

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 4. Lindenwood College. St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 15, 1938 \$1.00 A Year

## From the Office of the Dean

Dean Gipson has seen all the students about their grades and says all in all they are bound to be commended on the record they made. She is confident that many will do better the next six weeks. Dr. Gipson is beginning work on the new catalogue for next year, which will be out in the early spring. She is leaving Wednesday night for Kansas City to attend the Lindenwood luncheon and be at the various sessions of the Missouri State Teachers convention.

Dean Gipson wishes to extend a very Happy Thanksgiving time to everyone.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, Nov. 15:

5 p. m., Organ Recital.  
8 p. m., Carola Gitana Concert.

### Wednesday, Nov. 16:

8 p. m., Dr. William Lyon Phelps: "Contemporary Books and Plays".

### Thursday, Nov. 17:

11 a. m., Speech Department Recital.

### Friday, Nov. 18:

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

### Sunday, Nov. 20:

6:30 p. m., Vespers, Rev. Robert Fay.

### Tuesday, Nov. 22:

5 p. m., Organ Recital.

### Wednesday, Nov. 23:

12 o'clock noon, Thanksgiving Vacation begins.

### Monday, Nov. 28:

8 a. m., Thanksgiving Vacation ends.

## Remembering

### Her Birthday

November 9 was Mrs. Roemer's birthday and Dean Gipson asked the student body to pause for a moment and pay a silent tribute to the woman who had such high standards for her girls. Flowers were in the hall to commemorate her day.

## Two Faculty Members Attend Conferences

Dr. Harmon has attended two interesting conferences recently as a representative of Lindenwood. On October 25, he attended the inaugural of Dr. Thomas William Bibb as the new president of Missouri Valley College in Marshall, Mo. Dr. Harmon represented Lindenwood College in the academic procession. The inaugural address, "What Should Education Do For Us?" was presented by Rev. Arthur Lee Odell, who is minister of the House of Hope Presbyterian Church at St. Paul, Minn. Other activities during the day included an inaugural luncheon for the delegates and guests, an alumni conference, an educational conference and a tea and social hour for all guests and delegates.

On October 28, 29 and 30 Dr. Harmon attended a conference of repre-

## Founders' Day Marks Silver Jubilee Year

### Mrs. Houghton Speaks About Lindenwood's Traditions.

Thursday, October 27, was the marking of Lindenwood's 112th year of progress, and the Silver Anniversary of Dr. John L. Roemer. Many former students were present, and Founders' Day was one of the greatest days for Lindenwood.

The program was held in Roemer hall with Dr. Roemer presiding. The processional hymn was "Holy Holy Holy", sung by the choir and audience. Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon, gave the invocation. The choir was under the direction of Miss Gieselman, and presented several numbers. Mildred Jumet entertained with a violin solo.

The speaker was Mrs. Hiram C. Houghton, Jr., of Red Oak, Ia. Mrs. Houghton has a daughter Joan, who is enrolled as a freshman at Lindenwood. It was a great privilege to have Mrs. Houghton as speaker, as her time is well taken up with such activities as being chairman of the state of Iowa for the New York World's Fair, director of the Iowa Historical society, and an active member in the women's clubs of her state.

One thing that Mrs. Houghton stressed greatly in her speech was the fact that it is not only the 112th year of progress for the college, but also the Silver Jubilee of Dr. Roemer, and the great privilege of having a fine, understanding president for the college.

In choosing a college for her daughter Joan, Mrs. Houghton was greatly impressed by Lindenwood, due to the fact that it is so deeply embedded in tradition and culture. Also Lindenwood has the honor of being the oldest school west of the Mississippi.

"The Founders had a vision", spoke Mrs. Houghton, in reference to Major and Mrs. Sibley, "and the students can make this vision come true. Lindenwood stands with deep roots, and is a school that we can depend upon."

Mrs. Houghton spoke of the late Mrs. John L. Roemer, and made all of the students who had known Mrs. Roemer think back and realize how wonderful it would have been if she could have been with Lindenwood on this great day.

Mrs. Houghton closed with saying that America needed the students of today for their tomorrow. "America needs honesty and education."

representatives of colleges and universities of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo. Dr. Terhune, chairman of the Faculty Sponsors of Y. W. C. A. attended this conference also. The conference had to do with problems of religion and religious groups or organizations on the campus. Both Dr. Terhune and Dr. Harmon said the conference was most interesting.

READ THE  
LINDEN BARK

## Dr. Roemer, Honorary Member

The Kappa chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity, at Lindenwood, has made Dr. Roemer an honorary member, because of his "deep interest in the fine arts and in appreciation of all that he has done at Lindenwood".

Officers of Kappa Pi include: Barbara Johnston, president; Elizabeth Parrish, secretary and Jeanette Lee, treasurer. Dr. Linnemann is sponsor of the art fraternity.

## BE THANKFUL

1. Your room-mate isn't a goop.....25c
2. The Bridge Is Open.....50c
3. For Good Picture Proofs.....18c
4. Expected I's That Came Out M's .....40c
5. That You Didn't Put Your Hair Up .....10c
6. A Successful Blind-Date.....30c
7. We Still Have Armistice Day .....60c
8. DR. ROEMER IS LINDENWOOD'S PRESIDENT.....!!

This year the Y. W. C. A. is undertaking a new idea in donations for worthy causes and families. This offering is to be given for Thanksgiving. The Y. W. has secured individual banks for every room in each dormitory on campus. This idea is something entirely new on the campus, and the sponsors are in hopes that each girl will do her part in making the project a huge success. Cooperation is needed, and each Lindenwood girl can partake in this offering to make it one of the best this school has ever seen. COME ON GIRLS, LET'S ALL GIVE.

## College Honored By Speaker Of The House

### William Bankhead Speaks To Students

Lindenwood College experienced a pleasant surprise on Thursday evening, November 4, when the College had Speaker William E. Bankhead of Alabama as a guest at dinner. Speaker Bankhead who is speaker of the House of Representatives, spoke at the Knights of Columbus Hall Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Motley who presided at that meeting was able to secure Speaker Bankhead for Lindenwood because of his prominence in politics throughout the State of Missouri.

During the dinner Mr. Motley presented to the girls the guests, who included Mr. Harry Suellentrop, Mr. Holmes, postmaster; and Mr. H. C. Belding, all of St. Charles, and Clarence Cannon, who is a Representative from Missouri. Mr. Motley then introduced Speaker Bankhead who spoke a few words to the girls.

