology Lab.

In wandering about the zoology lab one finds that Clara (the white mouse for those who don't know) has returned from the holidays, spent with Dee Manion, in a happy mood. The alligator, salamander and mud puppy are still swimming blissfully in the aquariums. Zoology students have finished working on the pigs and frogs, while the comparative anatomy geniuses are continuing to delve into the mysteries of cats and dogfish. The flying squirrel is as obstinate as ever in staying in its home (the I-Miller shoe box) all day and coming out at night to eat. It is most interesting to note the human traits of these various animals in one's various and sundry wanderings.

New Addition To Faculty

Miss Werdna McKee is a new teacher in the business department, replacing Mrs. Hykes, who resigned after Christmas. Miss McKee obtained her A.B. degree at Washington University and also attended Springfield Business College and Miss Hickey's School for Secretaries. She comes to Lindenwood highly recommended, and welcomed by all.

Interesting Pictures Appear On Sociology Bulletin Board

An extremely interesting display is called to the attention of the students, which appears on the bulletin board outside of Dr. Schaper's office. There are illustrations of how child labor in the United States has caused such a complete unemployment for the adults of many states. A survey taken from June through November, 1938, by investigators of the National Committee in New Jersey, California, Washington and Oregon, show that millions of laborers in these regions are jobless, while small children, who should be seeking an education, fill these capacities. In this pamphlet, such jobs as bean-pickers, soil tillers and planting are shown, where children do hard labor for 8 hours or more.

Commercial Club Meets

The Commercial club held a meeting at 5 o'clock in the Library club-rooms on January 24. The chief business of the meeting was deciding on the social meeting of the new year. This will be Cornelia Otis Skinner's recital in St. Louis.

The new shorthand teacher was welcomed into the club and a spelling match was held, the winning side receiving a box of cookies.

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resides in the country. Her home is near the city of San Juan. She is the youngest of nine children. The old customs still hold over, and young girls are very highly chaperoned when they attend dances and social functions with young men. Cotton is the main fabric worn, for both day and night.

The social life on Puerto Rico never ceases. There are constant parties, dances, picnics. They swim, they have crab races at the beach. Raquel is a good friend of the present governor. She passed around magazines and newspapers which had pictures of herself and her family.

Her description of Spanish men is that they are tall, dark, and handsome—and very romantic.

In 1934, a moving picture company made a picture on Puerto Rico. Raquel was chosen as leading lady, the role of a half savage girl, in the picture entitled *Romance Tropical* in Spanish dialogue. The Latin Artists Picture Corporation and several other companies were so impressed by her natural dramatic talent and photogenic ability that she received several movie contracts which her father would not allow her to sign. He is strict in the manner of the Spanish gentleman, and he did not wish his daughter to be on the stage. When he first saw her costume, he made her remain in a room until the skirt was lengthened. By way of extra information not given in the lecture, this picture when shown in New York, received very good notices, especially the fine work of Raquel. She has asked her father to send it to her, and Lindenwood hope to see this picture soon.

The present literary supplement of the LINDEN BARK contains a variety of material. We are especially happy to have among our contributors of this month representatives of various classes and to include poetry as well as prose. Many other interesting pieces of writing have been submitted, and further issues of the supplement will perhaps be even more varied in character.

MOZART

By Suzanne Eby, '39

What does he say to me tonight, you ask?
 Could I express one word, one thought, one phrase,
 You'd shift your foot, place on your face a mask;
 Your brittle eyes make all my dreams a maze.
 You'd relegate me to that world of rools,
 Confound my joys with one destroying dart,
 Distort my love with endless cruel tools,
 Which sharply sting and press and burn my heart.
 His resting fame will dawn more bright, more clear—
 A human mind, yet purged of all its dross;
 But could you know that with each passing year
 Your life will be but momentary loss,
 An ash of worlds forever left unsought—
 You might have known him once, but you would not.

FEAR

By Elizabeth Meyer, '42

As long as I can remember, I have been afraid of dead birds. Not exactly afraid, either, but when I see one, such a feeling of horror and revulsion comes over me that it is almost fear. I can't explain why I feel that way; I just do.

When I was a child, I had some little friends whose chief delight was having bird funerals. They would find a dead pigeon or robin, wrap it in a piece of cloth, line a cigar box with grass, and put the bird in it. Then there would be an elaborate funeral with a preacher, pallbearers, and mourners. Once I had to be the pallbearer, and carrying that dead bird in the cigar box was the hardest thing I have ever done.

It always seems pitiful and cruel that one of those lovely feathered creatures who flies and sings so gaily, and brings such happiness to people, should ever have to die. To go for a walk and happen to see a twisted, torn mass of flesh and feathers that was once a bird is one of the most terrible experiences that can happen to me.

