

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18.—No. 3 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 1, 1938

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

The first marking period is over and six weeks grades are now out. Dean Gipson is busy seeing the students about their grades. She has completed her interviews with the freshman and is quite satisfied about their attitude toward their work. A notice has come from the Dean's office that all newly elected members and pledges for honorary organizations will be announced in chapel Friday, November 4.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Wednesday, November 2:**
4:30 p.m., Little Theatre Play
- Thursday, November 3:**
11 a.m., Recital by the Speech Department
4 p.m., Senior-Sophomore Tea
- Thursday, November 10:**
11 a.m., Films on Fire Prevention
7:30 p.m., Faculty Meeting, Dr. A.H.R. Fairchild, University of Missouri
8 p.m., Fall Play
- Saturday, November 12:**
8 p.m., Junior Date Dance
- Tuesday, November 15:**
5 p.m., Organ Recital
8 p.m., St. Charles Cooperative Association
Carola Gitana, Dancer
- Wednesday, November 16:**
8 p.m., Dr. William Lyon Phelps, "Contemporary Books and Plays"
- Thursday, November 17:**
11 a.m., Recital by Speech Department
- Friday, November 18:**
6:30 p.m., Senior Formal Dinner Dance.

Lindenwood Welcomes Miss Boulware

Miss Boulware, of St. Charles, is substituting as house regent in Ayres Hall during the day while Miss Mottinger is taking Dean Jackson's place, who is on a trip for a month. Miss Boulware will feel acquainted in her temporary position as she was at Ward-Belmont for four years, dietician at William Woods for seven years and Dean of Women at Phillips University in Oklahoma for eight years. Miss Boulware's home is in Kentucky. She is expecting to have a delightful time while here at Lindenwood and is anxious to help the girls in any way possible.

Her Faith in Lindenwood

Mrs. H. C. Houghton, General Federation Director for Iowa's women's clubs, who spoke here on Founders' Day, has a daughter attending Lindenwood. Joan is a freshman this year and her home and that of her mother is in Red Oak, Iowa. Mrs. Houghton graduated from Wellesley College, so she is quite familiar with girls' schools and was most interested in Lindenwood.



KAY ABERNATHY

Student Body Chooses Hallowe'en Queen

On October 13, at 8 o'clock the annual fall style show was held in the annual auditorium when Katherine Abernathy was chosen from among 13 freshmen girls who modeled clothes in the revue, which was sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. She was crowned at a dance in her honor last Thursday.

Imogene Hinsch described the style show dresses as the girls appeared. Each wore one informal and one formal dress. Those elected by the freshman class to take part in the show were: Ann Donnell, June Baker, Ruth Shartel, Peggy Barret, Ruth Esther Willett, Marg e Kiskadden, Betty Jayne Bass, Louise Battle, Grace Quebbeman, Laura Nell Harris, Kay Abernathy, Mary Jane Welsh, and Frances Shepard.

Ann Donnell wore a boxy fox jacket cut with no collar and small cape sleeves over a royal blue velvet dress. Her hat was a miniature salad bowl type adorned with a lacquered feather. The dress laced down the front in white. This dress was pictured in a recent **Harper's Bazaar**.

June Baker wore a two piece colt brown herringbone suit, accentuated by accessories of clay rust. Her hat was the typical college breaker; her shoes, built-up I. Millers of soft suede.

Ruth Shartel wore a black diretoire silk with gold embroidered shoulder decorations ending in epaulets. Skirt fullness was in the front. She wore a black felt off-the-face hat and all black accessories.

Peggy Barret wore a dark woody green coat trimmed in grey squirrel. She chose a brown college breaker and brown accessories. Her mustard colored jersey with its clever pock-

(Continued on page 6)

A memorial service will be held in Roemer Hall on Sunday, November the Sixth, 1938, at 4 p.m., for

MRS. JOHN LINCOLN ROEMER,
dean of students at Lindenwood College

1914—1938.

Lindenwood College

St. Charles, Mo.

Germany's Right of Way As She Conceives It

At Assembly Thursday morning, October 20, Mr. Donald Grant from Edinburg, Scotland, spoke to the student body on International Problems. He was here a year and a half ago.

On a map which he brought he traced the situations in Europe.

The people of Europe had been facing a crisis which was finally brought to a head, he said. They were faced with two conflicts; two different kinds of societies and modes of life. The Great War had broken down four empires. Out of the results Germany was kept down because of treaties which she had to sign in 1918. She was kept that way until someone rose up to throw off these shackles, Mr. Grant told the student body.

In 1931, Japan invaded China. The significance of this action on the part of Japan was that it broke all agreements, treaties and peace and set in motion the moving of conflict. Italy began doing the same kind of thing. In 1933, Germany began it. At last Hitler was fulfilling the promise to restore confidence, to make Germany stronger, and to add new territory. His technique was very effective. In 1936 he occupied the no-military zone (the guarantee of peace to France). In 1936 Britain and Italy were in conflict. Britain tried to restrain Italy. Britain and France were not certain of each other, so Hitler took the advantage to send troops. Mr. Grant said that Hitler listens to the advice of others but takes his own. He is successful every time. He sent his air force right up to the French frontier and put the pressure on the Czechs. Austria and Czechoslovakia were made submissive, Hitler thus acquiring the only gateway of the East.

Mr. Grant then reviewed the events leading up to 1938. Hitler first makes no speech on his anniversary in January, as formerly. He next dismisses his commander-in-chief and 13 others. The people assume that there is a weakness but Hitler takes full responsibility and does not permit that weakness to remain long. Austria is disposed of first on March 12, 1938. It was the launching of a new epoch and a new civilization.

In February, Eden resigned. In September, events got blacker and blacker and Chamberlain announced his intention of going to see Hitler.

(Continued on page 5)

Daughters of the Alumnae

Mothers Recall Their Own Days, Visiting Daughters Here.

Mildred Jumet, a freshman at Lindenwood this year, has a particular reason for being fond of the college. Her mother attended school here in 1909-1910. Mildred is from Ft. Scott, Kans., lives in Irwin Hall and is particularly gifted on the violin. She has taken lessons from Mr. Holmes, who plays in the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, and has given violin concerts in Kansas City, Mo.

When Mildred's mother, Mrs. O. A. Cheney (Louise Keene) attended school she lived in the suite of rooms which is now the Infirmary in Sibley Hall, as that was the only dormitory here at that time. Mrs. Cheney is a good friend of Dr. Linemann and has always had a love for Lindenwood, so was anxious that her daughter attend school here.

Betty Forsyth, a freshman from Birmingham, Mich., which is a suburb of Detroit, is another student whose mother attended Lindenwood. Betty's mother, Mrs. W. L. Forsyth (Willie O. Minor) graduated from Lindenwood in 1918. She lived in Ayres Hall, which was called Jubilee Hall at that time, and lived right above Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's suite, as it then was. She was so fond of Lindenwood that she was anxious that her daughter should attend school here.

Katherine Craig, a junior, has a particular reason for living in Sibley as her mother, Mrs. E. C. Craig (Erma Nisbet) lived where the Infirmary is now, when attending school at Lindenwood. Katherine's home is in Louisville, Ill., and her mother graduated from Lindenwood in 1904. Dr. Ayres was president of the college at that time. Katherine also has a cousin, Mrs. Rayhill Hagist (Kathryn Leibrock), who graduated from Lindenwood in 1933. Mrs. Hagist is now president of the Southern Illinois Lindenwood Club.

It is most interesting to know how many girls at Lindenwood now have mothers who attended school here. Linden Bark is interested in this information and will be glad to hear of any more such cases.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

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 Louise Mills, '38

EDITORIAL STAFF

Margaret Hart, '41	Mary Virginia Lay, '41
Imogene Hinsch, '39	Kay Lovitt, '41
Evelyn Jeanne Katz, '41	Mary Mangold, '40
Dorothy Miller, '40	

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1938.

The Linden Bark:

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary.

—Longfellow.

Passing Into Picturesque November

"In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown."

November is known as the gloomiest month of the year, one of "blue devils" and suicides. The ancient Saxons named it well when they called it the "windy" month. They referred to it also as the "bloody" month because it was then that the cattle were slaughtered and salted down for winter's use, and then that sacrificial rites were performed.

As for our calendar of events in November, they are anything but drab. It is the month of lingering Indian Summer and exciting football games. It is time to drag our red flannels out from hibernation in moth balls and to pull the blankets up under our chins when the cold wind blows.

In a more serious vein November brought peace to a topsy-turvy world and thinking of Thanksgiving at this time, what would the spirit of Thanksgiving be without peace? With the tragedy of war having just been averted we as Americans have much to thank God for. What red-blooded person thinking about November can help but smell the unequal aroma of turkey and dressing and taste the rich goodness of pumpkin pie?

Let us think about these things when we start to denounce November as a colorless month. It really is full of exciting days if we stop to analyze it in terms of events not weather.

Are We Taking Advantage of The Exciting Sports

This year of all years, and this season of all seasons is the time for the girls who are fond of outdoor sports to take advantage of the weather and the facilities of Lindenwood. To those who have golfed, tennised, ridden, and hiked, there is no need for a second urging. Those who have not have missed more than they know."