Speaker Bankhead said that the history and traditions of Lindenwood afforded him a spiritual satisfaction and that the college repre-

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## Mrs. Roemer To Be Memorialized

### Splendid Building for Fine Arts and Music To Bear Her Name.

The entire Board of Directors of Lindenwood College, meeting in Roemer Hall Monday morning, October 31, voted to erect a \$200,000 memorial building in memory of the well beloved Mrs. John L. Roemer, who passed away on August 19. Dr. Roemer announced that he would give the entire estate of Mrs. Roemer, which is approximately \$100,000, to the college for the new building. It will be called the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building in memory of Mrs. Roemer, and will be located between the Music Hall and Kingshighway. It will be for fine arts and music. Construction will start at once, under the direction of La Baume and Klein, architects from St. Louis, who have supervised other buildings on the campus. The new building will be completed by commencement in 1939, at which time it will be dedicated.

For 24 years Mrs. Roemer had served as Dean of Students. She was a great influence on the girls, and inspired them to happier college lives. Mrs. Roemer was intensely interested in the welfare of the students, moreover she devoted much of her time to their needs. Mrs. Roemer is missed greatly this twenty-fifth Silver Jubilee year, which marks one of the greatest epochs in the history of Lindenwood College under the leadership of Dr. Roemer.

## Beautiful Memorial Services Held For Mrs. Roemer

### Dr. Skilling Gives Address, and Many Friends Pay Tribute To Her Memory

Sunday, November 6, at 4 o'clock, a beautiful memorial service was held in Roemer Hall for Mrs. Roemer. At this time the faculty, students, and administrative staff of Lindenwood and the many friends of Mrs. Roemer came to pay tribute to her. The stage was decorated with two large baskets of yellow and bronze chrysanthemums and dahlias.

The vested choir entered singing, "Come Thou Almighty King". Dr. Harmon gave the invocation and this was followed by a beautiful violin solo by Miss Isidor, "Legend", by Wieniawski.

Dean Gipson presided over the service and before she introduced the speakers she spoke of the Fine Arts building that is to be erected in Mrs. Roemer's memory. She said that although Mrs. Roemer would always be remembered in the hearts of everyone with whom she came in contact, this memorial of stone would help to keep those memories of her through the years. Mrs. Roemer has left something tangible for

(Continued on page 5, Col. 3)

# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Mary Louise Mills, '38

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1938.

### The Linden Bark:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear."  
—Bryant.

## Observance of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving, to most college students, is merely the good excuse for a vacation and a time of relaxation. Not many of them stop to realize the true significance of this great day to give "thanks". Nor do they hesitate to think of the hardships and strife the forefathers of this country.

The first authentic harvest festival was held by the Pilgrims in 1621. During the winter the little colony had been sorely tired. Only 55 of the 101 settlers remained alive. They had suffered great cold, hunger and disease. They were terrified by the howling cries of the lions, and wolves.

Thus the first Thanksgiving festival was celebrated in America, and little by little the custom spread, and its influence deepened until it has become a national holiday, proclaimed by the President, reproclaimed by the Governor of each state, and observed on the last Thursday in November by every good American and true.

## Armistice Day Brings A Grim Reminder

In Flanders field the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks still singing bravely fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Shot days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
in Flanders field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you, from falling hands we throw  
The torch—be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
in Flanders field.

The tragedy of the World War lends a great poignance and meaning to this poem. On the memorable day of November 11, 1918, the significance of this poem was brought closer to the entire world and so it is on each succeeding November 11, when Armistice Day is celebrated.

Armistice Day, being set aside for the anniversary of the cessation of hostilities in the World War and of the signing of an armistice between the Allies and Germany, should be celebrated with a certain reverence and joyous thanksgiving. To know and realize that this is significant of a compromise that brought peace to a war-torn world is a factor for which we should all be thankful.

It is at this time that our thoughts are turned to those boys who gave their lives in order "to make the world safe for Democracy". It is then we see the crosses row on row in Flanders fields and can hear the distant rumbling of guns. The horror of war and thought of our loved ones amid the poppies make us reluctant to "to take up our quarrel with the foe!"

The manner of celebration of Armistice Day varies in different countries. In London this anniversary is observed by two minutes' silence in memory of the fallen, together with a special service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. This two minutes' silence is observed generally throughout the British Empire. In the United States, November 11 is a legal holiday in 23 states and is observed in others by the Governor's proclamation. The day is marked by appropriate ceremonies, including parades and campaigns for the relief of war veterans.

For years to come this day will always be significant of peace, and we hope it will be an inspiration and ideal which the world will hold faithfully before all mankind.

Sue Sonnenday spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Kay Abernathy went to Columbia, Mo., for the week-end.

Kay Wagner was entertained by Frances Alexander, former Lindenwood girl at her home in St. Louis.

Margaret MacDonald visited Betty Riley at Columbia, Mo. Betty attended Lindenwood two years.

Rosemary Williams visited in St. Louis with her sister, Marie Williams, a former Lindenwood student.

Maurine Potlitzer spent last week-end with Jane Black in Quincy, Ill.

Pauline Keehner and Helen Crider spent the week-end in Maplewood, Mo. with friends.

Mary Roberts visited Mrs. Carter Kirk, former Lindenwood student, at her home in St. Louis.

## CAMPUS DIARY

By M. M.

Oct. 31.—Such a grand day to not do anything. Several of the opposite sex appeared on the campus, and what classy convertibles. The honorary English society, Sigma Tau Delta, gave a lovely tea in the library club rooms.

Nov. 1.—A certain lull today. Could the fact that grades are out have any significances? Grand day to go for a long walk, and many girls went to town in the afternoon.

Nov. 2.—That man is here again; with his "earning his way through college" salestalk, snitzy convertible, and appealing manner, he does seem to have won over some of the girls. The two plays presented in the Little Theatre were very entertaining and well worth everyone seeing.

Nov. 3.—The sophomores gave a very lovely tea for the seniors, and such luscious refreshments. The seniors are still raving about the grand individual pumpkin pies. In the evening the Student Board was missed at dinner, for they went to a lovely dinner at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg. From all indications they had a wonderful time. All the girls were dressed up for dinner for Senator Bankhead was our honored guest.

Nov. 4.—Wonderful afternoon to leave for a week-end—not even the rain dampened yours truly's soul, for she had a big yearning to see the Washington vs. Oklahoma game tonight.

Nov. 5.—Few dates on campus, but so many left for the week-end, which may account for a few of the usual daters not being here.