My family thinks this aversion is very funny. Being hunters, in every sense of the word, they also think it is unexplainable and silly. When they come in from a day's hunting, with a "fine haul" of pheasants or ducks and expect to be congratulated. I just slip away as quietly as possible. All I can see is those birds, happy and unsuspecting that morning, all mangled and torn by guns now. And as for eating them, I wouldn't think of it.

My grandma always has at least two pet canaries. These birds are her hobby and she pets them and talks to them as if they were human beings. When I was very small, she used to let me hold them. They were very soft and sweet. You could hear their little hearts beating and feel them breathing. One morning I came downstairs to find George, the prettiest one, dead. The maid had left the window open and

George had frozen to death. I shall never forget the look on Granny's face, or the awful feeling I had of wanting to run away and never have to look at a dead bird again.

Perhaps it isn't the dead birds, themselves, that put such a feeling of horror into my mind, but the presence of death itself; at any rate, to this day I cannot endure seeing a dead bird. Now, just as when I was a child, I want to run away.

MY MOST EXCITING BASKETBALL GAME

By Betty Bullock, '42

The Newport High School girls' basketball team was playing Augusta's team at Augusta.

We dressed and dashed to the court to warm up, and after we had warmed up for a while, our coach called us together and gave us a talk. He told all the substitutes to go take their places on the bench—which of course meant me, as I was a sub.

Time for the game and my coach came up to me and told me to be ready to go into the game. The first quarter was very exciting, as neither side could seem to keep the ball long. The referee had to break up two or three fights. The ball was whizzed around the court so fast it made my head swim. Finally the quarter whistle blew, the score six to seven in favor of my team. I was still ready and waiting to go in the game.

The game was resumed and it got faster and more furious; in fact it was one of the fastest games played all year. Goals were made, and substitutes sent in. The whistle for the half blew; the score was twelve to ten in Augusta's favor, and I was still ready and waiting to go into the game.

The third quarter was started and both teams got so rough the referee threatened to foul all of the players on the court out of the game. Well, the players rather calmed down, but the fast and furious playing went on, but with less roughness. The whistle blew and the score was sixteen to fourteen in favor of my team; I was still ready and waiting to go into the game.

The last quarter was started with great determination on the parts of both teams. A little more serious playing was done in this quarter, since upon it depended the decision of the game. Both teams fought hard and both played good ball, but when the last whistle blew and the score was eighteen to seventeen in favor of Augusta, I was still ready and waiting to go into the game.

ILLUSION

By Mary Jean DuHadway, '42

My window looks upon the water tower,
 Grotesque in blackness plastered to the sky.
 As twilight deepens into evening hour,
 The woeful wind begins to whoop and cry.
 Now, on the highway headlights sting the night.
 In steady stream they slip past through the dark;
 The dark—that hides drab tourists' stops from sight,
 Though vivid neon signs their presence mark.
 I love the moonless picture that I see—
 All eerie lights against a raven drop;
 It seems as if it might be fantasy,
 Until two trucks full heavy-loaded stop
 Along the road; from them the porker's squeal
 Assures me well: this winter night is real.

ANGELA'S SAD ROMANCE

By Helen Meyer, '41

Angela came home one day
 In tears and sore-afraid,
 Her mother asked her why she cried,
 And this reply she made:

"The war's begun, my mother dear
 And Harry must be gone,
 For you know that wars will come
 And then they must be won.

"The war's begun, my mother dear,
 The war could not be won;
 Without my love I know that I
 Shall never see the sun."

"Don't cry, my child, he'll soon be here,
 And then you can be wed."
 "No, no, mama, he won't return.
 I fear that he is dead."

A letter came that very morn,
 Her Harry had been killed.
 She read it slowly, carefully,
 Her heart with sorrow filled.

Her mother found this note today
 Signed by her daughter dear:
 "I could not live without my love,
 But do not shed a tear.

"I want to join him this fair day;
 I want him now with me.
 I could not live; so that is why
 I'm drowning in the sea."

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

By Martha Sosey, '42

About the middle of July of the year that I was to begin my high school career, one of the proof readers at my father's newspaper office called me and asked if I would like to spend my Wednesday working at the office. At that time I could think of nothing that would be more fun.

Several times I had helped fold and staple books that were printed there. I had also stood at a safe distance watching the press and other machines work, but this was the first time I had ever been invited to go to the office. When I arrived at this wonderful place, they ushered me into the press-room and seated me on a high stool. I was informed that I was to keep the papers straight as they came off the press. Our press is the type that is fed a sheet of paper at one time, printing four pages at once. The paper becomes heavily charged with electricity and therefore sticks together, causing a jam at the end of the press. It was my job that day to keep the papers from jamming. It was a great thrill to watch the great rollers on the press work with only the slightest touch of Paul's foot.

The following week I went to the office on Tuesday and Wednesday both. I spent my time running errands and doing other odd jobs—the kind of work that brands you a "printer's devil". I not only had to collect ads but I also had to get their cigarettes, sandwiches, and other things they needed. This, they said, was good training for one who wished to work on a newspaper.

