

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 7.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January, 18, 1938.

\$1.00 A Year

## From the Office of the Dean

The advisees are seeing their advisers this week and the dean is very anxious that all schedules, if possible, be completed by Tuesday, January 18.

Final examinations begin on the 24th, and last throughout the week. The new semester will then begin January 31.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, January 18:

5 p.m., Music Students' Recital.  
6:30 p.m., Poetry Society.

### Wednesday, January 19:

5 p.m., Studio Recital, Pupils of Dean Thomas.  
6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.  
7:30 p.m., Concert by Lindenwood Orchestra.

### Thursday, January 20:

5 p.m., second Studio Recital, Pupils of Dean Thomas.

### Sunday, January 23:

6:30 p.m., Vespers, Rev. Champ Ellis.

### Monday, January 24:

Examinations begin.

### Monday, January 31:

Spring Semester opens.

## Travels in Ten Countries

At the Y. W. C. A. meeting at 6:45 o'clock Wednesday, January 6, in the Y. W. parlor in Sibley Hall, Martha Roberts introduced Miss Stookey, who gave an interesting talk on her trip to Europe. Miss Stookey has traveled in Europe for two summers, each time taking with her those girls interested in traveling.

She visited ten countries during her summer, and remembers Zagrab so well, for it was there she found the people exceptionally friendly. She visited the peasant villages around Zagrab and Boldog, Austria, and in Berb she attended a peasant wedding.

In referring to her travels, she showed several photographs, pictures, and other articles, which she bought while she was visiting in these countries. She had on display several articles such as perfume, jewelry, scarfs, purses, sweaters, and caps.

Miss Stookey and her party of girls sailed on the "Statendam", and were gone sixty eight days in all.

## Honors to Story-Writer

Mrs. E. H. Plowhead, sister of Dr. Gipson, has recently had a new book chosen for adoption by the Junior Literary Guild. The book is entitled "Josie and Joe" and deals with the story of a little girl and her brother and their work in a 4-H club. Mrs. Plowhead is well known in the world of juvenile literature.

## Dead Men's Port

One of the most interesting departments in school is that devoted to the lost and found. Mrs. Kelly, housemother of Ayres, is in charge of this department. It is amusing to note the number and kind of articles which are lost as well as found. Last night, while we were in Mrs. Kelly's room, we looked at the various articles which she had. Among the largest number of lost articles, ever-sharps and fountain pens rate perhaps the highest. There were all makes and descriptions of these articles. A lovely grey, white, and red mottled one caught the eye. Mrs. Kelly explained that this certain pen had been in her possession for many weeks. Other pens in her room had been there since early fall. Among them were solid blacks with gold or silver bands, highly colored pens of different colors such as: green, blue, red, yellow, and shades of brown.

Among the jewelry found was a lovely white gold ring with a beautiful set in it. Beads are often brought in. And bracelets—such lovely ones too! At present she has a lovely orange and white beaded bracelet. A gold clip which looks very old, almost like an antique. Various pins—including fraternity pins (often jeweled), initial pins, and other lovely ones. A. P. E. O. clip, and a rhinestone evening bag were also among the collection.

Eye-glasses are often found and one would be surprised how long girls waited before coming over to get them. Coin purses and post office keys are other interesting articles found. And the girls never seem to come and claim them. The coin purse usually contains a little change; one purse last night had 75 cents in it. Even 75 cents will go quite a way, you know.

As for wearing apparel, there is no end to the articles which are brought in. Several beautiful scarfs, large silk or wool ones, with beautiful designs on them. A particularly beautiful one was blue with a red band around the edge. In the blue center were riding crops and men on horse-back hurdling. As for handkerchiefs and books, there is no end to the size, shape, and color of them. There is one lovely pair of brown suede gloves in the department, and many, many other kinds of gloves and mittens—these usually come singly however. Then, too, there is always a large number of coats, hats and caps, sweaters and suede jackets. On the bulletin board this morning a note reads: "Lost, across from Miss Stookey's office—a dark blue coin purse containing a black and silver compact with a silver crest and a black and silver lipstick." Also a white Indian coat was missing. In the college post office there are signs telling about a brown Parker pen which has been found.

Girls, what is the matter with you? Don't you know how to take care of your possessions, or don't you care? It seems impossible that so many lovely articles would be neglected and no one would claim them.

## Club Discusses Japan

The International Relations Club met Monday afternoon, January 10, at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms. The meeting was devoted to a discussion of the problem of boycotting Japan by wearing lisle hose on the campus and what effect such action at Lindenwood would have on Japan. A special report given by Frances Bradley was followed by an informal discussion. The group decided Lindenwood could do nothing alone, nor could any one school or college; the practice should be organized by the government before Japan's sales would be lessened in any way.

## New Courses of Study

The catalogue for the school year 1938-39 will be off the press on February 1. There are a number of new courses being offered for the coming year, of which a complete description will be given in the publication. In the biological department, amateur floriculture or plant care has been added. It is a course designed for greater use of the greenhouse, and will be open to all students, giving 2 hours credit each semester. The philosophy department will offer a course in aesthetics, or the philosophy of beauty. It will be open to sophomores, juniors and seniors with 3 hours credit. In the art department, a course in commercial and industrial design for 2 hours credit will be open to freshmen with introduction to art as a prerequisite. Also advanced commercial and industrial design which gives 3 hours credit each semester and is a year course will be open to sophomores, juniors and seniors. Two year courses will be offered in the following divisions: public school art, costume design, interior decoration, and commercial and industrial art.

## Musicians' Christmas Party

The Mu Phi Epsilon sorority entertained its patrons and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Gauss, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Friess, at a Christmas party and dinner at the home of Mrs. Mildred Clarke Denning, president, at 6:30 o'clock Monday evening, January 3.