Nov. 6.—Many former students and alumnae came to the college this afternoon for the memorial services for Mrs. Roemer. The services were beautiful and expressed the thoughts of all those who were associated with Mrs. Roemer.

Nov. 7.—Rainy Monday, and winter seems just around the corner. Senator Clark and Mr. Cannon, friends of Mr. Motley, were dinner guests in the dining room.

Nov. 8.—Everyone is listening to the election returns, and great interest is shown. May the best man win, regardless of his party affiliations.

Nov. 9.—What three handsome Romeos dashed out from Washington University in a sly convertible to see two misses in Ayres hall?

Nov. 10.—The Fire Prevention talk in chapel was very enlightening, and should prove very beneficial.

Nov. 11.—The fall play was excellent; congratulations to the cast. Several dates enjoyed the play; at least they appeared quite amused.

Nov. 12.—Much credit goes to the juniors for their fine date dance. Johnny Downs really has a smooth orchestra, and weren't the decorations ultra smart. The Washington U. men certainly like our dances, at any rate they were here en masse.

Nov. 13.—Everyone is tired as a result of the big dance, however, many of the dates last night were out here this afternoon. Since the bridge is now open, perhaps they may come more often.

Mami Lou Albertson spent the week-end in St. Louis with friends.

Jane Black went home for the week-end, taking Maurine Potlitzer with her. Jane's home is in Quincy, Illinois.

Ruth Ray and Dot Miller visited Dot's aunts in Pine Lawn, Mo.

Joyce Davis visited at the home of Mrs. Elise P. Moore in St. Louis over the week-end.

## Display of Women In Banking

The display of the week in the reception room of the Dean of Residence is Outstanding Women in the Banking Career. An extensive account of their lives with their pictures can be found in the room.

Of great importance is MINA M. BRUERE, who was born in St. Charles, Mo. Miss Bruere was considered one of the most successful banking women in the east. Her recent death has bereaved many. Miss Bruere was the daughter of Dr. John E. Bruere, who served as a surgeon in the Civil war on the Union Army.

Miss Bruere was president of the National Association of Banking Women, and Head of the Women's Department of the Central Union Trust Co. of New York.

Miss Bruere resided at 10 Mitchell Place in New York City.

Another woman of great importance who is being shown on the display this week is MARY VAIL ANDRESS, Assistant Cashier of the Chase National Bank of New York City. Director of the American Woman's Realty Corporation. Assistant Treasurer of the East Side House. Miss Andress is recognized as one of the leading women in the banking business in the country. She has served with the American Red Cross. Miss Andress organized a unit for relief in the Near East under General William Haskell. She is author of the book "Banking As A Career for Women".

President of the Wheatland State Bank of Wheatland, Wyoming, is Mrs. Josephine M. Brice. Miss Brice succeeded her husband as president after his death, and received her banking experience as her husband's confidant, sharing his problems.

Miss Anne H. Sadler, Assistant Secretary of the Bank of Manhattan Co. of New York City is another successful banking woman is brought to our attention.

A booklet on display this week, entitled "Banking As A Career For Women", also goes to show the importance women of this country play in banking.

MAUDE AZDELL of Vandalia, Mo., is vice-president and cashier of the Vandalia State Bank of Vandalia, Mo. Miss Azdell was born on a farm in Missouri, and graduated from Mexico High School, and from General Business College.

On display is a list containing thirty-two women bankers that are listed in the "American Women", the official Who's Who among the women of the nation, 1937-1938.

Several books that are worth while mentioning are the following: "GIRLS WHO DID", by Ferris and More. This deals with the successful story of Mabel Stewart, who is associated with the Irving Bank and Trust Co.. "MONEY, CREDIT AND BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES", Volumes 1 and 2, by Dr. Dorothy Brown Reipler. "INVESTMENT BANKING AS A CAREER" by Donald B. Watt features the article "The Place of the Coming Woman".

Helen DuHadway spent the week-end at her home in Jerseyville, Ill.

Mary Kern visited Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jones and family of Webster Groves over the week-end.

Laurabell Parkinson spent the week-end visiting her parents at her home in Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Rosanna Veach and Mary Mangold visited at the home of Audrey Jordan in St. Louis over the week-end.

Quite as interesting to readers of the LINDEN BARK as the excellent group of essays by students presented on these pages, will be an announcement regarding things literary received from Dean Gipson. One of the most honored literary traditions at Lindenwood is the annual Christmas story contest. For campus writers, anticipations of the happy season are heightened by the possibility of having a prize to spend. And for all readers of the LINDEN BARK there are the thrills of speculating on the outcome of the contest and of reading the best stories submitted. The contest this year, as always, is open to all students in the College. Stories to be considered should not be much over one thousand words in length and must be brought to Dean Gipson's office before five o'clock on December 5. A cash prize and several honorable mentions will be awarded. Members of the English department will be glad to advise contestants. The winning stories will appear in the next Literary Supplement of the LINDEN BARK.

### A FISH STORY

By Margaret Cannon, '42

I was once the proud owner of two gold fish, which I received at the drugstore as a sort of consolation prize along with a bottle of cough syrup. I really did need consoling because of having to swallow the horrid stuff, but at any rate, they were very faithful pets. When I got them home, I realized that knowing nothing whatever about the ways of fish, I was really not competent in any respect to care for them. Not wanting to neglect them, I consulted the encyclopedia. It informed me that a goldfish was a fresh-water fish, nearly allied to the carp, but lacking in barbels. It also related that it must be kept in water. And that the water should have a temperature of eighty degrees or more. However, this caused me no worry at all, as heat and water came free with the apartment.

The problem of bestowing names was a great one. Dad insisted on Pete and Repete, but I clung stubbornly to my idea that they should have names implying that they were, at least in one way or another, acquainted with some of the "better things". And so, after I had dumped them from the ice cream bucket, I tapped them on the brow with a sawed-off sea shell and christened them Gilbert and Sullivan. For I nourished the fond hopes that the swishing of their tails in the water would be musical.

Though at that time I was a bit dubious, I am now certain that Gilbert and Sullivan were child prodigies. They were very good swimmers when I got them, but soon they became so accomplished that they were able to swim through the castle without side-swiping. I was very proud of them and liked to believe that my drugstore fish were unlike the common ordinary brand of ten-cent store fish, whose beautiful gold fins are often slightly tarnished.