Toward the end of my vacation they trusted me enough to allow me to read proof. It took me the remainder of that summer and part of the next year to train my eye to read proof even moderately well. At this time they also taught me to wrap the single-wraps, papers which are sent to only one subscriber in a town. Finally I got so that I could go down and ask the merchants for ads.

From this time on, I have worked at the office every week. It has afforded me much pleasure and also experience. When I was a junior in high school, my father taught me the art of writing for a newspaper. For a while I was satisfied with this

much experience. But finally I decided to conquer new grounds, so I set to work on the press-room. They taught me how to set by hand. This was not so much fun, as it was hard for me to remember that type must be set backwards and upside down. Later they taught me to "feed" the folder and finally the press. The press gave me the greatest thrill of anything in the whole office. To watch the rollers grab the sheets of paper from my hands, take them through the process of printing, and see them come out a finished job is something worthwhile.

One Saturday as I was going around tinkering with various machines, I sat down at the linotype and succeeded in jamming the "magazine". The men had to clean it out and straighten it up, and then they said that since I was so persistent about learning to set type, they might just as well teach me the correct method. So with this lesson my knowledge of nearly all the machines in the office was completed.

With all its fun and difficulty, I would never give away my experience on a small town newspaper for love or money.

SIR GEORGE AND LADY ANN

By Laurabeall Parkinson, '41

In London town there lived a maid;
 They called her Lady Ann.
 A wedding feast for her was laid;
 Sir George, he was the man.

The day was full of cheer and joy,
 The sun was over all,
 When there appeared a ragged boy
 Who came from far to call.

"Come sit by me and happy be,
 For you do need the rest."
 "Oh, bring him fruit and meat and wine;
 Let all the gods be blest."

"I come to search for wicked man
 A stealer of my sheep;
 I know he lives on this rich land
 My mother still doth weep."

"Oh look for him, I hope you find
 And then take back your prey
 But at this feast they're not that kind;
 So look now as you may."

"I see, I see him over there
 A-standing by the wall—
 Sir George it is and ah, so fair
 He is not thought by all."

Then Lady Ann did run away
 Up to her chamber high;
 She stayed there four and twenty day
 And tears did blind her eye.

There came to pass that Sir George had
 A convict brother twin,
 And he it was who stole from lad
 And maketh all the sin.

Sir George, so fine and stately he,
 Was watching for his wife.
 He tried to climb the wall so high,
 And so he risked his life.

"Oh, come away my lovely Ann
 And dwell across the lake.
 My brother now has met his doom;
 A new home we will make."

But lovely Ann moved not a hand;
 Her eyelids fluttered not.
 Sir George he summoned out the band
 While Ann lay dead, on cot.

"Dear lady fair, I loved you so;
 But now you lie there dead.
 Please, I do want to go with you,
 And rest my weary head."

He did live on for many a day,
 His life so sad and long;
 Till finally his life did fade;
 Then he met Ann with song.

NOTES ON CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Helen Louise Helleud, '40

In the middle of a beautiful dream you are rudely awakened by the ringing of an alarm clock. You open one eye and grope blindly about to turn off the disturbance. You remember the clock is on the dresser and that your arm won't reach quite that far and ponder whether to lie in bed and endure the noise until it runs down or make the effort to get up and shut it off. After what seems hours, the alarm finally gives up the ghost, deciding that all is for naught. By this time you can't go back to sleep anyway and you bravely stick one foot out from the covers. Flash! your foot goes back inside again. Someone must have left every door and window open during the night or else the floor has been prepared for ice skating. By this time both eyes are open and you suddenly become aware of the fact that today you are to begin Christmas shopping. 'S funny, but you don't seem to have the same enthusiasm about it that you did last night. Oh well, martyr to the cause, you stumble out of bed still curious as to how that lovely dream would have ended.

But away with all such unrealities—your busy day must begin. You are now dressed and breakfasted. In a sweet but you-know-what-I'm-getting a manner, you inquire if the car has any plans for the day. Your fond parent overwhelms you by consenting to trust you with it. Ha, that good old Yuletide spirit! Hmmm, wonder if it could be—of course not; everyone is just sweeter in December. It's simply a natural course of events and has nothing whatsoever to do with Christmas.

At last you arrive down town with the automobile safely resting in a "park-your-car-for-25c" home. Hmmm, evidently some other people also decided upon today for shopping. Oh well, here goes! With grim determination but a cheery smile upon your lips, you set forth. You decide to enter the nearest department store. It's a good thing you did want to go in because you find yourself pushed inside anyway without any effort whatsoever on your part. You find yourself in front of what appears to be a glove counter. There must be something worthwhile or all those women wouldn't be there. Or would they? At any rate, you intend to find out. Let's see, there's an opening. Whoops! got in! You're almost there now. Only one woman in front of you—but, women at the side of you and more women at the back of you. Good, she's moved a little! Now inhale, breathe deeply, and push forward. Success! Yes, you were right. It's gloves, but you wouldn't even send those to your cousin Susie in Peoria.