Tennis devotees realize that snow will come before you expect it. Hear again the whine of the tennis ball as it strikes the taut strings, the sound of a live ball bouncing the packed court. Feel again the exhilaration of a hard fast game played under the brittle blue skies of late autumn.

Golf players—are you letting these last few weeks slip by, unused? Make the last rounds of the golf course. Slip on a sweater and those old saddle shoes, and grab your golf bag. Practice your drive, and watch that white ball soar over the green.

Hikers and would-be hikers, who cannot answer the call of the alarm. Don't be beaten by that 6:30. You won't forget the sunrise, the crackle of leaves underfoot, the pleasant tingle of that fast walk.

Horsewomen—attention! You may have thought about that ride you've been wanting to take. Take it, and take it now. Have you forgotten the smell of the stables, the horses impatiently pawing the ground of their stalls, or the elation in that brisk canter around the river road? It doesn't matter if the sun shines or not. Remember the mist over the river.

For these too obvious pleasures, you'll receive points toward your membership in the athletic association. Don't let this time go by—wasted—only to regret the fact that you let these moments pass.

Display of Women In Education

The display for the week in the reception room of the Dean of Residence is Women Outstanding in Education. A large board bears their pictures and accounts of their lives. On a separate board is the picture of Mrs. Sibley, founder of Lindenwood.

Mary Easton Sibley was born January 1, 1800. She was sent to the only seminary for women in the West, Mrs. Travis' Boarding School for Young Ladies, at Shelbyville, Kentucky.

She was married to Major George C. Sibley at the age of fifteen, which

was then considered a marriageable age. She settled first at Fort Osage, and Mrs. Sibley had advanced ideas. She was an early advocate of woman's rights and was a personal friend of Susan B. Anthony.

Mary Easton Sibley and her husband were impressed with the need of a school in the Southwest for the higher education of young women. Mrs. Sibley believed that some provision should be made for the education of young women that should fit them for life's duties. She expressed this desire in a writing

CAMPUS DIARY

By D. G. M.

Oct. 17—Dear Diary. It was a blue Monday and everything was quiet until the beat of the horses hoofs sounded on the pavement.

Oct. 18—Rain was welcomed in the afternoon and the Y.W.C.A. exhibit in the library club rooms brightened the evening with an unusual display of bright colors, and lovely jewelry.

Oct. 19—Today was beautiful and brisk, just right for the tea given for the faculty by the St. Charles girls in the library club rooms. A freshman played the piano during dinner at the request of Dr. Roemer

Oct. 20—Dear Diary, Just school—and lots of tests to worry our craniums. Oh, I almost forgot, Dr. Donald Grant gave a very interesting talk on International Problems.

Oct. 21—Today I kept wondering if I was in the right class, they were so deserted. Everyone—almost everyone left for points North, South, East, West. The Northwestern-Illinois homecoming game was a great attraction for many.

Oct. 22—Diary Dear. Peace still reigns. St. Louis beckoned some, others caught up on their dreams.

Oct. 23—Sunday recalls Church. In the afternoon the other sex appeared on the campus, and some of our wanderers strolled in. Chapel at 6 o'clock with a sermon by Rev. L. V. McPherson. So to bed.

Oct. 24. Another blue Monday. Tests are still raging so on into—

Oct. 25—Everyone is subdued. By the tests I guess, I hope.

Oct. 26—Dear Diary, People are beginning to raise their heads again. bowed by study, and are getting ready for Founders' Day. In the afternoon there was an Alpha Psi Omega tea. Wednesday night over half of Lindenwood attended the picture, Marie Antoinette, and came out weeping and sniffing, including yours truly.

dated very early, and the result was LINDENWOOD, located on a beautiful site overlooking the Missouri River in a forest of linden trees, after which the college was named. Due to the great ability of Mrs. Sibley to make and execute plans to reach her desired goal, the college was chartered in 1853. In 1870 the charter was amended, vesting the appointment of Directors in the Presbyterian Synod of Missouri, U. S. A.

Mary Lyon, American Educator, was born on a farm near Buckland, Mass., on February 28, 1797. At the age of 17 she taught school and in 1817 she went to Sanderson Academy, Ashfield. She supported herself there and at the other academies by teaching.

Her success as a teacher and the demand for the young women she trained started her plan for "a permanent institution consecrated to the training of young women for usefulness, to put within reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that no one can find better".

A site was selected near the village of South Hadley and Mt. Holyoke, and in 1836 the school was incorporated as Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. On Nov. 8, 1837, it opened with Mary Lyon as Principal. She died after serving nearly 12 years as Principal of the Seminary on a salary of \$200.00 a year.

Susan Blow was born in St. Louis in 1843. She was educated in Germany as well as St. Louis. She studied the kindergarten system, and returned home a strong follower of the Froebel method. She established a kindergarten in St. Louis and the idea spread rapidly.



I want the students to know that the Bark is published for the students' pleasure. Any suggestions which would make it more interesting to them will be cordially accepted and carried out to the best of our ability. Also, I think that the student body should have more of a part in each edition by writing letters to the editor for publication. This should make for a better student paper.

MARY LOUISE MILLS,
Editor-In-Chief, The Bark

She opened a school for the training of kindergarten teachers, with post graduate courses for those interested in the deeper theories of child education. She is considered the "Mother of the Kindergarten" and after Froebel, one of the greatest child educators.

Grouped together are the retired presidents of educational institutions. Mary E. Woolley, retired in June 1937 after serving Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., since 1900. She is the author of several books, and has had honorary degrees from several colleges and universities.

Ellen Fritz Pendleton became president of Wellesley in 1911. She is a graduate of Wellesley and also studied in England.

The present deans and presidents shown are: Dean Margaret Shove Morriss of Pembroke College in Brown University, Providence, R. I. She became dean in 1923, and is the author of 'Colonial Trade of Maryland'.

President Meta Glass of Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va., went there from the faculty of Columbia University in 1925. In 1919 she was awarded the Reconnaissance Francaise by the French government for training women in social service work.

Mary Ashby Cheek, president of Rockford College, was graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in 1913. She studied for her doctors degree in Geneva, Switzerland, having received her masters from Columbia University. She has been active in Y.W.C.A. work and the American Youth Hostel Association, of which she is a member of the national board and a vice-president respectively.

Mildred Helen McAfee, president of Wellesley College since 1936, received her education at Vassar, University of Chicago, Oberlin College, Mt. Holyoke and Bates College. She is a trustee of the Walnut Hill School, Yenching U., and vice-president of the Associated Boards of Christian Colleges in China.

Outstanding Missouri educators on display are as follows: Mabel Carney; Cornelia S. Adair; Laura Zirbes; Ella V. Dobbs; Mrs. Marie Turner Harvey; Charl O. Williams.

The LINDEN BARK is happy to present to its readers, in this first literary supplement, a fine group of freshman writers. Prepared originally as class assignments, their essays were recommended by the members of the English department as worthy of publication in the Bark. We congratulate these freshmen on their ability as writers and heartily endorse the opinion of their instructors. There is interest and vigor in the pieces printed here. It is evident that our freshmen have been places and done things—interesting things worth writing about. And that they have written well we think our readers will readily agree.

I WAS A FLOOD SUFFERER

By Margaret Cannon, '42

It has often been said that there were two types of people in the great flood of 1937: flood refugees and flood sufferers. I was one of the fortunate few belonging to the latter class. The flood refugees were the ones who were driven from their homes by the water. The flood sufferers were the ones, who, although their homes were not inundated, suffered because of the lack of good food, heat, light, and pure water.

The waters rose suddenly on a Thursday night, and by dawn on Friday, the people in the low and dangerous areas had evacuated their homes and were speeding to the relief centers in nearby towns. In some instances it was possible to save furniture and household goods, and the trucks rolled through the streets for days hauling them to the high places. The people were transported to the relief centers in buses and in boxcars, which were hurriedly run in on the side-tracks by the hundreds.

In a few short hours, three-fourths of the residential section was buried beneath twenty feet of water, the entire business section was covered, and the gas, light, and water were turned off. National Guardsmen paraded the dark streets, and ambulances ran continually, carrying to the already overcrowded hospital the injured and the cold and frozen flood rescuers who were contracting pneumonia. The use of automobiles was prohibited as there was a limited supply of gasoline, which had to be conserved for the use of the trucks and ambulances, and kept in readiness for the remaining inhabitants to make a quick departure, should the entire town become submerged.

The Senior High School was converted into an emergency hospital and food distribution center. For weeks people lived in its stone corridors, sleeping on the floor.

I went to work the second week in the food distribution department. There we worked day and night doling out baskets of the food which was bought with the money so generously given in response to President Roosevelt's appeal for the Red Cross over the air.

It was necessary that an accurate record be kept of every basket, and the people waiting in line for hours would faint from the cold and lack of food.

The order was issued that every person within that area must take the typhoid shots being administered by the hundreds everyday. By prompt obedience to these commands, we averted the even greater disaster of a typhoid epidemic.