A three course dinner was served, consisting of grape fruit cocktail, beef loaf with mushrooms, French fried potatoes, new peas in patty shells, Waldorf salad, hot rolls, radishes, olives, nuts, devil's food cake, ice cream and coffee.

After dinner humorous Christmas gifts were presented to the guests, who entertained by giving a pantomime suggestive of all the months of the year.

Miss Virginia Buff, former student and now affiliated with the Mu Phi Chapter of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, was also a guest.

## Successful Journalist In Practical Address

Former Chicago Tribune Staff Member.

Mrs. Ruth DeYoung Kohler of Kohler, Wis., was the guest speaker of the college, Thursday morning, January 9, at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Kohler was formerly the woman's editor of the Chicago Tribune. Her speech was appropriately entitled "Ladies of the Press" and concerned women in journalism.

Journalism of yesterday, Mrs. Kohler told the audience, was not a work for women until individuals like Sally Joy, Mabel Croft, Nelly Bly, and Dorothy Dix made it a field for not only men but ladies.

"To-day, there are 12,000 women in journalism; various fields to be sure, including reporters, editors, feature writers, advertisers, and many others," said the speaker.

Mrs. Kohler said, "Stanley Walker says 'ladies of the press are still in the twilight zone. Many of them are slovenly, impolite, and very poor at writing.' Perhaps he is right but there are dish rags and there are queens. More and more women of today are writing news—news of a general character, court trials, murder stories, and stories of royalty. They are writing a woman's viewpoint with a man's penpoint."

Mrs. Kohler feels that schools of journalism are assets in obtaining certain fundamentals; however, she also said, "I would never sacrifice general education for a specialized course in journalism; it is too far reaching to take a specialized course."

The speaker mentioned many of her more exciting and interesting experiences that she had while she was on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, mentioning briefly the Hindenburg disaster, and political stories of the presidential re-election of Roosevelt in 1936.

As pointers for all aspiring journalists Mrs. Kohler told the girls to get every experience that was offered and not to become discouraged.

"Get it out of your head," she warned, "that you know it all. If you think you are too well versed you will soon find out just how little you know. We have countless opportunities in this free country where the government does not control papers and we should make the most of them. I sincerely hope that you all will be the Dorothy Thompsons of the future."

## Lindenwood Landmark Preserved

The old and very picturesque house of the George McElhiney's, which is probably one of the first houses built in St. Charles, and which has been the scene of many gay entertainments for Lindenwood girls, was going to be sold by the

(Continued on Page 2)

# 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  
Avis Saunders, '40

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
Mary Louise Mills, '38

EDITORIAL STAFF  
Dorothy Ringer, '40  
Betty Barney, '40  
Mary Kern, '40  
Dorothy Lawhon, '39  
Marajane Francis, '39  
Marion Daudt, '40

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1938.

## The Linden Bark:

Only a newspaper! Quick read, quick lost,  
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?  
Torn, trampled underfoot, who counts the cost,  
Star-eyed intelligence?

..... Mary Clemmer

## Follow The President's Example In Your Birthdays

January 30 marks the occasion of President Roosevelt's birthday. It is rather touching that he has expressed the wish to have his birthday celebrated in a manner which will benefit the sufferers from infantile paralysis. For the last few years the "President's Ball" has been an annual affair in many of our cities, with part of the proceeds from the celebrations going to Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia. The President has set a very noble example to the nation in this charitable drive, and the public has always responded in an enthusiastic manner.

But how many people will follow his example on their own anniversaries? Some persons seem to make a practice of piling up presents, while others seem entirely to ignore the day in order to keep their age a secret. For children, a birthday means a party with gifts and sweets. For many young people, it is the time to get new clothes; for elderly people it is the time for old friends to get together to reminisce. Others follow a socialized plan and try to make others happy. But with this variety of observation, President Roosevelt stands out as having a highly worthwhile birthday.

## January Is the Month of Mrs. Sibley

May we tell you a story? It is about a woman whose father was Federal Judge Rufus Easton. We mention him because at one time his assignment was to uncover the deeds of Aaron Burr, a famous man in history about whom we have all heard. Judge Easton later became the first post-master in St. Louis. We come now to his daughter, Mary, who was born on January 1, 1800. Mary Easton and Major George C. Sibley were married and came to St. Charles where they founded Lindenwood, the first college for girls to be established west of the Mississippi, in 1827. They gave their personal estate to the school and worked toward its success. Mrs. Sibley was a very strong character and believed in woman's suffrage even in that early day. She started a Sunday School class in St. Charles and taught the Indians who came to her home for guidance.

Now comes our part in the history. The Lindenwood of today has founded a Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund which will be used as an endowment to help girls through college. To show that this purpose is a reality, the present amount of the fund is \$80,000. The Alumnae Association is striving to raise \$25,000 more by next Founders' Day. Our art department too, from the sale of their Christmas Cards this year, gave \$63.85 to the Fund which brings the total of the art students' contribution near to \$1,000

(Continued from Page 1)

Sheriff's auctioneer because the Methodist Episcopal Church South had acquired the 12 notes on which the mortgage was given, and had paid the taxes on the property; and was planning to bid in the building, it was rumored, and use it for church activities.

Mr. George McElhiney returned from New York a few days before the auction and supplied the cash, which he had received from Texas oil strikes and gold fields in Mexico, to clear the property of all encumbrances.

The lovely home was built in 1840 by Ludwell Powell, who sold it to the Johnsons in 1878, and George McElhiney acquired it from Mrs. McElhiney's mother, Mrs. Martha Johnson, in 1918.