You at last get yourself extricated from that entanglement and wade over to a purse counter. You see one you like and reach out to get it when it miraculously disappears before your very eyes. Amazing! Here's another just like it anyway right in front of you. Really, it's quite attractive. You're just becoming rather proud and pleased over the prospect of perhaps actually buying something when an extremely largish individual at your left says, "This here one's the one I want, dearies," and grabs it whisk out of your hands.

After several more such unsuccessful attempts, you decide to get an elevator and go upstairs to shop. Ah, there's one going up. Just as you are starting to put your foot in, the elevator girl curtly snaps, "That is all, please. Take the next car going up, please." You optimistically tell yourself that you're sure to

get in the next one. Aha, there's another one going up way down there at the end. You rush towards the light only to be similarly disappointed a second time. After several more attempts, you decide that escalators are much nicer anyway. At least you won't be in danger of having your nose shut in a door.

Finally, by way of escalator, you reach the floor you had in mind. Pushing your hat back down onto your head, you walk up to a counter. A voice says, "May I help you, please?" Oh goodness, this is wonderful! You open your mouth to reply but just then some obnoxious soul appears from somewhere holding an article up in her hand and saying, "Yes, I'd like to see something just like this; only not so expensive and in a different color."

The outcome of it all is that after several more such experiences, your Christmas spirit has drooped considerably and at last, armed with a few hard-earned parcels, you weakly seek an elevator to go home. On the elevator someone's precious child gets his lollipop stuck on your new suede purse. Innumerable packages poke into you from all angles. The tall young giant in front of you is standing on one of your feet, but he seemingly isn't aware of it, and you're too dead to do anything about it.

Somehow or other you find yourself headed toward the parking lot. Since you seem to have escaped with no broken bones, you are now convinced you lead a charmed life. As you drive home, you promise yourself as always that next year at least one woman's Christmas shopping will be finished by the first of October.

UNSUNG GLORY

By Joyce Ganssle '41

My heart is bursting with unuttered song—
Gay, joyous tones; sweet lyrics, high and clear;
Deep, thrilling notes, majestic chords. I long
To set them free so all the world may hear
And feel the power of the rhapsodies,
And understand the beauty of the sound,
And thrill to the exotic melodies
That languish in the heart where they are bound.
I want to give my inner rapture wings,
To free the harmonies for all to share;
Set forth my pain and joy like offerings.
Their glories are too great for me to bear!
Still, I am powerless to sing or play
This haunting music; thus it dies away.

THREE MONTHS LATER

By Margaret Cannon, '42

I don't know what they expected: perhaps a platinum blonde with a poodle dog and Southern accent, but certainly not the same creature that had boarded the train three months before. Nevertheless, I felt the same. There was soot on the end of my nose; a tuft of hair, loose from the pinnings, was blowing in my eye; and I fell down the pullman steps with all the lack of grace that I had used in stumbling up them.

The faces that greeted me were eager and friendly enough—Ann, with the same crooked smile; Sis's thin little freckled face grinning in the shadow of her fuzzy, gray coat collar, which she had turned up to shut out the cold blasts sweeping around the final curve of the B. & O. track. But the eyes in those old

familiar faces were watching me—searching me—as though they were waiting for me to make a false move.

But then, why shouldn't they watch me? I had been away for three months. I had acquired new manners and new customs and a few fragments of higher education. I had lived for three months in an institution about which most people derive their information from movies and books—a girls' school. I now bore the stigma of having been away to college. Would I be the same old pal that swam all day and danced all night with them? the same old pal that set type on the high-school presses and poured tea at the afternoon functions? the same old pal that blew spit balls at the principal's nose and ate pork and beans out of the can with a knife on camping trips? Or, would I return the gracious lady with finishing school manners and at ease in any situation? It is no small wonder that they stared, when you bear in mind the comparison of what they were expecting to see with what they saw. For I was bouncing up and down in my excitement, and bearing on my person all the dirt that had covered the track for the better part of three hundred and fifty miles.

After I got by the searching eyes, however, the vacation progressed smoothly. It was great to see everyone; but I realized how very much I had really missed them when I saw all my old friends again. The two weeks dashed by as rapidly as objects seen from the window of a moving train. Now, as I try to remember just exactly what I did on my vacation, it is all a mixture of dances, basketball games, parties, excited squeals of greeting, and gooey sundaes.

The family has decided that perhaps I am a wonder child after all. Without their supervision, I had managed to wash my own socks, get out of bed every morning without the prying process that we usually had at home, write dutiful letters to Mother, and make reasonably good grades. I had even managed to catch the right train and arrive home, bag and baggage without any mishaps. In fact, they decided that college had definitely done something for me; and that I would turn out to be a very fine girl if I would refrain from electrifying Grandpa by wearing ankle socks on zero mornings.