I would never say that I was partial to either of them although I might admit that Sullivan and I had that certain indefinable bond—that lovely thing found in so many friendships. We spent many happy hours amusing each other, while Gilbert, a sleepy sort of chap, continually ignored my offers of food, and lingered, snoozing, in the castle. Although Sullivan and I were the best of pals, occasionally I was tempted to tease him. I am really ashamed of myself, but after all the truth will come out, and I certainly did tease the chubby little fellow. I would place the very tip of my finger on the water, and Sullivan, thinking that it was his favorite form of zwieback, would come up and nibble. Upon discovering the deception, he would blink his eyes, wiggle his fins, and swim contentedly away. It was probably this silly practice of mine that caused them to cease eating out of my hand. But that did not last long, for as Gilbert and Sullivan were very smart fish, they soon realized that a hunk of fish food in the hand was better than two hunks in the buffet drawer.

Personally, I think that goldfish are very satisfactory pets and much prefer them to dogs, which are the usually accepted animals in the household. One advantage is that you always know where your gold-

fish are. And it is really a great comfort to be able to eat your dinner in peace, knowing all the while that your goldfish are not in the closet chewing up your bedroom slippers. Then too, you never have the humiliation of having them follow you to school. As far as I have been able to ascertain, they have only one drawback. They are not good watchdogs.

For a short while, I enjoyed their company to the utmost. But soon my pets began to grow pale around the gills. I worried about it for some time before I finally came to the decision that they were not getting enough exercise. And truthfully, now, how could they—swimming around day in and day out in that tiny bowl?

And so on Christmas Day, as a sort of a present to them, I let them swim around in the tub while I was taking my bath. They were so happy that they wiggled and gurgled with great glee. But alas—they slid down the drain.

This was a dreadful shock. I missed them for days. It pains me deeply to think of Gilbert and Sullivan floating in a dirty sewer. But I do get comfort from thinking of them as very brave, well-behaved little fish swimming happily down the Mississippi River to the sea.

### HOW TO MAKE ONESELF WRITE A THEME

By Lois Adele Brown, '42

One of my most puzzling problems is how to write a theme when I am not inspired. I rely almost wholly upon inspiration in my themes, and when I receive none and my wits fail me, it is almost impossible for me to write anything interesting. This is such a case. The subject of how to make something is a help, for I can write a theme on how to make oneself write a theme.

First, one should go to a picnic or be otherwise occupied the first day after the assignment.

Then it is most necessary to waste one's second day in sleeping or a trip to the city. That means only a single day is left to write, and one simply has to go to the show, and then to vesper service, and after that, to be terribly interested in everyone's boy friends, who wait nervously for their choice under the scheming eyes of several other envious freshmen. Then after a trip to the Tea Room, one returns armed with apples and resolved to do or die.

One sits down and takes pen in hand. Suddenly one stops, remembering that someone has to get her a date for the dance. For some time one's mind dwells upon the disadvantages of blind dates, and then, deciding that one must accept fate, one turns with a sigh to one's task again. Deep thought ensues. Interruption! Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers. Another half hour wasted. Again one attempts to write. Gathering one's wandering thoughts one puzzles over a title. After the title is chosen the rest is easy. At the end of a disoriented and quite pointless theme, one retires, resolving never to let it happen again.

### MY CHIEF BUGABOO

By Harriet Heck, '42

Everyone, if we are to believe the

modern psychologists, has a pet phobia. Much has been written recently about these "unreasonable fears", but I don't recall having read anything concerning the phobia that to me is worse than any of the others. Ever since I was a little girl I have lived in deadly fear of the dentist. I have been told time and time again that such a fear is foolish and unreasonable. I agree, yet try as I may, I cannot overcome it.

The memory of my first visit to the dentist remains very vivid in my mind. I was only eight years old, but I was impressed very deeply and the impression has stayed with me. I had had a severe toothache for about three days before I told my parents of it. Having heard of the dentist, I was not anxious to visit him. Naturally, the longer I waited the more apprehensive I became, to say nothing of the pain I endured. Finally, I confessed to my mother that I had a "slight" toothache, and remarked with a nonchalance I far from felt that perhaps I might go to the dentist. I insisted, however, on making the expedition alone, for I considered myself much too old to be accompanied by my mother.

The distance from my house to the dentist's office seemed the shortest I had ever gone. I walked as slowly as possible; I looked in all the shop windows, and conversed with everyone along the way who would talk to me. I even stopped for a while to play hopscotch with some friends. Inevitably, however, I came to the building where the office of my dentist was located. I must have lingered for five or ten minutes in the doorway, and then very slowly and reluctantly trudged up the stairs and into Dr. Baxter's office.

I do not think I would have liked Dr. Baxter even if he had been a good dentist. He was a middle-aged man of the Casper Milquetoast type, with a very patronizing manner toward children, which I naturally resented. He also had a reassuring air which I considered to be deliberately hypocritical, as he was undoubtedly the roughest dentist I have ever known.

My tooth proved to be a particularly bad one, which was unfortunate for my first experience. While I am now ashamed of the way I acted, at the time I felt perfectly justified. After Dr. Baxter's first attempt to drill my tooth, I simply shut my mouth and refused to open it. Try as he might, he could not move me; I remained firm. Finally, in desperation, he called my mother to come down to his office. This made me even more furious. I was terribly mortified when Mother walked in and found Dr. Baxter and me in a deadlock, so to speak. She, however, knew more about human nature than he could ever learn. After a short talk with her, I agreed that I had been acting very childishly, and during the remainder of the operation, acted as I should have in the beginning.

Dr. Baxter will probably never know the important role he played in my early life; he will undoubtedly go blithely on his patronizing, hypocritical way, never dreaming that he was the beginning of my anti-dentist obsession.

### PYRAMID OF THE OZARKS

By Doris Larimore, '42

Far back in the Ozarks, several miles from my home, is a peculiar structure which we call "Harvey's Pyramid". Strange looking, almost weird, it is not only an object of interest to tourists and strangers, but perpetually fascinating to those of us who live near it. However, few of the many people who have seen it realize the story behind its construction.

"Coin" Harvey was a prominent and influential politician in the days of William Jennings Bryan, and it was from his support of the "free silver" campaign that he was given the nickname "Coin". But later he had slipped into obscurity, and at the time of his death was virtually unknown.

Like many scientists and philosophers, "Coin" Harvey feared that one day this civilization of ours might be destroyed, as civilizations have in the past, and he dreamed of building a vast structure that would stand through the ages as a testimony of our culture and power for oncoming nations to see. So, with the great fortune he had accumulated, he determined to start the construction of the pyramid.