Homeless citizens inhabited the churches and sat listening all day and night to the radios droning the sentence which lingered in their ears for months. "Send a boat . . . Send a boat . . ." In the church across the street from my home were quartered several hundred people. The white people occupied the upstairs and the colored the basement. Late one night the false report whizzed through town that the water was rising again and that the entire town would be inundated. The buses arrived to rescue the refugees, and the negroes, thinking that only the whites would be saved, staged a riot. The National guards were summoned and quickly restored order.

Soon after the waters receded, the

work of reconstruction began. The Red Cross bought furniture for the destitute, and the government built homes for those whose houses had been swept down the river. In the yards all over town were piles of ruined furniture with the veneer hanging in strips. Pianos were muddled hulks standing in the yards with their strings pointing all directions. Barns and automobiles were washed into the middle of the streets, where they remained while attempts were made to locate their owners.

The flood is still a main topic of conversation, about which both amusing and tragic stories are told. Although I was only a flood sufferer, I hope that I will never again have to undergo the hardships that come with the rising of the waters.

MY FAVORITE CHURCH

By Polly Pollock, '42

Within the last two years my ideas of church have changed greatly, for it has been only within that time that I have found church-going a pleasure. Although I attended Sunday School regularly and enjoyed the class work there immensely, the services of my church and of the others I had visited seemed exceedingly dry and uninteresting. This fact disturbed me very much, especially since I had often heard of the inspiration others had received from their preachers. I knew that I was neither heathen nor atheist, for I had a very firm belief in God as a helper and friend, and a code of ideals which I had always upheld. My trouble was in finding someone who could lead me to higher ambitions, and who could make my union with God a much closer and dearer one. And I wanted not only a person who could talk from the pulpit on Sunday morning, but also someone I could accept as a friend and to whom I could go for guidance on any day of the week.

I found him one Sunday morning quite by accident. He was in a small white church preaching to a full house, that point itself being one to his credit. The church alone was very much to my liking in that it was small and simple, with white walls and woodwork that gave it a light appearance. There was none of the heaviness and formality I had been used to, for in this church there was striking simplicity. There was no lofty organ to send its roaring tones out through space. There were no high ceilings with elaborate lighting effects, no stained windows nor towering spires. This church had only one room with a simple altar in front, but in that one room I have found more real religion than in all other rooms combined.

The service in this little church is simple and friendly, following a definite order each Sunday. To hear the music alone is an experience one never forgets, for three of the city's leading musicians appear on the program regularly. The pianist, who is loved by the congregation for her expressive music, presents herself as a background for both the violinist and the vocalist who follow.

But the preacher, of course, is the climax to the service. This man never ceases to startle me, not merely because of the ideas and ideals that he has, but because of the way he expresses them to his listeners. He has a compelling force which is most unusual. He is direct and

sincere in what he says. And what is more, he is modern. He believes not in teaching the Bible as a divine law, but rather in using it as a basis for vital subjects of today. His is a practical religion, and I believe in that one word "practical" I've found the answer to my troubles and dreams. I have found my little church; I have found my minister; and in finding these, I have also found my inspiration and my closer union with God.

STARS FELL IN MISSOURI

By Ruth Shartel, '42

From the Dog Hollow community near Pineville, to my home town of Neosho, the Southwest section of the state of Missouri has had a glorious holiday for the past three months. The principal sets for the Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor epic, "Jesse James", were located in Pineville and Noel, just twenty miles from Neosho.

Imagine the effect on the feminine population of a small town to have Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, and Randolph Scott all thrown suddenly into their laps. To say that the local girls went mad with joy is putting it mildly. They washed up, they curled up, and they dressed up to see these handsome Hollywood play-boys.

Since we live such a short distance from the actual filming scenes, groups of us went over frequently to the site of the picture. We learned interesting technicalities of the movie industry, as well as unexpectedly getting a down-to-earth view of the stars.

It was really soul-satisfying to see that debonair Mr. Power dance with Joyce, my playmate since mud-pie days. He gave her the same melting expression we'd seen him give to Alice Faye in a recent picture. Well, maybe not the same look, but it was enough. Henry Fonda, the dream-man, was the favorite man-about-town. He never missed a Saturday night dance at the Shadow Lake Pavilion. The height of my glory came one night when he asked me to "truck" with him. It broke my heart to refuse, but my family was with me, and my father unenthusiastic over the invitation.

Candid camera fiends and auto-graph beggars had a field day. I had a camera along at each of my pilgrimages to the sets, so I have a complete collection of snapshots. The players were willing to pose for fans at any time, regardless of the time or how busy they were, for all of the many people that had the same idea as I did.

Most of "Jesse James" has been filmed now; and a little sadly the whole surrounding territory watches the large machines and sets move back to that mystical mystical country from which they came.

EMOTIONS ON RISING

By Phyllis Whitaker, '42

Did you ever have a struggle with yourself in the morning when you wanted to stay in bed, but the alarm clock said "Get up"? I am sure you have not, so I will relate a general summary of a regular morning experience.

About six-thirty, I became vaguely conscious that it is daylight, and I begin to wonder whether or not I have slept through all the breakfast bells. I look at my left wrist

through one eye and discover that I took my watch off before I bathed and then forgot to put it back on. I decide that it is too much trouble to go to classes anyway, so I turn over drowsily, and I am soon dozing.

My slumber is not that untroubled sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care or whatever Macbeth said it was. Instead I toss from one side to the other, unable to sleep peacefully for fear it is later than it seems. Finally, out of desperation, I jump up, stumble to my desk, fumble around in the dark drawer, and at last find my watch. What! only twenty minutes to seven! This is too much. I go back to bed, after deciding between yawns that I will not go to breakfast. I would rather make up that lost sleep.

I snuggle back into the covers, and just as I start drifting off once more, the quarter to seven bell rings. It fairly shouts right outside my door. I calmly resolve to muffle it some day soon. After this untimely interruption, I lie down once more with my first intention: to sleep.

About three minutes later, our ceiling light comes on, and I remember too late that I forgot to turn off the switch after "lights".

With much difficulty I go back to sleep. The next time I wake up everything is calm and peaceful. That is, it is calm and peaceful until I look at my watch. Fifteen minutes to eight! Will I ever make that eight o'clock class? I rush around so fast and furiously that I wake my roommate.

"What's the matter?" asks she, with no eight o'clock class to worry her.

"I have just ten minutes to dress and get to class!" I shout over my shoulder.

"Will you ever learn," she asks in a tired voice, "that you have no classes on Sundays?" I calmly collapse.

THE INDIAN FAIR

By Sallie Beaver, '42

The Indian Fair is sponsored by the Indian Club of Tulsa with the help of the Chamber of Commerce. It is a new thing for our city although an Indian Fair is held every year in another part of the state.

The opening day is most exciting, like all other opening days of almost anything. The Indians parade through the city with a beautiful Indian princess heading the procession. Behind are the vanishing Americans arrayed in the splendor and glory of their by-gone days. The parade heads for the fair grounds for the opening ceremony. This is a great occasion, for the program is to be sent out over the National Broadcasting system. The music is furnished by the Bacon College famous Singing Redmen and their Indian Maidens. The Redmen add a touch to the program, for they are giving White Man's Music while nearly everything is in the Indian language.

The booths and the fairway are gay with colors. The Southwestern Indians are there with weaving, pottery-making, and silver work, the Plains Indians with their lovely beadings, the Five Civilized Tribes with their paintings and basket weaving. The most interesting exhibit to both the Indians and Whites is the paintings of Blue Eagle, the internationally famous Indian artist. The exhibit also has the works

of his pupils and the Southwestern Indian artists.

There is a program held every night for three nights in front of the grandstand, with the Indians performing. There you can see the dances, or rather some of them, that formerly were never shown in public. It is especially interesting to watch the only girl who can do the war dance of the Plains Indians. She has performed in London, Paris, and parts of Canada with her father.

The fair goes on for three days and four nights. At the end there is little left, for the visitors have bought most of the things from the booths. And all during that time the younger Indians stand around talking the English language and attempting to learn to eat some of the Indian dishes in the only real American lunch room on the fairway. There they see the older Indians, from whom they learn something. It is left for the younger Indians to carry on.

"PINE HAVEN"

By Doris Larimore, '42

Several miles from my home town, far back in the wildest part of the mountains, my family owns a small cottage of rustic oak logs. Although it stands in a grove of cedars and there isn't a pine tree within miles, we call it "Pine Haven". It was named by a visiting friend from the Texas plains to whom anything perennially green was a pine tree. And so, for lack of any further inspiration, the cottage in the cedar grove remained "Pine Haven".

It stands at the tip of a wide peninsula formed by a twist in White River. Cornfields, farm houses, rolling pastures with herds of cattle and fields of wheat dot the fertile semi-circle, making it appear like any other pleasant, agricultural countryside. Not so the far side of the river! Massive, frowning bluffs and overhanging crags tower over the river like the menacing walls of some ancient stronghold. Only a few gaunt, weather-worn cedar trees cling to the barren face of the bluffs, and on the very peak of a crag is one solitary hut. Beyond this one small shack there is no sign of habitation, not even so much as a fence, for twenty-five miles back in the hills. Nothing but hill after hill, completely covered with dense oak and cedar forests and untouched by civilization. The country is savage, uncivilized, untamed. It is so wild that when we first arrived we found huge paw prints in the mud by a spring and often heard the blood-curdling scream of a panther. Then, hollowed between the roots of a gigantic oak tree, we found a den. At that time the floor was worn to a glassy smoothness by the animal's big paws, but soon it lost its glassy look and we knew the panther had moved out when men came to his doorstep.