KEEPING PEACE

ON THE CAMPUS

By Pegg Bender, '42

He wandered up the street that runs parallel with the Music Hall. Then the Gables was to his right and Irwin to his left. Uncertainly he set one huge paw after another on the crisp crunching autumn leaves and, as the fibers of those bright reds and yellows melted under his weight, his long, bushy tail would creep between his legs and the ground would feel the pressure of his cowering body. He was afraid. Life had dealt him a withering blow by depriving him of his mother, and now he was out on his own. Would he make good? A bell rang, and gradually a steady stream of sleepy girls came tumbling out of five dorms. More bewildered than ever, he timidly picked out a girl with a sweet face and trailed her. Into Roemer they went, and then to a German class. Since he was not a dachshund, the lesson discussed made little impression on him, but he was interested. One could tell that by the way his ears would prick up occasionally. The girl was finally taking some notice of him and was actually feeling a little proud that out of four hundred and fifty

girls she should be the one of his choice. More bells rang, and the two of them were out on the campus again. Curious glances were cast in their direction as the pert, petite girl hurried towards Ayres and the pup scampered along beside her.

About half way there, a black kitten shot out in front of them; but seeing the pup, she stood her ground and indicated by her manner that she was displeased. No dog was going to beat this little spitting rascal's time. After all, hadn't she discovered the girl's kindness towards animals first and wasn't she entitled to hold first place in the girl's affections for that reason alone? Then to see this clumsy usurper ramping along beside her mistress—well it just sent her hair bristling. How infuriated she was! She might be small, but judging from her forboding demeanor she could easily have sent that pup on his way.

The girl sensed the danger brewing and at first was at a loss as to how it could be averted. She wanted both cat and pup but knew it was impossible to make friends of them. Eventually, she left them to settle the dispute alone. But now that the cause for friction had disappeared, so had the anger. About a week later the girl saw the two of them, pup and kitten, slowly leaving the campus. By deserting both in their hour of need, she had done away with the confidence they had in her; and in this weakened condition each had turned to the other for consolation.

NOT A GLANCE

By Pauline Keehner, '41

There lived a maid in Donners-Doone,
No fairer lass could be,
More careless with the humble hearts
Offered her from land, from sea.

She tossed her tresses and shyly blushed,
Their eyes she would avert;
She timidly glanced o'er the top of her fan,
Oh! not that she would flirt!

One early morn as she walked by the sea,
A handsome knight rode by.
He sat so straight on his snow-white steed,
It was love that made her sigh.

He galloped away into the mist,
And she was left behind
To think of him in her reverie;
Life could never be kind.

No more did she dance; no more did she flirt:
Alone she always dined.
Her friends they came and tried to console,
She sat at home and pined.

Her tortured soul could stand no more,
For life was not worth while.
She walked again down to the sea,
Her heart held not a smile.

She stood at the place where first she saw
Him and his steed pass by,
With her eyes toward heaven, she crossed herself—
The end was almost nigh.

From her bosom a dirk she drew,
Lips parted with unsaid prayer.
She quickly pierced her wearied heart,
And sorrow who longer was there.

As she fell upon the sands
She heard a gallop clear;
She feebly tried to raise herself,
Her eyes held not a tear.

The handsome knight rode by again,
And ne'er a glance did give
To the lovely lady who without his love
No longer wished to live.

SPORTS

Basketball Season Opens

A basketball tournament is scheduled to begin at the beginning of second semester. Captains of the teams have been chosen which include: Vera Brandenburg, Mary Beranek, Cleo Cole and Harriet Clearman. Players for each of these teams have been selected and they have been practicing for several weeks. Margaret Ball, head of basketball, has been in charge of practice. There is some very good material and the basketball season promises to be an interesting one.

Students See Champions

Tuesday evening, January 17, several girls went to St. Louis to see the world's champion tennis player, Don Budge, in a match with the world's ranking professional star, Ellsworth Vines. The singles match in which Budge the winner, was most exciting; however, Vines was a fine player with a most terrific serve. After the matches the girls went to Garavelli's to eat.

SONG HITS

Hurry Home—Or after a date at Lindenwood.

Get Out of Town—Lindenwood campus on week ends.

Sweet Little Headache—Finals.

Deep in a Dream—Or asphyxiation in Ayres.

Two Sleepy People—Campus dates While A Cigarette Is Burning—Or time out in the tea room.

Who Blew Out the Flame?—Lights out!

Have You Forgotten So Soon—Or after an exam.

What is This Thing Called Love?—Katzy.

I Must See Annie (Mary B.) Tonight—Or a certain car is seen in front of Ayres.

This Can't Be Love—Blind dates. I've Got a Brand New Picture in My Picture Frame—Marilyn Patterson.

I Have Eyes—Or white cards decorate P.O. boxes.