In the center of a natural bowl formed by the hills, an unusually large spring rises and flows off through a lane of huge trees. On this spot Harvey built a tiered, horse-shoe-shaped structure of concrete, not unlike a modern football stadium. The spring flows from under the concrete, out the open end of the horseshoe, and down the long avenue of trees. The white of the concrete against the green trees and the wide, clear, stream makes a picture not easily forgotten. This was to be the base of the pyramid. In vaults built in the concrete he would seal records and pictures of our civilization for future generations to find, and then raise a gigantic shaft over the base.

That was "Coin" Harvey's dream, but, like many other dreams, it was exploded by the depression of 1929. The great shaft was never built and only the base is complete. "Coin" Harvey spent the remaining years of his life in a futile effort to obtain money. Then in 1935, broken in health and spirit, the old man died and left behind him the incomplete pyramid.

And, ironically, the structure that was to stand for centuries to come as a beacon of knowledge and culture scarcely has outlived its builder. For the concrete base is already crumbling, and in a few more years Harvey's pyramid will pass from existence.

### A FAMOUS PERSONAGE

By Betty Hartness, '42

Being only fourteen, I felt very shy that afternoon in the naval attache's home in Berlin. The house was congested with people of all nationalities; a cocktail party was being given in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. I was with the attache's daughter, who was not much older than I, and we were both tremendously eager to meet the famous "Lindy". He had been the subject of our conversation during the entire day. We searched out three more of our friends and the five of us wandered nervously through the crowd. For lack of

something better to do, we drank tomato juice and munched peculiar concoctions consisting mainly of crackers, caviar, and olives. We even tried the radio, but amidst the noise and confusion, the results were not satisfactory, and about an hour after the party had begun, we began to fear that he might not come after all.

However, at last he arrived. Of course we children, as we were so degradingly called, could not meet him until the mob around him had subsided. It was then that we felt the humility of being mere adolescents. Should we not have as many rights as any adult? We grew more impatient as each minute passed. Our eyes burned from trying to see our idol through the smoke-hazed room. Finally came the opportunity. Led up to him like so many infants, which hurt our pride no end, we were formally introduced. Mrs. Lindbergh was very tiny beside her tall husband and seemed very fragile. I could scarcely hear her whispered "How do you do?" Colonel Lindbergh seemed very ill at ease among all those people and reminded me strangely of a small boy. We were unceremoniously pushed into the background, but we didn't mind, as we could still watch him with perfect ease. It was then that I noticed an incident which made Lindbergh seem like a real person to me, not just a famous figure idolized by a mob. He had eaten an olive, and standing in the middle of the room, did not know what to do with the seed. Looking about him uncomfortably, he finally in confusion put the seed into his pocket. It is the memory of that human side of Lindbergh which has remained with me.

### BREAKING THE ICE

By Betty Rowe, '42

The girl I envy is she whose ability to talk in a new situation never fails her. The girl who gossips easily with the person who does her hair, who exchanges little jokes with waiters, and the one who can think of something to tell the elevator man besides the weather report.

My lack of conversational ability is not due to feeling superior to hairdressers, waiters, or elevator men. It is due merely to the fact that I am more or less in awe of them, and the problem of what to say to them is one I have never been able to solve. If once the conventional ice were broken I might be able to get along nicely. However, I can hardly guess what topics would interest them. One really can't start off by asking the elevator man what he thinks of the present administration or a colored waiter if he enjoys serving shrimp. I never know what to say, so I don't, and the result is often quite awkward.

Until two weeks ago I had never been in a situation where I had found it necessary to put myself out to people. Coming to college has proved to me that something more than the conventional "how do you do" is necessary. The first night at dinner I was in a paralysis of fright for fear I would be classed as someone very dull. I glanced at the girl on my right and considered asking her how she liked the school. However, one glance at her convinced me that she didn't enjoy anything. "I am homes'ck" was sticking out all over her. I managed to struggle through the meal by trying to answer the questions of the older girls in as intelligent a manner as was possible at the time.

I don't know if others experience the same difficulties with opening

remarks. Probably not. I never know whether to consult a psychologist or Emily Post. Perhaps the best course is to remain silent and pass as eccentric.

### AN EVENT THAT LIVED

By Ruth Esther Willett, '42

Anyone who is familiar with American history is probably familiar also with the opening of the Cherokee Strip and the settlement of Oklahoma. Probably, while studying that chapter in history, which was vivid, though small, one had a vision of rolling plains, covered wagons, stalwart warriors, and the pounding of horses' hoofs as determined and courageous settlers thundered across the boundary line into a land new and untried, terrifying yet filled with great possibilities. That was in years gone by, but it still remains dear to the hearts and memories of many Oklahomans.

The most vivid and celebrated day of the year in my home town is the sixteenth of September. Toward this day we plan for weeks ahead of time and look with great anticipation, for it is on this date that we celebrate in Perry, which is the heart of the Cherokee Strip, the opening of that territory. The governor and all other state notables are sent invitations far ahead of time to attend the celebration, and every year we have been honored with the presence of many interesting personages.

The morning of the sixteenth the crowd, which is made up of townspeople, farmers, and people from the surrounding towns for miles around, begins to gather very early. Many of them are dressed in cowboy regalia, complete with hat, breeches, and horse, all adding zest and pictorial quality to the atmosphere. At eleven o'clock the parade begins—the parade has always been a grand spectacle—cowboys in their ten-gallon hats and satin shirts; Indians from surrounding reservations dressed in ceremonial costume; the old settlers of the country, riding in rickety wagons that have survived through the years; and the many bands from high schools all over the state blasting way in all their glory.

The afternoon is always a mad mass of milling people, seeking entertainment on the streets and in the eating places, listening to speakers in the town square, or taking in the filth and merrymaking of the hot and dusty carnival.

At last when dusk creeps across the sky and the burning sun seems about extinguished, the Indians gather in the street for their vibrant and colorful dances. The young warriors take part in the dance, wearing their ancestral feathers, tressed jewelry, and exotic war paint. Music is furnished by the older chieftians, who pound steadily on the tom-toms to produce a weird and mysterious sound. Old squaws in their braided hair and gorgeous blankets stand along the side lines with stolid faces, although they are beaming proudly within. The day comes to a climax in the night performance of the rodeo, which is put on in the fair grounds by professional performers who help to make it all very spectacular and fascinating.

When at last the day is over and the tired and dusty throngs turn homeward, the significance of the celebration is more fully realized. At this moment, when the night seems to encompass all protectingly, many hearts are at peace; and the thought of things accomplished since that day years ago, the memory of which has been carried down

through the years, mingles with the sound of the carnival music in the distance.

### CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Deloris Davis, '42

Although I was very young at the time, probably four or five years of age, Maggie Welch still remains as vividly in my mind as if I had seen her only yesterday. She wore a long black dress with a black cloak that almost touched the ground, and over her head draped a black scarf. She walked with a slight shuffle but was very spry in getting around. She could be seen at almost any time of day, walking around picking up wood chips and putting them into a basket that she carried with her wherever she went.

Now Maggie Welch was no poor penniless woman. She lived in a large brick home a few blocks from our school. It may have been the fact that she had lived alone all those years that caused her to act in this queer fashion. Many of the children at school used to tease her, and in return she would chase them a few blocks. I doubt if she would have ever touched them if she had caught them.

I remember one incident in particular in which I was involved. My brother and I were playing in the sand pile and had our dog Spotty with us. As Maggie was passing by she stopped and exclaimed, "My, what a nice dog! But I think its tail is too long. You should have the dog chloroformed and cut its tail off."

We were horrified! All we could do was to stand there in stunned silence. To think that anyone would say such a thing about our precious pet!

This poor old woman met death in a peculiar, or rather a pitiful way. She was out raking her lawn when some children came by and stopped a moment to tease her. And as they did this, she had a heart attack and died in the same afternoon.

### MY INDIVIDUALITY

By Louise Olson, '42

In the world of conformity in which we live, and which condemns those who diverge from its customs, it is almost impossible to stay within the bonds of convention, and still keep one's separate identity. It is still more difficult to capture a distinction which can be dimmed only by time.

Nevertheless, in the midst of all this, I have found my one point of difference from those around me. My hair is combed like that of my contemporaries; my skirts are of the "proper" length; I read practically the same books as most of my friends. Still, in one particular I am completely different from all others. Circumstance, elaborate circumstance, has made me what I am.

My home is in the Ozarks, near the quickly developed and as quickly abandoned "Hollywood of the Hills". This is in reality the district around Pineville, Missouri, and its neighbor, Noel. Some weeks ago, a large company of movie people descended upon this region and made it over to represent the Ozarks of the noted James family, with its illustrious member, Jesse. Overnight the natives of the surrounding country became ardently interested in—not Jesse James, certainly, but his youthful counterpart, Tyrone Power.

A large group of "name" stars were also in the cast, but to the movie-struck populace, the picture colony consisted mostly of the actor

in the title role, the autograph-hunter's delight, Tyrone Power. For days, the chief topic of conversation within a fifty-mile radius, speaking conservatively, was the actor. The front pages of hundreds of newspapers were filled with accounts of his every move and word. Caravans of cars poured into the Pineville district, carrying so many people that production was often held up by the enthusiasm of the spectators. Through all this, a view of the "bandit" was the goal of every sight-seer. Upon his appearance at the local resort, his admirers broke all attendance records at the Saturday night dance. Never in the history of the district had the tourist trade been so heavy.

Surrounding towns were almost deserted, and when each inhabitant returned, he had some tale to tell about young Jesse. He had become apart of the lives of thousands upon thousands of people.

And from this seemingly unrelated story, I draw the point which, I believe, makes me unique: I have never seen Tyrone Power!

### COMPREHENSION

By Mary Doolittle, '42

"Get me some string, Mary. I need it to fix this wheel!" While trotting to the house to carry out the command of my brother, I wondered why it was I who had to go after the desired bit of string. Why couldn't I fix the wheel? Surely that was more fascinating work than complying with the orders which John so lightly gave. Were some people born to be the slaves of other persons? If so, why was I so unfortunate as to be born the slave of my tyrannical brother?

He seemed to be no smarter than I. I could fix wheels, too, if he would only let me. I had mended my doll when she tore her side and lost some of her sawdust. That was a much harder task, it seemed to my six-year-old reasoning, than fixing a wagon. A doll was a fragile thing. Her face had to be covered during the operation or she would become frightened. Her sawdust had to be poured back inside her and packed very firmly. The tiny stitches required to hold the tear together were very hard to fashion. John would have made an awkward mess of so delicate an undertaking.

Convinced that I was equal—if not superior, to my beloved brother, I dutifully carried the string to him. Then wishing to be alone, I went out past the garage to the grape arbor.

Despite John's calls and frequent orders, I remained in the cooling shade long enough to realize that "two heads are better than one." I ran to find Mother, and after looking through the house, found her in the garden trimming the roses. I poured out my story to her experienced ears and waited impatiently for the sympathy I was sure to get. Mother merely smiled when I had finished.

"Why, Mary, haven't you learned yet in playing with John that you have to give in to him? Boys are stuck-up and like to think that they know more than girls. When John gets too bossy, just remember that you are big enough to understand him."

As comprehension cleared my troubled mind, I heard John cry, "Mary, I need the hammer. Go and get it. It's in the garage!" I looked at Mother inquiringly. She winked to me, and as I flew down the path to the garage, I yelled, "O. K., John, just a minute!"

## SPORTS

Tau Sigma, the dance sorority, has pledged 17 new members. They are as follows: Janet Stebin, Catherine League, Norma Cherney, Elizabeth Meyer, Mary Catherine Farr, Sallie Beaver, Margaret Sandoe, Jane Gibbons, Margaret Duff, Marilyn Riggs, Jo Ann Dodsworth, Barbara Jean Clark, Marjorie Jane Walker, Charlotte Cheng, Hyacinth Young, Laura Nell Harris and Jean Clark.

Tau Sigma will give a reception tea for Carola Gitana, the Spanish dancer, who will dance here tonight. She is the first artist in the St. Charles Cooperative group. The girls who will be entertained at the tea are the Lindenwood students who attend the recital and Dr. Terhune, Shirley Spalding and Raquel Canino. The chairman of the tea is Mary Jean Lauvetz.

The Athletic Association initiated its new members. They are Annette Avgerinos, Charolyn Baker, Jeanne Benecke, Jean Bishop, Phillis Carpenter, Jean Clark, Ruth Dayton, Shirley Kepler, Catherine Lague, Joanne Leach, Marjorie Norton, Eileen Stegel, Zoe Whitmore, Harriette Wilson, Harriett Dalton, Peggy Dodge, Mary Catherine Farr, Betty Forsyth, Harriet Heck, Alice Reid, Charlotte Cheng, Barbara Jean Clark, Jean Miller, Winifred Vrooman, and Phyllis Whitaker.

The Athletic Association is planning a hill-billy dance with hill-billy orchestra and square dances. Also there has been planned for the members a skating at the Winter Garden in St. Louis.