"Pine Haven" stands on the top of one of the hills facing the river and the old bluffs on the other side. At the foot of the hill, hidden in the dark underbrush and braced against a squat bluff of dirty-colored rock, is a still. A tiny stream of water trickles over the ugly rock and gathers in dark, sluggish pools a few feet beyond. It was with this water that the mountaineer "moonshiners" made the corn mash from which whiskey is distilled. The spot is so inaccessible—it can be reached only by a precarious foot-bridge across the dirty little stream—and so completely covered by the thick watery cane, that it is nearly impossible to find. It remained so hidden for almost a quarter of a century before it was finally dis-

covered and raided by Federal agents. At the present time, two men are still serving out their terms in the state penitentiary for operating the still.

When my father bought the farm about three years ago, the still was demolished. In raiding it, the Federal agents had torn down the furnace and tossed the stones into the underbrush. We salvaged the big, flat, sandstone rocks, blackened on one side by fire. We dug up a rusty stone chimney, pieces of pipe, and a huge barrel half buried in the ground. We found large iron pots and other vessels, and with all the materials we rebuilt the still, as nearly like the other one as possible, to use for an outdoor furnace. It looks very realistic, so genuine in fact that this past summer three men stealthily surrounded it and prepared to make a raid. Expecting to find men working silently around the fire in the earliest hours of the dawn, which is the favorite time for such operations I've been told, they came armed with search warrants and heavy revolvers. They left with extremely red faces.

We are proud of "Pine Haven" and believe we have the only country cottage in existence with both a panther's den and a still in its front yard.

FACES THAT HAUNT ME

By Eloise Stump, '42

It is strange how one can go to an entirely new part of the country and find people who remind him of others he knows. I had this experience when coming to Lindenwood. The first such incident occurred when I found that my roommate looked very much like one of my favorite movie actresses. The first time I saw her I knew there was something familiar about her; and yet I could not quite think what it was. Then, all of a sudden, it came to me—she looked like Betty Furness.

On the campus I found the same thing happening to me. As I walked along, I would see girls who, although complete strangers, looked so much like friends of mine that I became quite distracted. Often, too, I found that this similarity was not only skin-deep; for some girls not only resembled my acquaintances in appearance, but had the same expressions or actions. Many nights I have lain awake trying to think just of whom a certain girl reminded me.

In the class room it was even more disturbing to find that the person sitting next to me looked like Alice Faye or my best friend's third cousin. In fact, not only was it disturbing, but rather unpleasant; for it was hard to concentrate with an Alice Faye sitting in the next chair.

However, the climax came when I seated myself at the table for dinner one evening and there, across from me, saw the identical image of my cousin! This was too much! Not only did the girl look and talk like my relative, but even dressed in a similar fashion. At first I thought that perhaps my imagination was too great, but, after this incident, I came to the conclusion that those faces would haunt me until the end of my days at Lindenwood.

A CHILDHOOD TRAGEDY

By Cleo Cole, '42

Recalling now the tragic death of my little poodle, I find myself again experiencing the heart-torn emotions I felt on that dismal Christmas Day, so many years ago, when I lost my ever-faithful playmate,

Dodo. It must have been one of my earliest associations with death, for I remember vividly this one occasion which could have been the happiest day of days for me, but which was converted into a dreary, dispirited day by the presence of the cold, lifeless little form of my Dodo, lying there at my feet.

As I stood above him, gazing at his beloved little head—the ears I had taken such pride in because he had always held them so erect, his little eyes which had theretofore shone with recognition and joy each time he had chanced to spy me, his little black nose—always so cold—with which had he scented or trailed me since his infancy—all these I searched longingly for just one wee sign of life. How distinctly do I remember trying desperately to forestall those tears, which would, simply would, fill my eyes, until I could take refuge in my own little room, and there, behind locked doors, seek my consolation in solitude. Later, I knew I would strive to regain our old comradeship under that big elm tree where daily he had spent his mornings with me, patiently resigned to being any object which my childish mind would chance to imagine.

Our Christmas dinner now returns to me—that dinner, tastefully and attractively prepared, as such festivity demands, but to which each member of the family looked with unseeing eyes, eyes which could see only a little bundle of white wool, curled in its last position. Not even grandmother made so much as an attempt to touch one tempting dish, but one by one we took our leave, each unconscious of his present surroundings. Poor Mother and Dad. They knew only too well how deeply his death touched us all, yet they knew too, the different temperaments of their three girls, for although Dodo was mine in actual possession, he was considered "our" dog. Though Mother and Dad naturally offered comfort, they didn't force themselves upon us unwanted; nor did they attempt to assume cheerfulness, which can be so cold, so empty, and fall so flat. I know now the disappointment they suffered at having our Christmas surprises smothered before they could be brought to the surface, and the sorrow they felt, knowing we could never recapture the pre-planned pleasure of the day. All this was forgotten, ignored.

The hour after our little ritual ceremony, attended by those in the neighborhood who had grown from babyhood with Dodo, as well as their pets, the one who hadn't fought with my doggy, and our own family, of course, was an hour that, although countless hours have since been spent, many happily and joyously, many sadly and despondently, can ever be brought close just in memories, just while reminiscing, or just in seeing a little white poodle.

JUVENILE COLLECTORS

By Ann Earickson, '42

There are three types of juvenile collectors: match, soap, and stamp. There may be other divisions of this great army, but the three mentioned are most prevalent. The country is absolutely saturated with them. If you haven't stumbled against any of them yet, don't worry; you will!

I thought I was immune. I had no younger brothers or sisters, and I didn't know any of the smaller neighborhood children well. Then my cousins, who live half across the continent from me, found out that I corresponded with girls from England and Mexico. Immediately I began to receive letters begging

me to send them the stamps from the foreign countries. Because I like my cousins, and because I like to further international relations, I willingly sent some stamps. I even added a small collection of my own. There was no reason to withhold anything! (Let me add here that I, too, was once a collector. I'm not anymore—enough is enough!) The return mail brought a polite request as well as a thank-you letter. Could I please send all the hotel-size cakes of soap, and all the match folders that I could find? I couldn't find many, but I added my small offering. The worst was yet to come! Bill, an old friend of the family, had a little favor to ask of me. As I lived in an ancient part of the country, and in a desert region where creatures die frequently from lack of water (so he thinks!), could I possibly send him some bones? He had a wonderful collection—one that a connoisseur could well envy. Privately, I wondered why some bones from his own Sunday fried chicken wouldn't do as well as imported ones. But evidently I had missed the point. Bones with histories were much more interesting than bones which had been raised within a stone's throw of one's own dining table. I sent Bill the skull of a cow. I later heard that when the delighted Bill pulled out the gaunt remainder, his mother immediately put an end to the collection. I didn't blame her.

The postage on these consignments of soap, matches, and, last but certainly not least, bones hasn't broke me up, but it has definitely dented me! And what is the final outcome of this? The collector, weary with his constant vigilance, comes to the conclusion that the whole idea is just so much foolishness. The collection finds itself reposing in various bureau drawers, in closets, and under beds. The mother of the ex-collector finds the same thing. The bones have a concrete use (aside from having held up an animal)—they start a fire. The remainder of the junk is tossed into the ash heap. Juvenile collectors surely should be rated among the seven wonders (or dilemmas) of the world!

A WELL-SPENT VACATION

By Nancy Green, '42

Under the guiding hand of my grandfather I was taught to learn something all of the time. Summer to me meant freedom from school books, but not from education. Of course, there are endless possibilities for summer work, but I longed to escape all feeling of confinement and to breathe where the air was free of city odors. I had had city friends all winter. Now I wanted to get out in the open and learn to call the flowers and trees by name. Realizing my inadequacy, I began to search for an instructor, one who would be interested and have the time to help me. By a stroke of good fortune, a university student was found who had a keen interest in nature and was willing to spend three afternoons a week in the woods. We spent many hours roaming around calling all the trees, flowers, birds, and animals by name. I learned to recognize trees, not only by their leaves, but also by their bark on the trunks and the general shape of the crown. I learned where to look for squirrels, to hunt birds' nests, to fish for trout, and to look for lizards. I even conquered my fear of snakes to the extent that I could hold one in my hand and permit its tail to wrap around my arm.

My enthusiasm about leaves and leaf arrangement led me to pick leaves to mount in a notebook. I was keenly disappointed to see that

they retained their shape and color only a short while. Later I learned to make permanent records of the shape and veination of my leaves by printing them. To make my collection complete, I carefully printed the name, color, and leaf arrangement at the bottom of each page.

With the autumn came the opening of school and the termination of my supervised nature study. With a certain eagerness I watched the falling leaves, the bare limbs of winter, and the buds of spring. I saw the trees bloom and bear fruit, a phenomenon that had been taking place for over fifteen years without my noticing it.

Books about trees, flowers, and animals have only nourished my desire to see and to learn. In one summer a curiosity was aroused in me that will not be satisfied until I really know trees.