It's Been So Long—Betty Minor Forsyth.

I Go For You—Or the tea room after class.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy—Jacky Morrison.

They Say—Mary Kern.

What Have You Got That Gets Me?—Military boys.

Please Come Out of Your Dreams—Or an 8 O'Clock.

So Help Me—Or dates come to Sunday night vespers.

Ten Pins in the Sky—Or Lindenwood girls go bowling.

Sweet Lelani—Charlotte and Hyacinth.

Summer Souvenirs—Gerry Rasdal.

Sophisticated Lady—Virginia Carter.

Sing For Your Supper—Or Lindenwood girls at dinner.

There's Something in The Air—Parks Air College.

I'm Just a Jitterbug—Dorothy Seymour.

I've Got a New Romance—Bill Bentley.

New Pledges To Kappa Pi

On January 16 Kappa Pi initiated a new member, Mildred Trumbo. Kappa Pi also has two new pledges, Frances Brandenburg and Jane Knudson. Proficiency in art is required for entrance in this honorary fraternity.

Traffic and Coiffures "Now and Then"

The Latin bulletin board, the Roman Tatler, for this week is headed "Nunc et Tunc", which means when translated into English "Now and Then". Two of the leading features illustrate this heading very well. The first is a picture of a Roman gladiator's headdress and one of a modern girl who is wearing her hair in the same arrangement as the headdress.

The other feature is a cartoon of a wrecked car from which the spirits of the driver and passenger are shown flying to enter the boat of Charon the oarsman on the Stix. Across the river stand a crowd labeled careless drivers, thus indicating the moral in large letters. There are many other delightful things on this board and it will well repay a visit.

ROUND N' ABOUT

Does Helen Bandy believe in signs? It would seem as if she'd when she avoided going under a ladder. But the jinx had the laugh on her when in her detour around the notorious ladder she slipped off a very inoffensive curb. Results: a sprained ankle and Helen on crutches who resolves henceforth to stick to ladders and avoid curbs.

After two eminent Lindenwoodites kept the Quincy bus waiting for some 45 minutes last week-end, we can quite understand why the life of a college girl is frowned upon. . . . It is rumored that certain underclassmen have gone back to that adolescent stage of collecting pictures out of photoplay magazines. . . . We're happy to know that Jessie hasn't Lost her "wit". . . . Must have been a touching sight to see the playful seniors of Eastlick way, sliding one Monday night. . . . Mary still beaming over a glorious week-end in Chicago. . . . Is Keith myth or man???? . . . Rufus Ashton just ever so popular. . . Orchard Farm stock seems to have declared a bankruptcy, anyway sales have been of the poorest on campus of late.

Botany Classes Studying Growth of Their Plants

The botany classes are planting seeds in the greenhouse, and studying the growth and development of their plants. Several flowers are in blossom now, and some of the bulbs are in bloom.

The cyclamen and amaryllis are among those which are in blossom, and they are most attractive.

Music Students in Recital

On Tuesday afternoon, January 24, a students' recital was held in Sibley Chapel, before numerous members of the faculty and students of the school of Music. This program consisted of numbers played on the piano, organ, and the violin. Several vocal numbers were also sung. The program was as follows: "Pastorale Variee" (Mozart) Laura Nell Harris; "Impromptu, f minor, op. 31, No. 2" (Faure), Marjorie Smith; "Invocazione Di Orfeo" (Peri), "My Swan" (Grieg), Dixie Carter; "Night" (Jenkins), "Day" (Jenkins), Mary Jean Knorr; "He Was Despised", (Handel), and "Love Has Eyes" (Bishop), Mary Dillon; "Air de Lensky" (Tschaikowsky), Mary Catherine Booth; "I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercy", (Rossini), and "Mountains", (Rasbach), Mary Elizabeth Benner; "Fantasia, C minor," (Bach), and "Two Etudes", "Chopin), Margaret Ann McCoid.

WHO'S WHO

She's round and she's short,
And is always a good sport.
She makes everyone laugh,
And works on the "Bark" staff.

This sophomore gal so versatile
Barks like a dog quite real.
President of the freshman class,
she sings
And does a great many things.

She's dark and she's very tall
And lives in Ayres Hall.
She is tapping her way to fame,
And always has trouble with her name.