### Hawaiian Girls

Hyacinth Young and Charlotte Cheng, the two students who come from Hawaii gave four dances at the Founders' day dance recital. Of these, all but "In a Canoe" were traditional dances. The girls said that the movements of the hands and arms were used to express the meaning of the dance.

When asked about their opinions of the United States they said that the cities were larger and noisier than they had expected. The people were not in their opinion quite so polite as they were in Honolulu and every one seemed in a hurry to get somewhere else.

### Lovely Silver Tea-Tray

Everyone at Lindenwood is enjoying the silver tray which was given by the Alumnae association on Founders' Day. It was presented by Mrs. Frederick DuHadway, the president of the alumnae association. It is engraved, Presented to Lindenwood by the alumnae association in honor of the Roemer Silver Jubilee.

### Art Class Officers Elected

The art class, under the direction of Dr. Linnemann, has elected officers for the present year. The girls holding office are: president, Jane Knudsen; vice-president, Frances Brandenburg; secretary, Margie Kiskadden; treasurer, Ruth Willett.

Rosemary Williams spent the weekend in Evanston, Ill., where she visited Conchita Sutton, formerly of Lindenwood College.

Jean McFarland spent the weekend in St. Louis with Sue Sonnen-day.

## Lindenwood Orchestra Organized

The Lindenwood orchestra under the direction of Miss Isidor is working at present on a concert it plans to give the last of January. The members this year are: Mary Catherine Booth, Betty Lou Brown, Helen Crider, Marjorie Collins, Harriet Clearman, Marjorie Ecker, Janet Evans, Suzanne Eby, Alice Fathauer, Frances Locke, Margaret Isbell, Mildred Jumet, John Lambers, Ruth Hoeck, Winifred McQueen, Margaret Anne McCoid, Mary Helen St. Clair, Jo Shuffield, Rosamund Stephenson, Maude Jacoby, and Mary Nelle McSpadden.

The officers are: Margaret Anne McCoid, president; Ruth Hoeck, secretary and treasurer; and Winifred McQueen, librarian.

In the group are nine violins, three flutes, three cellos, two cornets, an oboe, a clarinet, and a viola.

### Study The Weather!

Weather, although it may seem impossible to some, can be a most interesting subject to study. To know what the weather will be each succeeding day is always an advantage, although it is more advantageous to Lindenwood girls over the week-end.

In order for Lindenwood girls to be well informed as to the weather conditions—and of course what they should wear, Mr. Ordelle has been placing on the second bulletin board outside of the post office a weather map predicting the conditions for each day. This daily weather map is put out by the U. S. department of Agriculture Weather Bureau and consists of this map which indicates the temperatures throughout the country and the wind-barometer indications. It also gives the weather predictions for St. Louis and vicinity, for Missouri and for Illinois. Another feature of this map, which is most interesting, is the river forecasts for the Illinois, Missouri and Mississippi rivers. There are also river stages and precipitations given for the various stations throughout the country.

This is truly an interesting map to study and it does not hurt to be well informed. Who knows it might even please the boy friend to see that you "are up on your toes". Do you know the weather predictions for tomorrow?

### Violin-Piano Recital By Music Faculty

Monday evening, October 31, the faculty held a recital in Roemer auditorium.

Miss Janet Coulson, new piano instructor at Lindenwood, played "Etudes en forme de Variations" by Schumann; "Prelude G Sharp Minor" by Rachmaninoff; the intriguing piece, "Le Chat et la Souris" by Copland; and "Sevillana" by Infante. Miss Coulson is extremely talented.

Miss Gertrude Isidor played some very complicated violin selections. They were "Vidui" (Contrition) by Bloch; "Concerto, D Minor" by Sibelius; "Chant de Roxane" by Szymanowski-Kochanski; and "Tzigane" by Ravel. Miss Isidor's playing is always enjoyed.

(Continued from Page 1)

sents as cosmopolitan a group as any women's college anywhere. He mentioned that Lindenwood constitutes a cross-section of intelligence, virtue and culture, and that the students are citizens of "the greatest government ever created for free

people." As college women he feels that they have the chance to explore their own way by the printed page of literature, art and science.

Speaker Bankhead spoke of his daughter Tallulah, the stage and screen actress, who was in St. Louis recently. He said he appreciated the girls going in to see her, just as any father would be proud to know his daughter is successful. He said that he once had the same yen for the stage as his daughter, so evidently it runs in the family. Speaker Bankhead then gave the poem "Jim Bledsoe", with so much talent, good inflection and facial expression that one could not help thinking that Tallulah gained some of her talent from him.

Speaker Bankhead was joyously received by the girls and his smooth voice, fine carriage and fine speech held the audience as he must hold the attention of the House of Representatives in order to gain such an important position in the United States government.

### Freshmen Elect Officers

For several days now campaigning has been going on in all the halls. Refrains of "If I am elected I will do all in my power" have been heard among various freshman groups. Freshmen went to the polls Wednesday, Nov. 9 to cast their vote for class officers. The returns were as follows: Mary Alice Hudson, president; Grace Quebbeman, vice-president; Betty Jeanne Clark, secretary; and Peggy Barret, treasurer.

(Continued from page 1)

the girls of future times.

The first tribute to be given was by Dr. Linnemann who represented the faculty. She spoke of Mrs. Roemer's dauntless courage and her power for good throughout her life. She was a strong upholder of high ideals. Although she left remembrances of little things as love and sacrifice, these ideals will be the things that will penetrate into the future.

Mrs. Frank Shelton, who was Helen Millsap when she attended Lindenwood, spoke for the alumnae. She said that Mother Roemer was always more than just a school mother to all her girls. Her home and office was open at all times to the students to hear the problems of each one and to advise them in her motherly way. She raised high ideals which she expected the girls to follow and now as then, Mrs. Shelton ended, "may every girl justify her hopes".

Virginia Carter represented the present-day students and said that the girls of today remembered Mother Roemer for her high standards of womanhood and as a leader of women. She ended by saying, "we knew and loved her last".

At the time of Mrs. Roemer's death so many beautiful letters of appreciation came to Dr. Roemer. Miss Hankins read some of these letters that represented the various classes. The first was from Mrs. Nellie Hardy of the class of 1876; another was from Mrs. Cora Donlin Hubbard of the class of 1884. This was followed by one from Mrs. Dorothy McClusky Koenig of 1916. The others were: Mrs. Katherine McComb Lennox of 1919, Mrs. Louise Childs Jones of 1918-23, Miss Cornelia Achelpohl of 1917-20, Mrs. Margaret Summerville Whitten, 1914-17, Mrs. Dorothy Holcomb Wright of 1934, Miss Dorothy Wallace of 1930-32, Miss Dorothy Lafayette of 1934-35. The last class represented was Miss Sue Smith from the class of 1938.