In Gratitude, Be Givers

Dr. Henry B. Little of Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, Dr. Roemer's old church, spoke at Lindenwood on Thursday, October 13.

The theme of his talk was that God and the world need givers not takers. He said that both the community and the individual reach the best by giving. Early communities sacrificed the first and the best of their crops and herds to God as thanks for His great gifts. For many years the Hebrews offered their first born sons to God.

The world has been taking and not giving for a long time, Dr. Little said, and the time of reckoning is at hand.

God gave His only begotten son to save the world. Can we do less than give our all for Him?

Foreign Exhibits Colorful

Seventy-five Articles at Y.W. Display.

Tuesday night, October 18, the Y.W.C.A. had a foreign exhibit in the library club rooms. It was a colorful and interesting display.

A deerskin rug was draped over a chair and was the property of Louise Milander. A Peruvian rug owned by Shirley Spalding made a brilliant splash of color when one walked into the room. An Indian rug made on the Navajo reservation and an Indian blanket, both owned by Sally Beaver, added an interesting note.

A costume of the Indian in the interior of Peru, a hat and half sleeves, the material of which had been dyed by the Indians, was the property of Shirley Spalding. An Hawaiian dancer's outfit, grass skirt and leis, a tapa which is worn to complete the outfit made of the bark of a tree was owned by Charlotte Cheng. An instrument used in old native dances was also the property of Charlotte.

Peggy Hocker contributed a tabis and Japanese sandals.

A lovely picture of the Philippines was contributed by Jerry Stroh, an ashtray brought from Paris by Betty Hartness, hand-made Navajo jewelry by Frances Brandenburg, an alabaster man from Monterrey, Mexico, by Celeste Karlstad, a letter from France by Viella Smerling, a Bible by Florence Vellenga and a peasant blouse from Austria was brought by Mildred Schelosky.

Rachel Canino had two negro figures hand made, from Porto Rico, a Porto Rican scarf and rug on display.

Kay Thompson contributed maracas, typical instrument of Cuba and some tiny adorable dolls; Elaine Eckenroth, a Mexican blanket and a paper weight also from Mexico;

Marian Christensen, a Mexican bracelet and a Japanese ring made from jade and Eleanor Petty had on display a beautiful ring, 200 years old, a Figerite from Ireland. A jacket owned by Charlotte Cheng was also in the collection.

Other contributions were made by Shirley Spalding, a set of silver vases made by Indians in Cuzco; an ash tray and a book mark whose figure head was one of an Indian chief; Sally Beaver, a bag made by Gladys Romannose, a Kiowa woman, and a bag made by Sally herself, a member of the Creek Indian tribe; Kitty Traylor, a pearl and sapphire bracelet bought in Pompei, Italy, an edelweiss from Switzerland, a collection of charms, a collar and a belt set from Edinburgh, Scotland, a snake skin pair of gloves from Paris and a handkerchief from Switzerland; Marjorie Norton, a collection of pins from Italy, a cross from Rome blessed by the Pope, two lockets from London, a vanity case and three pairs of gloves and a purse also from London and a plaid scarf from Scotland; Marjorie Morgan, a cigarette case from Mexico and an Indian wampum belt, and Florence Vellenga contributed a Japanese article box.

There was also a beautiful collection of exquisite jewelry with no name. It consisted of a ring and clip of stained ivory. The clip was made of 200 year old domino. In the green ring there was an image of Buddha, the etching on the third ring was done in ivory. The last ring was of seed coral.

Porto Rican Likes Campus

Scenery and Food Are Unusual.

Raquel Canino of Porto Rico is a sophomore in Lindenwood. She spent her first year at the University of Porto Rico. On September 5 she left by steamer for New York City, and she spent several interesting days there before coming to school. Raquel misses her country, but she has been greatly impressed with her surroundings here. The Missouri river is the largest body of fresh water she has ever seen. Our beautiful campus also holds quite an attraction, however Raquel considers it different from the tropical landscapes. The food is somewhat unlike the food in Porto Rico, as it is not highly seasoned.

There are many attractive night spots in Porto Rico and particularly El Sescambon Beach Club, which overlooks the ocean and is surrounded by tropical palms. The young people of Porto Rico engage in the same sports as those in the United States. The main crops of the country are sugar cane, tobacco and coffee.

Raquel has appeared in numerous movie shorts, and has refused movie contracts. If it can be arranged she would like to bring a movie of the country of Porto Rico to Lindenwood. Everyone asks Raquel how she happened to come here. She said after considering many colleges she chose Lindenwood as the most outstanding. Already she is looking forward to coming back next year.

Nebraska Club Formed

The Nebraska girls had a meeting Tuesday evening, October 18, to form their club and elect officers. Gerry Rasdal was elected president; Mary Jean Lauvitz, vice-president; and Ruth Faucett, secretary and treasurer. Gerry is from Ogallala, Mary Jean from Wahoo, and Ruth from Fall City. The girls are making plans for some social events in the near future.

Mary, Betty, or Ruth?

Bible Names Outnumber Still

It seems that the most popular Christian name on the campus this year is Mary, which is generally popular throughout the world. Mary is a good Bible name and one that is often associated with sweetness and purity—one hopes that these characteristics are prevalent with those girls whose names are Mary on the Lindenwood campus. This name must certainly have some quality of leadership when one singles out some of the campus leaders with the name Mary. For example, there is Mary Jane Brittin, who is house president of Sibley and a member of the student board. In the sophomore class there is Mary Jean DuHadway, last year's Hallowe'en queen, and in the freshman class is Mary Alice Hudson, who is chairman of the freshman council. Others include Mary E. Roberts, Mary Mangold, house president of Ayres, and last but not least is Mary Louise "Totsy" Mills, the editor-in-chief of the bark of Lindenwood.

The name Betty seems to be the second most prevalent of Christian names on the campus. Betty is defined as being a diminutive of Elizabeth, although this is not true in every case of the girls named Betty at Lindenwood. Strangely enough there are three Betty Clarks on the campus. This group includes a Betty Clark from Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Betty (Mary Elizabeth) Clark from St. Joseph, Mo.; and Betty Jean Clarke from Omaha, Nebr. An unusual spelling is that of Bettie Frances Freeman, and also that of Bette Rowe.

Another name which runs a close race to Betty in popularity is that of Ruth. The name Ruth is also a good Bible name like that of Mary. Two names similar in this classification are those of Ruth Esther Willett from Perry, Okla., and Ruth Ann Willott of St. Charles.

Although these names are common they are unassuming and always pretty. What do you think about it, Mary, Betty and Ruth?

Man's Quest for Liberty Explained By Speaker

Vespers on Sunday evening, October 23, were opened with the choir singing "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" under the direction of Miss Glesselman. Alice Jones sang the solo, "Come Unto Him" from the Messiah.

An address "Our Freedom" was given by the Rev. L. V. McPherson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles. He used as his text the eighth verse of the fortieth psalm. All human beings seek freedom, he said, and we are conscious we have freedom and liberty, although it is limited in a certain degree. Patrick Henry in his famous quotation "give me liberty or give me death" expressed man's keen desire of liberty.

Three ways for securing freedom were mentioned; first, that our liberty and freedom must be guided by a God-given inner impulse, which impulse is cultivated through the worship of God; secondly, our liberty must be guided by God's written word, an adequate and sufficient means; thirdly, God has given Jesus Christ, his only son as his example, and we must direct ourselves under His direction. Real character is seen in Jesus Christ. It requires determination on our part and willingness to endure in order to attain perfection. Jesus Christ is the way to truth by His light.

WHO'S WHO

This little southern lass cannot be mistaken by anyone. She has made a great name for herself on Lindenwood's campus. Her charming smile and magnetic personality are the envy of many girls. She did such fine work as president of her class last year, she has been re-elected to this position in her senior year.

Her sparkling eyes and winsome smile can be found even in the most trying moments. She is a member of the student board, president of her hall, and an active member in the Y.W.C.A. Not to mention the honorary societies to which she belongs, due to her scholastic ability. She hails from Dallas, and need the writer tell you more?

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

France had a treaty with the Czechs but Britain and France sent word for Czechoslovakia to sacrifice herself. Hitler makes his last demand and the Czechs accept it reluctantly.

Today the gateway of the East and all resources are open to Germany. She has a trade agreement with Turkey which is antagonistic to America. Germany has broken away from the interdependence of the world, against international trade. Germany believes now that the disaster in 1918 was fortunate for it turned her away from the West to the East, giving her more and more power. She believes that the German people, greater now, are leading the world. They are sincere in their conviction but their religious conception is false, Mr. Grant stated.

When Cheeses Meet

Foods students taste 28 kinds of cheese.

Students in the foods department were the fortunate tasters of 28 kinds of imported and domesticated cheese displayed and explained by Miss Anderson.