Snow Scenes Abound, Art Department Crayons

A rather difficult project was tried by some of the girls in the art department after recent snow storms. Dr. Linnemann offered prizes to the girls who produced the best crayon drawings of a snow scene, and it was an interesting and unusual experiment for the girls. First prize, which was a large box of candy, went to Janet Steben. Honorable mention prizes included: first honorable mention to Jeanne Marie Entrikin and Ruth Ester Willett; second to Kathleen Paschal. Girls winning honorable mention prizes each received a pound box of candy.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 4
Torchy Blane in
"ADVENTUROUS BLONDE"
with Glenda Farrell

SUN.—MON. Feb. 5-6
"DAWN PATROL"
with Errol Flynn

TUESDAY, Feb. 7
Kay Francis in
"COMET OVER BROADWAY"

WED.—THURS. Feb. 8-9
"THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN"
with Melvyn Douglas
Virginia Bruce

FRIDAY, FEB 10th.
PHOTO PARADE NIGHT
"RIDE A CROOKED MILE"
with Francis Farmer

SATURDAY, FEB. 11TH.
"TOM SAWYER DETECTIVE"
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Sidelights of Society

Bingham-Brown Wedding

Miss Allyn of the business department received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. John Howard of Okmulgee, Okla., to the approaching marriage of their daughter, Johnnie Lou, to Mr. James Bingham, February 11, at 8 p.m., at the Methodist Episcopal church in Okmulgee. Johnnie Lou was a student at Lindenwood, taking special studies in the business department, in 1937-38.

Mu Phi Epsilon Initiation Held In Coronado Hotel

Monday evening, January 16, the members of Mu Phi Epsilon, honorary music sorority, attended a meeting held by the St. Louis chapter in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Coronado. The purpose of the meeting was a formal initiation of new members.

The initiation was followed by a clever program, the last number of which was entitled "The Strange Inner Lode" and was a buffet supper.

The faculty and students who attended this meeting were Miss Englehart, Miss Colson, Alice Belding, Alice Jones, Mary Ahmann, Peggy Ann McCoid, and Beverly Mayhall.

Dr. Marion Dawson will be hostess to the St. Charles-Garden Club at its February meeting in Lindenwood's library club room. Dr. Dawson is an active member in this organization, composed of 25 St. Charles citizens interested in the finer points of gardening.

Sorority Has Social Meeting

Alpha Sigma Tau, national honorary sorority, held a meeting in the library club rooms Wednesday, January 18, at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. Betz gave a book review of "Lycanthrope: The Mystery of Willie Wolf", by Eden Phillpotts after which refreshments were served.

Rosemary Williams spent the weekend in St. Louis visiting her sister, Marie, who was formerly a student of Lindenwood College.

Charlotte Williams spent the weekend in East St. Louis with Mrs. Collins Brinson, former Lindenwood student.

Kay Donnell visited her sister, Mrs. R. K. Barton, Jr., in St. Louis.

June Jordan spent the weekend at Sue Sonnenday's in St. Louis.

Marjorie Smith went to Fayetteville, Ark., for the week end.

Margaret Keisling visited Helen Hellerud in St. Louis.

Imogene Stroh spent the weekend at Jefferson Barracks.

Janet Steben visited Janice Wiese in St. Louis last week end.

Three boys from Memphis visited Ruth Ray and Dot Miller.

Mary Catherine Booth will be a guest of Nell Motley at her home in Auxvasse, between semesters.

Ruth Ray will visit friends at Stephens between semesters.

L. C. Well Represented at The Play "White Oaks"

Monday night, January 16, 150 girls went into St. Louis to see Ethel Barrymore in the play "White Oaks" at the American Theatre. Four Greyhound busses furnished the transportation. The College Club of St. Louis was sponsoring "College Night" at the theatre and many of the near-by colleges were represented. During intermissions of the play Lindenwood girls joined in with the others in the loud and somewhat off-key singing of "Polly-Wolly Doodle", "Bull Frog" and "Clementine", but had a lot of fun out of doing it anyway. The orchestra played the different college Alma Mater songs and Lindenwood arose in a body with the playing of "In the Heart of Our Great Country." College banners decorated the walls and together with the singing made quite a collegiate atmosphere.

Dr. Roemer occupied the Lindenwood box and had as his guests: Dean Gipson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas; and the four class presidents: Jean MacFarland, Kathryn Wagner, Genevieve Horswell, and Mary Alice Hudson, and the girls were all very proud of the lovely appearance their representatives made. Coming home all the busses stopped at Garavelli's, following Lindenwood tradition.

Miss Anderson of the home economics department was hostess at a steak dinner served at Eastlick, January 18.

Thursday, January 19, a birthday party was given for Jean McFarland. Two students, in the foods class, Maurine Potlitzer and Betty Kelley, prepared a three course meal. The entire menu was a complete surprise. The guests included Miss Hough, Sara Phillips, Hattie Veigh McFarland, Maurine Politzer, Betty Kelley, Mary Beldon and Frances Harper.

Kappa Pi Colorful Tea Blue, White, and Yellow

Kappa Pi art fraternity entertained with a tea from 4 to 6 o'clock, in the library club rooms, Tuesday afternoon, January 24. Those in the receiving line were Barbara Johnston, Mildred Trumbo, and Jeannette Lee. Dr. Linneman is the sponsor of Kappa Pi. During the afternoon Sue Eby played several selections on the violin, accompanied by Alice Belding at the piano.