The home will still be accessible to many social functions, for Lindenwood girls. Mrs. George McElhiney, Sr., who was Miss Mary F. Johnson attended Lindenwood in 1883-84, and a niece of Mrs. McElhiney, Martha

Johnson (now Mrs. Philip Goldborough) attended in 1906-11. At present, Martha Lawler, who is a grand niece of Mrs. McElhiney, is a student in Lindenwood.

The house is modeled after the old southern style, being constructed of red brick with tall white pillars supporting the roof of a long porch, and green shutters. For the interior, the house is furnished with beautiful antiques which have been handed down from generation to generation. A large yard which is enclosed by a small hedge emphasizes the beauty of the house.

## Varied Entertainment

The Y. W. held a meeting in the parlors of old Sibley Hall on Wednesday, January 12, at 6:45. The program which was opened by Martha Roberts consisted of student talent. There were many and varied types of talent; songs, dances, humour and light drama. The meeting was greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

## CAMPUS DIARY

By D. R. L.

Wednesday, Jan. 6.—Mrs. Kohler of Kohler, Wis., spoke in assembly today. The town itself is named for the Kohler family. Mrs. Kohler was most attractive, and waiting for her was a chauffeur dressed with gold stripes and all.

At Y. W. C. A. meeting Miss Stookey gave an interesting talk on her trip abroad. She showed many articles she bought while visiting various countries.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—Rev. Mr. Fay of Overland, preached an interesting sermon at vesper service.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.—Mrs. Sperry from Nashville, Tenn., talked on organizing a Concert Cooperative Association for St. Charles. It's an excellent opportunity.

Saturday, Jan. 15.—The junior class gave its annual date-dance formal tonight. It was a gay affair and every one attending had a grand time.

## Elaborate Christmas Celebration Held

### Lindenwood Girls Enjoy Dinner and Dance

An hilarious time was had by all, Wednesday, December 15, when the Lindenwood girls met in the dining room for their last real dinner together in 1937. Following the dinner, and while the girls kept time to the music being played, the kitchen door opened and all of Lindenwood's "help" marched in to take their places surrounding a table packed with presents for each. A delightful entertainment was then furnished by both the students and the help, consisting of a tap dance by Vi Ella Smerling, and a "Santa Claus" tap duet presented by Betty Clark and June Coates, both accompanied by Margaret Ann McCoid. The sextet composed of Mary Benner, Alice Jones, Ruby Drehman, Marion Hull, Josephine Miller, and Virginia Froman, accompanied by Cordelia Buck, sang two numbers.

They were followed by the Halliday Brothers Quartet—Elmer, Austin, Haven, and Elder, who sang several numbers and received a large amount of applause.

Shortly afterwards and with everyone in the best of spirits, the door opened and in came Santa Claus, with his hearty laugh and cheery greeting for everyone. Santa, with the aid of Miss Hough, house-mother of Irwin hall and Miss Foster, assistant dietitian, handed out presents to all those giving their services to the school. After the presents were all distributed, the Halliday Brothers were once more called upon to entertain. The program closed with their second presentation.

The dinner for the evening consisted of tomato juice cocktail, nuts, olives, radishes, cranberry sauce, rolls, chicken, mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, English peas, candle salad, pumpkin pie with whipped cream, and coffee.

## Pupils Give Vocal Recital

A studio vocal recital, given by the pupils of Miss Walker was held in Music hall, December 13, at 5 o'clock. The girls taking part in the recital were: Harriet Small, Virginia Pauline Keehner, Vera Jean Douthat, Mary Dillon, Opal Maxine Bucklew, Mary Jean Du Hadway, Ruth Faucett, Jane Hill, Pauline Gray, Kathryn Ruester, Dorothy Nieman; and Joanna J. Benecke. A duet was sung by Mary Dillon and Vera Jean Douthat.

## Popularity Queen Crowned at Christmas

The Christmas dance which was held in the gym after the dinner in the dining hall was a very successful and gala affair. The high spot of the evening was the crowning of the popularity queen.

Jean McFarland reigned as queen, with LaVerne Rowe and Betty Faxson as her attendants. Jean is president of the junior class, which office she also held as a freshman. LaVerne is president of the student body, and Betty is president of Tau Sigma.

Candy favors, in a gay bag carrying out the holiday spirit were given away at the dance.

## Abbey Players' Play Brought to Lindenwood

The play "Is Life Worth Living" was presented at Lindenwood, Friday night, December 10, at eight o'clock. This play, an exaggeration in three acts was written by Lennox Robinson. Its theme is the possible effect of modern advanced drama on the lives of unsophisticated people, supposing such an audience were to take plays of that type quite seriously. Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon was the able director of this play and Mary Louise Pruet was the stage manager.

The cast of characters included: John Twohig, of the Seaview Hotel at Inish, Nan C. Harris; Annie Twohig, his wife, Mary Elizabeth Jolley; Lizzie Twohig, his sister, Margaret Hays; Eddie Twohig, his son, Constance Schwarzkopf; Peter Hurley, the local T. D., Mildred Anderson; Helena, a servant, Florence Murer; Michael, the boots, Marylenn Beadlee; Christine Lambert, Merilyn MacFarland; Hector de la Mare, an actor, Marian Hull; Constance Constantia, his wife and an actress, Genevieve Horswell; John Hegarty, a reporter, Vi Ella Smerling; Tom Mooney, a civic guard, Imogene Kincaid; William Slattery, Kathryn Ashley.

The play was very well performed and each and all of the cast took their parts extremely well. Altogether, everyone will agree that it was an exceptionally good play.

## Studying Plants

The Triangle Club, honorary society for biological, physical, and chemistry students, met Tuesday, January 11, at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms. A brief survey house used by the biological science department of the college was given by Dr. Dawson.

After refreshments the group adjourned to the green house to see the collection of plants that have been assembled. Much interest was taken in Miss Hough's large Christmas cactus which is now in bloom. Dr. Dawson showed the club the plants which had grown from cuttings of other plants and explained how these cuttings had been treated with a chemical substance called auxilin which causes rapid root development.