When cheeses meet, it is literally a league of nations, for every country has its representative. In the grouping of Swiss cheese was the domesticated swiss, the imported swiss, and Gruyere in imported and Kraft. Under the acid-tasting Cheddars came the New York cheddar, the English wine cheddar, and the Canada rum cheddar. Norwegian cheese has the hard Gjetost and the soft Pal. Other soft cheese was the strong Liederkrantz and Camembert. Among the many brick cheese varieties were shown the Limburger brick, Wisconsin brick, German or Muenster brick, and Process American brick. Also there was the imported and domesticated Brie cheese. One of the strangest cheese family was the Hand cheese thus named because of its small package. It has the appearance of a gelatinous mixture. Italy was well represented by the hard Parmesean cheese and the Kosieawly. The molded cheese family contained the French Roquefort, Danish domesticated and Gorgonzola. Strangely shaped cheese was the round Edam cheese with its bright red exterior and the Pineapple. Smallest in size was the Karuna Club with the mild flavor.

These 28 cheeses vary in size, texture, and price. The prices range from 20 to 80 cents a pound. The four most expensive in descending order were Liederkrantz, Parmesean, Roquefort, and Brie. The cheapest was the Wisconsin Longhorn.

(Continued from page 1)

ets was smart in its simplicity.

Ruth Esther Willet wore all black, relieved by a touch of white. Her dress was the dirndl type. Delicate lingerie trim edged the high neckline and the short puffed sleeves. The black coachman's hat with its velvet chin-strap was a copy of one worn by Jeanette MacDonald in her latest picture. Her shoes, neckline, and hat gave the feeling of the upward movement.

Margie Kiskadden wore an entire ensemble of dead black. Her short buttoned jacket was trimmed with Persian lamb. She wore a black velvet pillbox with a long veil. All other accessories were suede. Gold charms on the clip at the throat presented the only color relief.

Betty Jayne Bass modeled the ever popular black man-tailored suit worn with a white silk shirt. Her suit was topped by a boxy tweed cape of black and white plaid. Her hat was an original doll hat designed by Milgrim. The accessories were all black.

Louise Battle wore a stone blue rough crepe. Emphasis was given at the neckline and waist by clips and belt of vari-colored jewels. Her accessories were dubonnet. Over her arm she carelessly slung a red fox scarf.

Grace Quebbeman wore a simple two-piece suit in the new St. James blue. The clever pockets were the main interest. Around her neck was a single strand of pearls. Her hat was a black felt with a deep stitched crown. All accessories were black—her bag, a huge suede envelope pouch with gold initials.

Laura Nell Harris wore a black alpaca date dress with a V neckline, with gathers in the bodice and sleeves. Her dress showed the flat diaphragm which is so necessary this fall. Color accents were the bright blue and gold clip and bracelet.

Kay Abernathy wore a black wool dress with a smoke-grey blue jacket and detachable black fox collar. A smoke blue jeweled clip was worn at the throat, and color repetition was shown in the blue and black pieced belt. With this outfit she wore a black off-the-face hat and all black purse, gloves, and shoes.

Mary Jane Welsh wore the ever popular three piece sports suit in Burgundy red with a collar of Canadian wolf. The short jacket buttoned up the front. Her hat was a casual sports type in Burgundy. Her accessories were black.

Frances Shepard wore a gray caracul jacket over her black velveteen afternoon dress. Carved rock crystal buttons were ingeniously used as fastenings. She wore a black pillbox with a perky bow and veil. In contrast to the all black, she wore gloves of vivid blue.

Formals Which They Wore

The revue of formal gowns followed the informal.

Ann Donnell wore a black velvet wrap with square lines, trimmed by panels of erminette. On her head was a cluster of white gardenias. She carried a black velvet muff. The strapless bodice of her rustling black taffeta was outlined in white flowers. The swaying skirt was held by old-fashioned hoops.

June Baker wore a full length black velvet coat with a white ermine-lined monk's hood. Over her white, accordion pleated taffeta skirt, she wore a semi-tailored white brocaded jacket shot with threads of silver.

Ruth Shartel wore a black velvet coat with a white fur collar. Her gown was raspberry taffeta, off the shoulder, with perky little sleeves. The bodice had the new brassiere top, shirred and tightly girdled at the waist. Around her throat was

a velvet ribbon on which was fastened an antique brooch of garnets and pearls.

Peggy Barret wore an erminette bolero over her black taffeta skirted formal. The dress was a romantic little shirtwaist, combining black taffeta skirt and white marganza blouse trimmed with tiny rows of French val. In her hair she wore a rhinestone clip.

Ruth Esther Willett wore a long velvet cape with massive crescent-shaped fastenings. In her hand she carried an erminette muff. She topped her dark hair by a white flower. Black velvet bows were sprinkled on the full black taffeta skirt, and a narrow strip of white ruching emphasized the heart-shaped bodice and puffed sleeves. Her shoes were black and gold brocade.

Margie Kiskadden wore a long black velvet evening coat with long sleeves and a pointed collar. On her head she wore a pearled Juliet cap. Her gown was a combination of black taffeta and black velvet. The bodice was strapless and shirred to fit in the Boldini line. The full, graceful skirt was shorter in front showing silver slippers. She wore over her long velvet gloves bracelets of rhinestone.

Betty Jayne Bass wore a black velvet box crepe with a white velvet yoke, over a dress of white net embroidered with silver and pearl sequins. In her hair was a single white flower. Concentrated embroidery work formed a girdle at the waist. This dress was featured by Vogue.

Louise Battle wore a lacquer red velvet cape. In her hair was a tiara of silver sequins. Her formal was black lace, the Spanish influence of Ballenciada—square necked, with velvet straps and bows.

Grace Quebbeman modeled a long black Lyons velvet robe with a white fox collar. Her gown had a full black skirt of rustling taffeta, supported with a startling bodice of large gold sequins. Around her throat she wore a double string of gold beads. Her sandals were black moire.

Laura Nell Harris wore a fitted black velvet evening coat with loose elbow length sleeves, caught at the waist by two dull silver clasps. Her black taffeta formal was very severe and simple with two narrow straps over each shoulder. This formal was pictured in a recent Harper's Bazaar. Over her formal she also wore a white daisy bodero.

Kay Abernathy wore a fitted sapphire blue velvet coat. In her hair was a tiny blue feather. Around her throat was a narrow blue ribbon. Her gown of teal blue net had a full skirt, a velvet girdle and velvet shoulder straps.

Mary Jane Welsh wore an evening robe of wine dregs velvet, finger tip length with wide sleeves. Her gown was a self-brocaded white satin with short puff sleeves, high front neckline, and low back. Her sandals were of white satin. In her hair she wore a rhinestone clip.

Frances Shepard wore a long black velvet evening wrap with a monk's hood lined in erminette. Her dress was a black taffeta strapless formal with a Sargent bodice. An old-fashioned hoop swayed beneath the romantic skirt, and pink petticoat flounces were revealed as she walked. At her waist were two large pink flowers. Around her throat was a black velvet ribbon.

The choir has just elected officers. They are: Elaine Reid, president, Dorothy Rhea, vice president, and Ruth Hoeck, secretary and treasurer. The librarians are Dorothy Rhea and Therese Larson.

Imogene Stroh went to Jefferson Barracks for the weekend.

Tea For Irwin Hall

Sunday afternoon, October 16, Dean Jackson gave a tea for the girls of Irwin Hall in the library club rooms.

The tea table was draped with a lace cloth and the centerpiece was of petunias. Miss Hough and Dean Jackson poured tea.

Mary Catherine Booth gave a violin solo, Handel's "L'Agretto" and Vera Jean Douthat sang two songs, "Bowl of Rosse" and "Morning". Both were accompanied by Beverly Mayhall.

Dr. Gregg read poem selections, some of which were "Nancy Hanks" by Vachel Lindsey; "Ann Rutledge" by A. E. Houseman; "Theodosia Burr", by Hervey Allen and the ever popular "The Highwayman."

The numbers on the program were announced by Jean MacFarland, the house president at Irwin.

Fashion Highlights at Lindenwood

A rainy day brought out many of the ultra smart reversible raincoats so popular this season. Charolyn Baker wore one with a combination of dubonnet and tan reversible sides. Kay Lovitt has a very attractive blue and red plaid coat which is so smart that it doesn't carry any of the resemblance of a raincoat, yet what style it has! Mary Jo Shepherd also wears one of dubonnet and tan combined. Not only are these grand for protection from rain, but they are just grand for general wear on the campus.

One should notice the smart suits which are very popular for the campus, and for town wear. Marilyn Patterson has a smart three piece suit of dubonnet tweed, and with this she wears the most becoming dubonnet doll hat. Kay Wagner wears a combination suit, which has a red, black, and white plaid jacket, and a black wool skirt. Bette Lu Foster has chosen a dubonnet and brown plaid jacket with a dubonnet wool skirt. Mary Kern has an attractive grey, red, white, and black dressmaker style jacket, and a smart tailored black wool skirt to match. She wears a black tailored felt hat, which has loads of style for wear with suits or for travel. Helen Crider has a navy blue felt hat of a beret style, which looks stunning with her navy blue man tailored suit.