The tea table was very attractively arranged with the Kappa Pi and Lindenwood colors used for the floral centerpiece, which consisted of blue iris, yellow calendulas, yellow and white daisies. Delicious refreshments consisted of chocolate cake, orange ice, mints, nuts, and tea.

Frances Harper was elected vice president of the Arkansas club.

Miss Helen Parotte from Memphis visited Dot Miller, having returned from a visit to Stephens and Christian.

Mary Bess Beatty has been elected president of the Arkansas club.

Martha and Dorothy Laney, and Rosamond Stephenson attended a dance at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville. They stayed at the Tri Delta house.

Frances Jane Styce and Evelyn Cohen attended the reception at the Western Military Academy at Alton, the past week-end.

Many Lovely Formals

Senior Date Dance Begins the Year

The senior class sponsored a formal date dance in Butler gymnasium, Saturday evening, January 14. Those in the receiving line were Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Dr. and Mrs. Garnett, Miss Hankins, and Miss Gordon. The gym was very effective with a ceiling of various colors of the rainbow. Huge clusters of colored balloons hung from the ceiling. Shiny metallic masks lent a gay touch to the black-draped sidewalls, and also reflected the lights from the ceiling. Herman Drake and his orchestra played for dancing until midnight.

The girls looked most attractive in their new Christmas formals. Helen Margaret DuHadway wore a white marquise gown with a square neckline. She wore a jeweled choker, which was very smart and a style most effective with gowns of this design.

Audrey Jordan looked charming in a flame chiffon creation with a vari-colored blue girdle. She wore gardenias in her hair.

Mary Kern wore a fitted black taffeta dress with gold dots. Her corsage of yellow tea roses was most becoming.

Sue Sonnenday looked lovely in a white chiffon gown made with a square neckline. She wore a lavender orchid which was stunning.

Mary Mangold wore a lovely chiffon gown of various shades of blue. The skirt was very full, and the upper part was fitted with jeweled shoulder straps of bright blue stones. She wore a large white orchid on her shoulder.

Jane Black wore a flame chiffon dress with a flowing skirt. Her accessories were of gold.

Helen Shepard looked lovely in a white chiffon gown with four cerise inserts in a very full skirt. She had a corsage of red roses.

Beverly Mayhall wore a stunning dress of black taffeta, which was fitted with a fuller skirt.

Kay Lovitt looked lovely in a black crepe dress with touches of colored sequins on the shoulders and at the neckline. She wore a jeweled Juliet cap in her hair, which was most attractive.

Joan Leach wore a billowy white net gown with a bouffant skirt. She wore a corsage of double camellias.

Doris Larrimore and Jenny Lynn Sager will visit Elaine Cornick in Mt. Vernon, Ill., between semesters.

Ruth Esther Willett is going to Christian to visit friends between semesters.

William Woods will claim Ruth Shartel between semesters.

Sophomore Party Successful

Unique Sideshows Feature of Carnival

Friday evening, January 20, in Butler gymnasium, one of the better parties of the year was sponsored by the sophomore class. The Carnival was a huge success and an amusing as well as enjoyable evening was spent by all in attendance.

The side shows opened at approximately 7:30 o'clock, featuring such attractions as the fortune-telling booths, bean-guessing, weight-guessing, rogues' gallery, and the freaks.

At this time should be mentioned the hilarious squeals that came from the crowd, due to the oddity and cleverness of the Irwin sophomores' side-show. Bid Baker's ability as barker was unrivaled.

Around the Nicolls hall sophomores' booth was a crowd throughout the entire evening. Students as well as faculty members were curious to see what secrets could be found in the rogues' gallery which featured baby pictures of the faculty members.

Pop and cracker jack were served at either end of the gym. Eddie Lake and his orchestra played for the later dancing.

Individuality in Costumes

Various countries and types of individuals were represented. Eastlick girls were seen dressed as, shall we say, part of the Hindu harem. June Jordan and Dee Manion carried off their part well as typical flappers spending their time at the carnival. Miss Tucker wearing an old style short brown evening dress, Miss Gordon in a short black evening dress, and Miss Anderson in a white party dress with ruffles were considered the belles of the evening.

Dressed as two little girls and portraying the proper enthusiasm for a carnival were "Totsy" Mills and Mary Louis Wasse. Anne Beard was the clown of the evening, while Evelyn Rickabaugh and Helen Dondanville were typical "hangers on" at carnivals, dressed to represent those from "across the tracks".

Colorful and unusual were the real Hawaiian costumes worn by Charlotte Cheng and Hyacinth Young. Betty Newlon's costume was a mixture between the devil and Goldielocks and was quite unusual, as one can well imagine. Carolyn Kinney, Mary Elizabeth Falter, Joan Leach, Mary Kay Farr and Betty Jayne Bass carried out their part of the Dead End kids most uproariously and successfully. In addition to these, gypsies, soldiers, sailors and peasants were seen wandering around and about the concessions.



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