## Episcopal Rector's Talk

Rev. Robert W. Fay of the Episcopal church at Overland, spoke at the vesper services Sunday night, January 9. His subject was, "Murder In The Wheat Field." Rev. Mr. Fay indicated the importance of joining together for a common cause when he said, "We must now join hands and practice democracy throughout."

**PROPAGANDA**

By Barbara Dale, '41

I've just read "A Mind That Found Itself" by Beers. I couldn't tell you why I read the book except that I'm interested in this question which lately has taken on such tremendous proportions. This question of state institutions. For the last year propaganda concerning insane asylums has been circulated throughout the country. The horrors of being shut in by four walls, the treatment by the keepers and the conditions of a patient. Article after article has been published by some enterprising individual who through his own ingenuity was capable of convincing authorities he was mentally deranged. After his entrance to the place (they need no examinations) he paints the picture of the whole ward. Then through a certain amount of boisterous action he is moved to the violent ward. There to picture the horrors of confinement in the worst section of the asylum.

However Mr. Beers was not one of these enterprising individuals, he lost his mind and as a result was sent to the asylum, after trying to commit suicide; he vividly describes his hallucinations about all who cared for him, even to his relatives. He then explains that after regaining his mind he realized how wrong he was. But about the institution—he describes it while he is in a state of mental apathy and then asks us to accept his explanations.

I am not an authority on these institutions. I do not claim to be. I too can only judge from conditions existing in an asylum with which I am acquainted. However not through similar circumstances.

Granted that asylums are in a horrible condition. I wish I could do something about it, you wish you could too. But circulating propaganda through the country serves only to arouse the emotions of the public. Do they ever try to do anything about it? Only through mob action do they ever try to accomplish an aim, and that aim is lost in their passion to secure justice. Propaganda has always been an existing evil. We will always have to cope with it because we have freedom of the press which we are very grateful for. If people could only learn to distinguish between propaganda and the legitimate truth. Some writers and orators will always be equipped to sway crowds of people into a belief which may have no logical issue about it. The World War is a good example of misused propaganda, circulated by the munition makers of the country who would profit by the war. Their hue and cry was "Make the world safe for democracy." Instead it destroyed whatever semblance of democracy there was left in the world.

The public in general does not yet realize we were brought into that war by a few who wished to profit. Even today they are too busy relating the sacrifices they made for their mother country. The public should be educated to detect this propaganda. For years we have been swayed by soap-box oratory, here is to the soap-box orator who can convince the public of the harm in misused propaganda.

**UNITED CHARITIES**

By Joanna Benecke, '41

I was a little miffed this weekend in St. Louis because my aunt seemed to have no time for me. When I broached the subject to her, she took time to explain to me in detail. It seemed that she was one of the 5,000 volunteer solicitors for

the United Charities' Drive. At first I didn't understand why she should be so busy even at that, but as she continued, I found out. The United Charities is "big business" in any man's language. This huge drive is a campaign by 85 Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and non-sectarian welfare agencies in St. Louis and St. Louis County to get money to help give efficient, intelligent assistance to the unfortunate, the under-privileged, and to those in need of constructive community welfare service. Money received from the drive is converted into hospitals, day nurseries, clinics, orphans' homes, summer camps, old folks' homes, etc. This year's drive is the sixth annual drive. In all its six years of existence the goal which the budget committee set has never been reached. It will be interesting to note whether or not its workers attain the \$2,555,000 goal set for them this year. They had only a limited time in which to do it: November 1—20. However, the United Charities are organized so as to serve with the greatest efficiency. Its business affairs are under the control of a Board of Directors of twenty-one leading citizens. The business management of its 85 agencies is in turn governed by boards of directors for each agency. Then too, United Charities has a Budget Committee of 21 members. This committee is divided into groups to consider requests for funds from the 85 agencies which are, in turn, divided into groups according to the types of service. The campaign has an honorary chairman, a campaign chairman, and an acting director at its head. Some of its divisions are: Larger Subscriptions, Medical, Dental, Transportation, Industrial, Public Employees, Employees, Financial, Utilities, Schools, Publicity, Speakers, Auditing, General and County.

The general division interested me because it concerns the ordinary person. It is divided into residential districts such as the West End Division. There is a chairman at the head of the General Division, one at the head of each district in the General Division and under the district head are captains and co-captains. The number of these varies in each division depending upon the area of the district and its population. The West End, for example, has approximately 50 captains and co-captains. Under each captain are 10 or more team members. Each member is provided with a card on which are the names, last year's donations and addresses of the people from whom he must solicit. Colored buttons and stickers saying that one has donated are the only protections against repeated calls from the workers, for they are determined to reach their individual district's goal as well as the total budget. The West End's quota, again for example, is \$1100.

Another division I was interested in and the only other one I shall discuss, is the Larger Subscriptions Division. This has an organization similar to that of the General Division. It has, however, had a longer period of time in which to work than from November 1—20. Its duty is to take care of the people generally known to have contributed or who are able to donate \$200 and more. One man has donated \$25,000 but no one's offer is overlooked whether it be \$25 or 25c.

Yes, this is a huge activity; 1,717 men and women are serving on boards of the 85 agencies in the United Charities. There are 1,084 professional workers and 2,611 executives, caseworkers, and trained employees assisting in the work, not counting the 5,000 volunteer workers. Not only is there that side, but there is this side: 211,000 people received service from one or more of the 85 agencies during the past year.

That is a record which each forthcoming year hopes to excel. This is not just one person's job. Men, women, and children have a part. It is a great example of community co-operation. I wish it great success.