Fifty Oklahoma Girls

The first state club to hold its organization meeting was the Oklahoma Club. This was done during the visit of the field representative, Mr. McMurray. Officers elected include: Mary Louise Mills, a senior from Muskogee, president; Joan Leach, freshman from Oklahoma City, vice-president; Patsy Lee Ivey, sophomore from Salisaw, secretary; Mary Elizabeth Falter, a freshman from Oklahoma City, reporter; and Carolyn Kinney, also a freshman from Oklahoma City, song leader. The president, Mary Louise Mills appointed a social committee composed of the following girls; Patsy Lee Ivey, Polly Pollock from Tulsa, Mary Dillon from Vinita, and Carolyn Kinney.

One of the first activities of the club is to learn two typical Oklahoma songs, "Cowboy Joe" and the new state song written by Pinky Tomlin, "In Ole Oklahoma".

The club is one of the largest state clubs on the campus having a membership of over 50 girls.

Delta Phi Delta, the public school music sorority, held a picnic Thursday, October 13, at Blanchette park.

Similar Names Bring Confusion To "Clarks"

Browns, Smiths, and Joneses always seem to outnumber all other names any place one goes, but not on the Lindenwood campus. The "Clarks" outnumber them all!

Niccolls hall has the majority, and it is quite confusing for all concerned. Barbara Jean Clark, freshman, hails from Coffeyville, Kans. Barbara was merely just Jean, but that was before entering Lindenwood. Barbara's greatest trouble seems to be in getting the wrong letters and telegrams.

Jean Clark, freshman, also resides in Niccolls. Jean is from Ponca City, Okla. The greatest incident that Jean cannot forget, was her first day at Lindenwood. At a very early hour in the morning, Jean was awakened in belief that she had received a special delivery. This too she found to be only for another girl, also bearing the name "Clark".

Betty Jean Clark, freshman from Omaha, Neb., has given up the idea completely of being called Betty Jean. Consequently, she is known to all of her friends at Lindenwood as B.J. B.J.'s worst difficulty is in her classes, where she finds herself surrounded by "Clarks". It is very embarrassing to find oneself being called upon, and not knowing whether or not you are the one.

Betty Clark, sophomore from St. Joseph, Mo., lives in Butler. Betty was at Lindenwood last year and complains that she didn't have such difficulties then.

Betty Clark, freshman from Mt. Vernon, Ill., also lives in Butler. Betty's trouble seems to be in the dining room, where she is never quite sure whether or not she is using the right napkins.

Oil Painting Is The Gift Of The Indiana Club

The oil painting donated by the members of the Indiana Club has recently been hung in the corridor of Roemer Hall. It is a pleasant reminder for Indiana girls.

Randolph LaSalle Coats, Indianapolis artist who painted it, is a true native of Indiana. Mr. Coats has had exhibitions in many famous art collections, in Europe as well as the United States. He has taken many prizes in his work, and now devotes most of his time to painting murals and portraits.

The portrait, entitled "Brown County", depicts one of Mr. Coats' favorite spots in Indiana. The Indiana Club presented this picture to Lindenwood this year. There is an inscription on the back of the portrait, giving all the names of the Indiana girls. Miss Anna Wurster is sponsor of the club, and is making further interesting plans for this organization.

Day Students Entertain Faculty

The day students entertained the faculty at a tea in the library club rooms Wednesday, October 12, from 4 to 6 p. m. Alice Belding, Marion Stumberg, and Pearl Lucille Lambers received the guests. Dean G'p-son and Dean Jackson poured at the tea table, which had a lovely centerpiece of fall flowers. Dainty tea cakes and tea were served. Alice Jones sang two numbers accompanied by Mary Ahmann. Frances Langenbacher played the piano during the afternoon. All of the day students assisted with the courtesies of the afternoon.

Virginia Powell spent the weekend in St. Louis with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Schmidt.

Lindenwood Girls on Caribbean Cruise

One of the present Lindenwood students, Sue Sonnenday, and two of the students who were here last year, LaVerne Rowe and Betty Harper, spent a most interesting vacation on a Caribbean cruise this summer. LaVerne Rowe graduated from Lindenwood last spring and was most active on the campus holding many offices during her four years. In her senior year she was president of the Student Board and voted May Queen. Betty Harper was a sophomore at Lindenwood last year and was house president of Ayres, on the student board and active in the athletic association.

The girls were accompanied on this trip by Sue's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sonnenday of St. Louis, LaVerne Rowe's home is in St. Louis also and Betty is from Des Moines, Iowa.

They left St. Louis on August 28 and went to Memphis and New Orleans, where they stayed two days before sailing from there. They sailed on the ship Ulula and went directly to Havana. The points of interest they visited in Havana were the Casino and Morro Castle, which is an old fort the Spanish built when defending Cuba from the British. It was also in this same castle the people were imprisoned during the Spanish-American war, and where many people were put to death on the garotte.

From Havana they went to Costa Rica, where they visited in Colon and Cristobal. Sue said that the most picturesque things to her were the Hindu shops in Colon and the horse and buggy for taxis which are characteristic of Central America.

The party continued on to the Panama Canal, over to Panama City, sailed up Port Limon, went up into the mountains of Terribal, and over to Port Berrios in Guatemala.

They sailed back to Havana and docked at New Orleans, thus ending "a most perfect and interesting Cruise."

Club Holds Tea

The Home Economics club gave a informal tea in the apartment Tuesday, October 18, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

The tea was in honor of all students in the Home Economics department who desire to be associate members.

Among the guests was Dean Jackson. Hostesses were Miss Anderson, Miss Tucker, Sara Margaret Willis, Helen Martha Shank, Estelle Hays, and Imogene Hinsch. Tea was poured by Miss Anderson and Sara Margaret Willis.

Table decorations and flowers in the living room were varied and colorful cut flowers.

Social Science Additions

The Missouri Delta chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, National Honorary Social Science fraternity at Lindenwood, has added three new members to the organization: Lucille Vosburg, Josephine Trice, and Helen Pletz. The other members are Mary Belden, who is president; Alice Belding, vice-president; Jean McFarland, secretary-treasurer; and Sue Sonnenday.

On the Council

Nadine Snyder has been chosen as the representative of the sophomore day students on the sophomore council. The other members of the council have been named in a previous issue.

Cordelia Buck went to Belleville, Ill., for a visit with friends.

Attended Inaugural

Dr. Florence Schaper attended the inauguration of President Wiley Glenn Brooks at Illinois Wesleyan university at Bloomington, Ill., as the representative from Lindenwood College. President Brooks was inaugurated on Thursday, October 20. Many colleges sent representatives to this important function. Dr. Brooks was formerly Superintendent of the Public Schools in Burlington, Iowa, where he served in that capacity for a number of years. He has been connected with Illinois Wesleyan University since 1937.

Indiana Elects Officers

The students from Indiana held their first meeting in Roemer Hall October 20, and selected the following girls as their officers: Harriet Hall of Michigan City, president, Margery Carroll of Noblesville, vice-president, and Barbara Jean Adams of Fortville, as secretary.

Miss Wurster is the Indiana sponsor, and the club is expecting to have a very interesting year.

St. Charles Program

The St. Charles Lindenwood College club held a meeting in Lindenwood's library club rooms, October 19. Many former and present students of St. Charles attended. Dean Jackson was introduced to the group, and was given a very welcome reception.

Miss Julia Thompson, gave a very entertaining book review of the popular novel, "The Dark River."

Miss Blackwell, former regent of Butler Hall, came to visit Mrs. LeMaster and several of her other friends on the campus, Wednesday afternoon, October 19. Many of her former girls from last year welcomed her back, and the time she was here seemed much too short, Miss Blackwell said.

FRISINA STRAND

TUES., NOV. 1
GALA OPENING
of the New STRAND
Diana Durbin in
"THAT CERTAIN
AGE"

WED. to SAT., Nov. 2-5
MICKEY ROONEY
Spencer Tracy in
"BOYS' TOWN"
Matinee Daily at 2:30

SUN.—MON., Nov. 6-7
"MY LUCKY STAR"
with Sonja Henie

TUESDAY, Nov. 8th.
(BARGAIN DAY)
"TIME OUT FOR MURDER"

WED.—THURS., Nov. 9-10
"THE AMAZING
DR. CLITTERHOUSE"
with Edw. G. Robinson

FRIDAY ONLY NOV. 11th
The Dionne Quints
in **"FIVE OF A KIND"**

Coming Soon!
"Valley of The Giants"
"CAREFREE"
"ARKANSAS TRAVELER"
"Straight, Place and Show"
"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"



You Get Value Plus!

Cynthia
SLIPS

Every Popular Style
Tailored or Trimmed!

They fit beautifully, launder to perfection! With or without shadow panels 32 to 44.

98c

L. C. PENNEY CO.
INCORPORATED

BELLE SHARMEER
HOSE

at \$1.15

with a saving on Club purchases

WAYNE KNIT
HOSE

Chiffon or Service Weight

79c

2 pair \$1.50

Other grades at 55c

3 pair \$1.50

Stahlbehl's
THE NEW RED STONE

Society at Its Best

Dear Sedate Sue;

My class is holding its annual prom, in the early part of November, naturally being from out of town I do not know any boys very well. There is one boy that attends a university nearby that lives in my home town. Although I have never dated him or known him very well, I feel that I should like to invite him to our dance. Do you think that I should write to him under such conditions?