For 30 years Mrs. Roemer was a faithful member of the Tyler Place Thimble club of Dr. Roemer's

## WHO'S WHO

Always bright and cheery is this little lass  
Pert nose, freckled face, in the sophomore class.  
Hails from Texas, dwells in Sibley Hall  
Favorite expression is "Come on, you all."

Poise and personality, she has all  
This charming freshman, from Irwin Hall  
Maid of honor, to the lovely queen  
Certainly you must know, just who we mean.

Versatility unlimited, she amuses everyone,  
A senior from Eastlick, and so much fun.  
A major in French, and she can "parlez",  
Comes from the metropolis, Sioux City, Iowa.

Unbobbed hair, a name like a queen,  
Excels in poetry, which you've all seen.  
Just mention "hamburgers", then watch her face,  
From the junior class, comes from Sibley place.

church in St. Louis. Mrs. Paul Miller spoke for this club in her friendship tribute to Mrs. Roemer. Mrs. Miller said that she was always a loyal member and was well known for her lovely needle work. In their close association with her they loved and admired her for her broad-minded views, happy disposition and fine Christian character. At this time the choir sang an inspiring anthem, "Lift Thine Eyes" by Mendelssohn.

The memorial address was given by Dr. David M. Skilling, vice-president of the Board of Directors. He began by saying that the varied congregation signified the many and different relationships Mrs. Roemer had with them. In homes all over the country hearts were turning then to the service for such had been her wide influence. Her life had been rich in efficiency and success and she enriched the college with her elements of character. Above all things Mrs. Roemer was known for her faithfulness, Dr. Skilling said. She was faithful in all things that she believed to be her duty. She held faith with her church work, always helping Dr. Roemer when he was pastor of the Tyler Place Presbyterian church in St. Louis, and of other churches before that. After coming to Lindenwood she was faithful at all times to her administrative work for she studied the needs of the students, quick to commend worthy girls and just as quick to help fortify those that were tempted. "Faithful unto Death." Dr. Skilling stated that the spirit of friendliness was recognized everywhere as a dominating spirit at Lindenwood. Mrs. Roemer's gracious manner was responsible for this standard. Her knowledge of the value of a strong faith in a Living God and the application of it to her life was only another outstanding quality of this remarkable woman. All these qualities culminated in her great love and devotion to the college, and her hope for its future. Dr. Skilling ended his address by quoting some fitting poetry.

Miss Walker sang the inspiring solo, "Forever With the Lord" by Gounod after which the benediction was given by Dr. Skilling.

Peggy Hocker and Ruth Ashton spent last week-end visiting their parents in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

**Sidelights of Society**

**Student Board Entertained**

Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg entertained the Student Board and Mary Belden and Maurine Potlitzer at dinner on Thursday evening, November 3. The girls thoroughly enjoyed the visit to the lovely country home of the Stumbergs and from all indications the board really had a grand time. Following the delicious roast duck dinner, the girls played games.

**Sophomore Tea Given For Seniors**

The sophomores gave a tea for the seniors Thursday, November 3 from 4 to 6 o'clock.

They served individual pumpkin pies, mints, tea and coffee and nuts. Dean Gipson, Miss Gordon, Miss Cook, and Jean McFarland poured. The silver tray given by the alumnae in honor of the Roemer silver jubilee was used for the first time.

Music was provided by a string trio composed of Sara Phillips; Catherine Booth, and Janet Evans.

The senior class will give a formal dinner dance for the entire school Friday, November 18, at 6 o'clock in Ayres Hall.

Sue Smith, former house president of Irwin returned for Founders' Day.

Miss Anderson was hostess at a fried chicken dinner which she gave Wednesday, November 2, at Eastlick. The dinner was in honor of the past and coming birthdays of Helen Bandy, Rosemary Williams, and Helen DuHadway. The guests were the residents of the hall.

Doris Larrimore's parents visited her.

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"Saint In New York"

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"ARMY GIRL"

with Madge Evans and Preston Foster

SATURDAY, Nov. 19th.

"Always In Trouble"

with Jane Withers and

"PRISON BREAK"

with Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane

SUN.—MON. Nov. 20-21

"Arkansas Traveler"

with Bob Burns,

Jean Parker and

Fay Bainter

PLUS

News, Travelogue, Cartoon

TUESDAY, November 22

"Sons of The Legion"

WEDNESDAY, November 23

"Meet The Girls"

THURSDAY, November 24

Continuous from 2:30 p.m.

"Straight, Place And Show"

with the RITZ BROS.

FRIDAY, November 25

"Hold That Coed"

SATURDAY, November 26

"King Kong" and

Penrod's Double Trouble"

SUN.-MON. Nov. 27-28

"Too Hot To Handle"

MATINEE DAILY at 2:30



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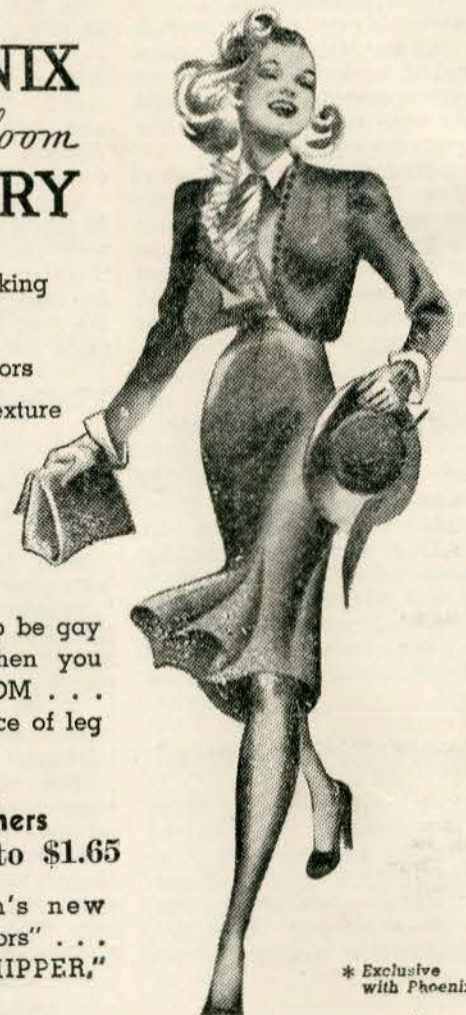
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