**WOMAN CHASES MAN**

By Zoe Hughett, '41

Where there's a man, there's a way—to get him. One way? Millions of them! Each girl has by now developed a definite technique, known as a line, and which often proves to be a life line. The more ingenious girls have not one, but two or three, to suit the type of man. The adoring type for the strong silent hero, the intellectual type for the college senior, the frivolous type for the playboy, and their technique is always improved by comparing notes. Of course, the age-old principles still hold good, but the methods of applying them are different. Cleopatra used a boat on the Nile to create a romantic atmosphere, the modern Venus uses a rumble seat.

The art of getting your man may not have changed but as styles change so do lines. In mother's and grandmother's day the trick was to let your handkerchief drop and blush becomingly when it was retrieved. Now the best idea is to smash his fender, or rip off a running board. Once acquainted she cannot relax, for there are literally millions of eligible young females after him. Her job really begins now. She must tickle his ego. If he is the fast playboy type she should be giddy, independent, with a few brainstorms, but be sure they sound accidental. If he is rather shy, break the ice by inquiring if he knew Jean at Purdue, or some such nonsense. If he is one of these athletic Tarzans, heaven help the poor girl! She must acquire plenty of sports knowledge, and very fast, too. She must be independent, and strong. None of your shrinking violets will do. Of course, she must be careful not to beat him.

Instead of pulling the Miss Muffet act when she sees a spider, she pounces eagerly upon it and hurries to the dissection lab. Our modern miss baits her own hook and can make as neat a cast as you could wish, yet this same girl can squeal daintily and swoon touchingly at the sight of blood in the presence of a male. Although she has a pilot's license, she shrinks against the broad chest of our hero when on the Ferris wheel. She is a swimming champ, yet a certain life guard on Long Beach has saved her six times. Tennis cups adorn her room, but she plays only love sets with him.

Any season is open season.

**PISCATORY PICNIC**

By Helen Dondanville, '41

Far up in the Rockies by a certain sparkling, crashing stream is a spot where a patch of sky breaks through the tops of the thickly growing fir and pine trees; this is the setting for a perfect picnic. It is possible to reach this particular place by traveling a number of miles from the main oiled highway on a railroad grade, from which the ties and rails have been removed, and along a winding, dusty road through a game preserve, always going uphill. About half way up a certain mountain and a quarter of a mile from the curving road is the place where the sky breaks through and the tall grass of the forest gives way to a mossy bank and lovely green grass. At this point the bank of the stream is a gentle slope, not the abrupt line of rock that edges most of the stream. Although the heat of the sun is quite

intense at noon, the forest is cool and the wind in the tree tops and the music of running water are the only sounds that break the stillness.

That is to say, the wind and water are the masters of the forest until the picnickers arrive. It is early in the day; consequently fishing tackle and baskets and boots are brought out, and into the icy water plunge several aspiring fishermen, women, and children. At noon the women and children return to the camp for a light lunch; the men are by this time away up or down stream, engrossed in filling their baskets with the shining, wriggling trout. In the late afternoon everyone returns to camp. While the fish are being cleaned, a great, crackling fire is built and preparations for a feast are in order. Everyone is busy; there are fish and potatoes and bacon to fry, coffee to brew, sandwiches to make, jars of olives and pickles to open, cakes to cut, and fruit to make ready to serve; great bunches of grapes, big, shiny apples, oranges, and bananas appear. The exercise in the cold water, the mountain air, and the excitement of fishing provide everyone with a zest for living, and eating. As the youngest to the oldest eat their fill, the sun sinks in the west and the dusky twilight pervades the forest. As the dishes are cleaned up, fuel is added to the fire until the flames burn high and furiously. A circle is formed around the fire, where the heat is comforting in the cool of night, and songs are sung and fishing and hunting tales are exchanged. There is a restfulness and peace that settle over the company as they gaze into the flames. As the fire dies down, conversation ceases, and the circle is reluctantly broken; the last to leave carries water from the creek to extinguish the coals.

A chill settles over this perfect spot, and the stars shine coolly. The only sounds are of running water and wind in the trees.

**VENERATION**

By Janet Evans, '41

Five, ten, fifteen minutes. Will she ever come out of that room? Seconds seem like hours, and only a few agonizing minutes are endless days. Finally the white-clad attendant leaves the room. "There is no change. Please do not go in," she says.

As she reenters I catch a glimpse of Dad and Mother at the bedside. Neither looks up or seems to hear the quiet opening and closing of the door, nor are they conscious of anything but the heavy breathing of the still form in the spotless hospital bed.

I resume my position just outside the door. My mind wanders back to the time I was six and he was eight. I was the queen and he my footman. I sat proudly on a small chair in his wagon and consented to a ride down the hill only to topple over and break an arm. And, oh, the quarrels we did have! Dad and Mother spent most of their time straightening us out, but now I wouldn't trade those moments for anything. We even played "cop and robber" and "pirates." I can still see our playhouse next to the garage, and the way we used to climb up the cherry tree, swing over to the garage, and then enter the window, "robbing" the place of apples and cookies. I remember his first girl. Strange as it may seem, I always accompanied them, for I was part of him.

Suddenly I come back to reality. The door open, and I know the awful truth. My Mother and Father bowed with grief walk from the room. We know not which way to turn, and tears blind us as we are led down the silent corridors. Death is a blessing and yet so cruel!

## SONNET

By Sunny Lohr, '39

Ye Autumn leaves with tawny  
crispness curled,  
A-dancing merrily with spirit gay,  
Like banners of an army legion  
furled  
Against a sky of penetrating grey,  
As tiny barks upon an angry sea  
To mercy of a sov'reign wind ex-  
posed,  
Ye herald sprites of winter are to  
me  
The symbol of a shining vista  
closed.  
With weary heart I turn to end-  
less hours  
In sad despondent thought of days  
now past,  
My lonely soul in deepest anguish  
cowers  
As frowning clouds the bright sky  
overcast.  
But soon, oh king of gloom, thy  
race is run,  
And bright with hope shines Lady  
Springtime's sun.