Sincerely yours,

a bewildered freshman
Dear bewildered freshman;

Under such conditions I would say it is perfectly correct etiquette to write to the boy even though you are not a close friend of his at home. There are exceptions to the rule that occur in your particular case. Write him a nice friendly letter inviting him to the prom.

Sedate Sue

Sedate Sue will be happy to answer all questions that may be troubling you. Write in now to the Linden Bark. Perhaps you have difficulty eating artichokes, gracefully munching celery. Write today, and have your problems solved.

S.S.

Will Put On Milne's Play

The fall play this year is a three-act comedy, "The Romantic Age" by A. A. Milne. It is about a girl whose faith in romance is justified and who learns that there can also be beauty in practical things. The play will be given November 11, at 8 p.m. The members of the cast are: Mr. Knowle (Charolyne Baker); Mary Knowle (Virginia Powell); Melisande (Sara Jefferson); Jane (Jeanne Miller); Bobby (Betty Brown and Betty Lee Sleyster); Gervase (Grace Quebbeman); Ern (Elizabeth Meyers); Gentleman Susan (Doris Nahigian); Alice (Virginia Norton).

Photographed in Life

In the October 24th issue of Life magazine are some pictures of the Ak-Sar-Ben Ball in Omaha, Neb., on October 7, taken by Margaret-Bourke White, in which Gerry Rasdal, who was a Countess at the Ak-Sar-Ben, appears with a group of the countesses in the dressing room, and is wearing her ball gown. This was quite an honor for Gerry and is certainly of interest to her friends at Lindenwood.

Sophomores Are Active

The sophomore class held a meeting in Sibley chapel at 6:30 o'clock on October 24. Copies of the class songs were distributed to each girl to keep, and the songs were sung. Plans were made for a tea that the class is giving for the faculty and seniors in the Library club rooms Thursday afternoon, November 3. There was also a discussion of the various activities of the class proposed for the year; the plans were most interesting. Genevieve Horswell, the president, was in charge of the meeting.

Tea For The Dramatists

The Alpha Psi Omega, dramatic sorority held a tea on Wednesday, October 26, for all the students of the dramatic department. Miss Hankins and Dean Gipson poured, while Sara Phillips played the piano. Lovely refreshments were served.

Bernadine Rubins spent the weekend in St. Louis with her father.

Sidelights of Society



VIRGINIA CARTER
President of the Student Board

Student Board Hostess At Formal Dance

The Student Board sponsored the first formal date dance Saturday evening, October 15, in Butler gymnasium from 8:30 to 12 o'clock. The chaperons were Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Jackson, and Dr. and Mrs. Harmon. Autumn colors were used in the color scheme of the ceiling. Bright gold Lindenwood crests decorated the black draped side walls. Herman Drake and his orchestra from St. Louis played for the dancing. Lindenwood girls appeared at their best in the new ultra becoming formals.

Virginia Carter, the president of the Student Board, looked stunning in a black velvet gown which had insertions of black net. It was one of the new strapless creations, and did look smart with her up-swept hair dress.

Frances Brandenburg was very attractive in a rich red velvet formal with a full skirt. Vogue has advocated full skirted evening gowns, and they were the choice of several of the girls.

Rosemary Williams wore a good looking sea shell pink crepe formal. A long sleeved jacket of the same material gave the new fitted emphasis, which is a style note this season.

Mary Jane Brittin wore a hyacinth blue lace dress with which her red roses looked quite attractive.

Mary Mangold looked lovely in an attractive creation of white slipper satin which had a very full skirt. Rhinestones added the jeweled touch to the neckline which Schiaparelli says is very essential this winter.

Kay Wagner was attractive in a black and white crepe formal. The skirt was black while the white upper part had Kelly green straps.

Catherine Donnell wore a black velvet dress with puffed sleeves. White ruching outlined the neckline, while at her throat she wore a black velvet band with an antique gold brooch.

Jane Black spent the week-end at her home in Quincy, Ill. While at home, Jane attended the Military Ball, which is one of the largest social functions held in Quincy.

Miss Anderson attended the Illinois Homecoming where she saw the Illinois-Northwestern Game.

Miss Gordon spoke at a Rotary luncheon recently on the subject of the forthcoming amusement season in St. Louis. She gave a list of the theatrical productions that are coming and told something about each one.

Miss Kohlstedt, the librarian at Lindenwood, spent a great part of the summer at her home in Philadelphia, but had time to take a vacation at Atlantic City and Cape May, seaside resorts.

Dolly Fullerton visited Helen DuHadway over the week-end. She is teaching in the school system of Williamsville, Ill.

Miss Aegerter spent the summer in St. Louis where she took a course at St. Louis University.

Officers of Alpha Mu Mu, honorary music sorority, are: Sarah Phillips, president; Nelle Motley, vice president; and Ruth Hoeck, secretary and treasurer.

Betty Minor Forsyth spent the week-end at Monticello college in Alton, Ill. While there, Betty Minor attended a Western Military dance.

Evelyn Katz, Jacqueline Morrison, Ruth Hope MacArthur and Grace Quebbeman spent the week-end in Chicago visiting their families.

From Irwin hall comes the news that Mary Jean DuHadway spent the weekend at Purdue. She was the guest of Jane Thomas and Vivian Peterson at the Kappa Gamma house.

Betty Newlon and Patsy Lee Ivey went to Champaign for the Illinois homecoming game with Northwestern. Dorothy Padden also viewed this game.

Mimi Lou Albertson spent the weekend in St. Louis and Jane Givens went to Kirksville, Mo., her home.

Rosemary Williams spent the weekend at her home in Williamsville, Ill.

June Jordan spent the weekend in Kirkwood, Mo., visiting friends. She attended the Washington university homecoming game Saturday afternoon.

Among the girls attending the dance at the Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo., on Saturday, October 22, were: Gertrude Schmidt, Virginia Short, Virginia Norton, Mary Jo Shepherd, Jane Reeder, Elizabeth Meyer, Marilyn Riggs, Mary Ingle Roberts, Dorothy Seymour, Mary Ann Green, Betty Jayne Bass, Laura Nell Harris, Dot Laney, Miriam Wedeking, and Lulagene Johnson.

The sophomore class has sent out invitations to the faculty and the senior class for a tea, Thursday, November 3, from 4 to 6 o'clock, in the library club room.

Phyllis Carpenter has been added to the list of freshmen who are assisting the organizations editor of the annual, Linden Leaves.

Dorothy Rhea attended a fraternity dance at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.

Catherine Donnell was at her home in Crystal City, Mo., over the weekend.

Peggy McCoid and Dorothy Nieman spent the weekend in St. Louis at Dorothy's home.

Mary Books went to her home in Bachelor, Mo., over the weekend.

Marguerite Dearthmont was at her home in St. Louis over the weekend. She attended the football game Saturday afternoon at Washington University.

Evelyn Cohen went to her home in Chester, Ill., for a weekend visit.

Irene Rummelhoff had a short visit at her home in Chicago.

Mildred Schelosky visited friends in St. Louis, Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Mr. W.L. Scarborough Delivers Sunday Vespers

Sunday evening vespers, October 16, were especially inspiring with a beautiful solo by Elaine Reid and the message by Rev. Mr. W. L. Scarborough, the new pastor of the Fifth Street Methodist Church of St. Charles.

Rev. Mr. Scarborough built his sermon around the text, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." He said, "We are trees planted by God and our tree life should be beautifying. We should add a year of spiritual and mental growth to our lives and continue to grow in spite of the storms of life that will beat upon us. So as trees live on forever in beautiful buildings and furniture so should our lives be remembered as beautiful and worthwhile after we are gone. This is the final benediction."

How to Get To The City

Getting into St. Louis from St. Charles may not seem such a task to the older girls but to the new girls it may have proved confusing.

In normal times most of the girls find the easiest way is to take a bus in St. Charles that takes them to Wellston. Here they transfer at the bus depot to a St. Louis-bound bus. This takes one to the depot across from Union Market and it is just a few blocks away to the center of the shopping district.

Anyone may also take a street car into the city from Wellston. This goes into a more general business part of St. Louis.

With the bridge being closed, travel to St. Louis has been somewhat inconvenienced. One must now take a ferry across the river with the chance of being caught on a sand bar, or else walk the bridge. Once safely across, she can take a St. Louis bus at the foot of the bridge and then proceed in the usual way into the city.

GREST JEWELRY AND GIFTS MILTON E. MEYER JEWELER

Expert Watch Repairing

Hotel St. Charles Coffee Shop and Dining Room

Fine Foods

Reasonable Prices

Special Sunday Dinners

We specialize in Banquets and
Private Parties

SEE US FOR

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
TABLE & STAND LAMPS
LIGHT BULBS
RADIOS

Let Us Do Your Repair Work

Floyd Reeves Electric Appliance Store

136 N. Main

Phone

443

IS HE COMING TONIGHT?

Make him believe you're the loveliest girl in the world by looking smart, fresh and colorful! Dress up in something from BRAUFMAN'S—if you want to make it certain he'll come back.

Braufman's
STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

Renew the
Smartness of
Your
Fall Suits
with our
Fine Cleaning!

Pechtern
Cleaning Company

Yellow Cab

Phone 133