## SCHOOL GIRLS

By Aileen Vandiver, '41

We are just girls—really more  
like high school freshmen, some of  
us, than college freshmen. We are  
not yet women; we are not child-  
ren. I want to avoid that word ad-  
olescent, it is particularly hateful  
to me. But we are so girlish! It may  
be a young and healthy exuberance  
it may be over emotionalism, or it  
may be just plain silliness.

I read once in Dr. Wiggins' column  
**Explore Your Mind**, in the Omaha  
World-Herald that crying in a movie  
indicated a great imagination. A  
person could forget himself com-  
pletely and live with the drama on  
the screen. Such copious tears  
school girls weep at the cinema. Our  
imaginings must be vivid indeed.  
Extraordinarily vivid, for a few of  
us get hysterical and lose control  
of ourselves when blond Stella Dal-  
las heroically gives her beautifully  
cultured young daughter, whom she  
has reared in the only environment  
she could provide, to the girl's  
father.

We girls are so very gullable. We  
believe everything we are told. In  
our inexperience we seek and  
eagerly listen to anyone's opinion.  
We do not think for ourselves, we  
cannot yet, but we can accept any  
theory offered to us without much  
hesitation. And we keep the idea  
until someone presents another  
more convincingly.

Our school girl crushes are com-  
mon. Every standard psychology  
has a chapter on such phases—I  
must revert to that word—of adol-  
escence. The book will present meth-  
ods of diverting our attention to  
some other occupation to hold our  
interest, but it all takes time. And  
until that time arrives, we con-  
tinue "to adore the ground L-- walks  
on." We rave about upperclassmen,  
our freshmen contemporaries, and  
teachers alike.

Of course, we get discouraged. The  
work proves a little difficult, a little  
more advanced than high school  
courses. The instructors aren't the  
same. Four years in one building,  
bluffing familiar teachers and sur-  
rounded by friends, are not the same  
as eight weeks in college, even  
though that college be a well-regu-  
lated and sheltered Lindenwood. So  
when the time comes when a little  
concentration and downright work  
is required we feel so sorry for  
ourselves. We dash off to a room  
down the hall and pour our woes  
into sympathetic and understand-  
ing ears. We smoke a cigarette, we  
tune in the radio, we write a vehe-  
ment letter, we worry so much,  
but we accomplish so little.

We are very excitable. Here again  
it may be an enthusiasm and zest  
for living. And we are supremely  
egotistical in things both physical  
and mental. Tolstoi says—here I  
flaunt a limited knowledge of the  
classics—"A man is never such an  
egotist as at moments of spiritual  
ecstasy." Figuratively speaking,  
how true that is. We expect our  
new friends to share our joyous and  
happy mood when we receive a let-  
ter, a box from home, or some-  
thing particularly pleasant occurs.

We love to spend hours talking.  
We love to be concerned about our  
weight and yet eat at the same time.  
We love to be gay. We especially  
love to wander down the campus  
with our arms interlaced singing  
some ditty at the top of our lungs.  
We are school girls.

## THIS TOPIC OF WEATHER

By Margaret Barton, '41

Weather surrounds us. No matter  
from it, not even in our conversa-  
tion. Being a rather indifferent per-  
how hard we try, we can't get away  
son, bad weather itself doesn't  
bother me because we can't help  
that, but the continually repeated  
remarks on it do. One very particu-  
larly annoying question, though al-  
ways kindly meant, is "Cold enough  
for you?" This has variations, of  
course, with cold, hot, warm, and  
cool alternating with the seasons for  
the introductory word. I pride my-  
self upon my nervous system; it tells  
me what the temperature is. I have  
eyes to look out the window. I have  
ears to hear the wind blowing.  
Observation of the weather is a part  
of my day, yet very often the people  
that I speak to start the conversa-  
tion with, "It's a nice day, isn't it?"  
or "It's cold today, isn't it?" This  
kind of remark has variations, too,  
but the underlying theme remains.  
It puts me in a rather embarrassing  
spot for lack of an answer. The on-  
ly reply I can think of is, "Yes, it  
certainly is" Probably my solution  
for such a problem would be to beat  
them at their own game by asking  
them on sight if it didn't look like  
rain.

The conversation on weather that  
I could willingly listen to would have  
to be some phase that I didn't know  
about. If a student would look out  
of a classroom and remark that it  
had suddenly started raining or  
snowing, that would be news. Not  
being a weather enthusiast, I do not  
trouble to read the forecasts, so I do  
not mind such a topic being brought  
into the conversation. I can tell  
whether I am comfortable or not,  
but I have no way of guessing at the  
exact temperature because human  
beings judge temperatures by com-  
parison; therefore, thermometer  
recordings would be of interest to  
me. As long as the weather is a  
permanent situation, those who wish  
to comment upon it might call their  
companion's attention to some phase  
that they had not observed for them-  
selves.

## MEDIEVAL ROMANCE

By Joanne Beltzer, '41

I heard the brakes scream, and  
then the blare of a horn. Disgusted-  
ly, I awoke from my day-dreaming,  
rose from my chair, and looked out  
of the window. There was Bob lean-  
ing very nonchalantly on the car  
horn and gazing at the door where  
he expected my appearance to ma-  
terialize. Reluctantly, I put my book  
of medieval romances on the table  
and sauntered to the entrance. I  
opened the door; and again the pic-  
ture of Bob, draped over the steer-  
ing wheel with one leg hanging  
over the roadster door, pierced my  
sight. Why couldn't this be me-

dieval times when knighthood was  
in flower? Why couldn't Bob be a  
knight-errant and gallop up to my  
castle door on a prancing white  
steed? Instead, here was one of  
the male sex in a yellow "speed-  
demon" waiting to take me to a foot  
ball game.

I closed the door and walked  
majestically back to my chair. Soon,  
the noise of the horn ceased and I  
heard the yellow "job" recede from  
our vicinity. Someone called and  
asked me if I were going to the  
game. With my negative answer,  
I thought of the vulgarity of the  
sport of football. It was simply be-  
low my dignity to watch husky  
males nearly murder each other  
over a little pigskin. Enviously, I  
pictured myself at a tournament  
where I would be daintily clapping  
my hands for the handsome knight  
wearing my colors. Then, victorious,  
he would call for me in a golden  
carriage drawn by six prancing  
steeds. Proudly, we would proceed  
to the royal ball, where I would be  
the belle of the evening in my mag-  
nificent fifteenth-century gown.

"Samuelson just went over for  
a touchdown! Yes, sir, right through  
that strong line. That makes the  
score six to nothing!"

What? Touchdown! Sam had  
made a score and we were ahead!  
To the tune of the announcer's voice,  
I tore out of the house and, with-  
out opening the door, jumped into  
the convertible. I speeded down the  
street, taking the risk of spending  
the night in the local bastille. I  
would be just in time for the half!  
Bob had said our seats were on the  
fifty-yard line. We just had to win!  
If we were victorious, all the gang  
was going to the big hop tonight.  
We had learned the Big Apple just  
for this occasion. I wondered if  
Andy had kicked the goal for the  
extra point. I stepped on the gas.

## I MISS HER

By Zoe Hughett, '41

I was passing by the door when I  
looked up and saw the picture. I  
stopped, it was so like her, the same  
fluffy coat, the same huge eyes, the  
same curly tail. It couldn't be Snow-  
ball, and yet, I had to rub my eyes.  
I thought, I hoped I had forgotten,  
but I shall always remember that  
afternoon. Yet that evening was  
worse, for the full realization of  
what had happened did not come at  
once. I was numb at first. Snow-  
ball dead! I couldn't believe it. Only  
that morning we had romped over  
the terrace, playfully rolling and  
tumbling more like two cubs instead  
of a girl and a dog. Surely I would  
get to see her again. Oh! she  
couldn't be dead.

I remember Mother's face when  
she told me, for she blamed herself.  
She had let Snowy out that noon,  
she said, and in her usual high  
spirits Snowy had frisked into the  
path of an oncoming car. The  
bumper struck her temple, and  
threw her clear. They had tried for  
an hour to revive her, for there were  
no marks on her. Then, just before  
I came home, they gave up and took  
her away. Never again would I see  
her dashing out to meet me. I used  
to call her my brown-eyed darling,  
and envy her for those clear shining  
eyes. Never in all our romping did  
she become cross. I was probably  
rough and she was only a puppy,  
a year and a half old when she died.  
She had grown up by me. I admit  
that Mother did a lot of the work,  
but ours was the companionship  
every afternoon. And that was all  
gone.

Martha Hancock—How I grew to  
hate her that day. She was a small  
dark girl, still, larger than I. She  
always nickered on me, yet ran home  
to "Mother" if I resisted. She was

with me when I first heard the  
news, and she said mockingly, "Well,  
I guess you don't care very much,  
you aren't crying." I turned, and  
slapped her with all my might, and  
ran into the house. But still the  
tears did not come. Then, that night  
after supper, when I saw Mother  
throw out the hamburger we fed  
Snowy, I rushed to her and wept  
bitterly. The next day, Saturday,  
was the worst. I had been accus-  
tomed to playing with Snowy instead  
of other children. That day was an  
aching desperate void. I tried to  
adopt a stray airedale, which we called  
Romeo because of his attachment  
to Snowy. I fed him, but he was  
afraid of me. In all the time I fed  
him, he did not allow me to touch  
him. And I needed something to fill  
the vacancy. She had been my con-  
stant companion. When I could not  
coax Mother to let her in, I would  
sit on the back steps with Snowy. I  
missed her. I still miss her.

## THE SPECKLED BAND

By Mildred Anderson, '41

From the time bangs hung in my  
eyes until my first "date", I have  
been taught by relatives, teachers,  
and other adults the fascinating  
game of "Ring Around The Rosy"  
but my education concerning other  
rings has been sadly neglected. The  
"ring around the bathtub" for in-  
stance. What a prominent part illu-  
sion plays in our existence. Yester-  
day, after strenuous exercise, I made  
preparations for taking a bath. With  
a clean, fleecy towel draped over one  
arm, and with my robe entwined  
about me, I confidently strode to-  
ward my destination. I even pictur-  
ed myself as Cleopatra before one  
of her exquisite mild baths. I could  
feel the refreshing hot water on my  
skin, I could smell the perfumed  
bath salts as they tickled my nostrils  
and better yet, I felt my head nod-  
ding in anticipation of the delightful  
"snooze" to come. With these im-  
ages and sensations tormenting me,  
I peered into the tub. There in plain  
sight was a filthy ring, rather sev-  
eral rings. A tree's age may be  
determined by its rings but believe  
me, a bath goes even farther. I  
not only know how long it's been  
since it was scrubbed, but also how  
many people have had occasion to  
use it. High water marks usually  
indicate the occupant is away from  
home. I made cutting remarks but  
the rings would not be moved. On  
hands and knees, I labored to re-  
move the streak of earth which some  
kind soul had so thoughtfully donat-  
ed me. This exercise proved so ex-  
hausting that as I finally looked in-  
to the lily white tub, my aching  
muscles would hardly permit me to  
enter it. When I tottered back into  
the room, broken in spirit and ex-  
hausted, I found I had been bathing  
for over an hour. I sought peace  
and rest for my weary soul by  
"turning in" for the night but even  
then I suffered nightmares equal to  
delirium tremens because of the les-  
sons I left unstudied.

Is it any wonder shower baths and  
swimming pools have come into such  
prominence? Our eyebrows arch  
when we hear of the non-bathing  
custom practiced among the natives  
of certain countries, but how free  
from worry they must be; no baths,  
no tubs, no rings. The adage, "there  
is no ring like an old ring" torments  
me ever, because;

My wrath leaps up when I behold  
A dirt ring in the tub.

So was it when my baths began;  
So is it now I am a "woman,"  
If it is so when I grow old,

Oh, let me die!  
The ring is cause for all my  
wrath;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Spent in a ringless eternity.

## SPORTS

Athletic Association  
Receives

At the last A. A. meeting ten new members were taken into the club. They were: Kathleen Bottani, Mary Wedeking, Marion Stumberg, Martie Lawler, Zoe Hughett, Betty Noolan, Mary Anderson, Helen Crider, Mary Ann Green, and Ruth Burson.

It was decided at the last meeting that the association will not give a musical comedy this spring as they have in former years.

Widespread Archery  
Contest

For the three weeks which began January 10 Lindenwood is competing with 22 other universities and college in an archery tournament. There are 17 L. C. girls taking part in this. They are: Betty Harper, Cordelia Buck, Katie McFarland, Avis Saunders, Nina Jane Dav's, Evelyn Heiser, Mary Dillon, Lucyl Shirk, Betty Keitel, Eleanor Kaps, Wanda Gottl, Doris Rogers, Eloise Stelle, Lynne Bernard, Jane Black, Nancy Clonts, Emily Ryan. The rules are to shoot 60 arrows at 30 yards every day. The score is put down on a card and mailed to the person in charge of the tournament, and each week the winners are from different places in the country.

## Teams for Basketball

Basketball season is in full swing here as well as everywhere else. The teams have been chosen, and the captains are all eager to get the games in progress. The captains are: Mary Books, Lucille Vosburg, Frances Brandenburg, Alma Martin and Sara Hurdis.

## JUST A-SNOOPIN'

While at home during Christmas Vacation, we received a copy of the **Orchard Farm Bite**, a new publication to be found on the local newsstands. But since the Bite is really worse than the Bark, we think the competition is harmless.

After many quarrels and "make-ups", what couple have finally called it quits? Or at least that is the situation at present.

You're flying high, Barb and Jody. Remember the examples that have been cited to you. Don't put your membership in that club.

This time of year seems to boast a record for the number of campuses in school. Four by the Student Board and five by the house-mothers. Need we mention names?

Girls Do Outstanding  
Work

In Mrs. Margaret Heikes' shorthand classes the girls have been making Brief Form cards to help them with their study. These cards are of various kinds. One set of cards was made on black paper with the lettering in black. Various cards were made with the letters in mixed colors and the cards of plain or colored paper. Many attractive cards were made. Mrs. Heikes has offered a prize to the girl who makes the best set of cards.

Among the girls making the most attractive and the neatest cards were: Audrey Kaplan, Peggy Garden, Adelaide Wilke, Dorothy Corzine, Edith Hindersman, and Johnny Lu Brown.

## KEYHOLE PEEPER

by Tom

"Jerry" certainly seems to be "that-way" about a certain St. Charles lad. Good luck, Jerry, he is o.k. we think . . . quite!

Susanne Z. certainly seems to be quite happy these days. She is doing right well by herself, too, Specials and Long Distance calls. Come on girls, let's give her a pat on the back. She loves! Pats.

Have you the noticed the beautiful diamond that is being worn on the left finger of the redhead who is so well known to our Dean? Just what does it mean?

Speaking of rings, we take this opportunity to wish E. Stelle, E. Connell, D. Wagner, J. Gill, and D. Danz lots of good luck and happiness . . . they deserve it all, and lots of it.

"Dolly" has a fraternity pin, we notice. He must have recovered from his operation.

Some people seem to have all the breaks. You should have seen the darling! fellow who came down to the train to see Marajane off, at the end of the vacation. Bring him down some time, we would like to meet him, very much. Where is the cute fellow from Rolla? We want to see him, too.

These Kentuckians certainly have queer expressions regarding their Christmas presents. Better not let that big (ex) football hero of yours hear you call his presents "stuff"!!

"Cacky", where is that cute Kempter blonde with the adorable wavy hair you had down for the last dance? We missed him at this dance. Did the pin scare him away? or what? We haven't a pin, so introduce us.

It must be a wonderful feeling to have some one travel all the way from Georgia up here to see you during the holidays. How was it, Alice? And did you see the wonderful football player who was Miss Jones' escort at the dance last Saturday night? Nice going there!

Mary D. is having those heart throbs again, His name? Just ask Mary, she'll tell you all about him.

You must go up and see the very clever perfume gift Joyce got from one of her admirers.

We will certainly hate to see Effie leave us at the end of this semester, but we wish her lots of luck and happiness and hope she comes back to visit us often. We have never been able to "get anything on her". Congratulations!

We see the St. Charles-play-boy is back in circulation again after the holidays. Evidently he didn't make any New Year's resolutions. Girls, don't let him fool you, he loves his nickname!!!

Francis Hanson seems quite definitely to have made up her mind to go home, or did a certain other person make it up for her? Her roommate, "Pepper", seems quite content to stay here; could it be a cute brunette, with wavy hair?

We wonder why was one of our "K. C. kitties" so excited over a Special Delivery she got last Tuesday? And the other letter she received from another admirer that day certainly put a smile on her face, too. Nice goin' there, Janie.

## To Appear Nationally

Scribner's have asked Dr. Kate L. Gregg to write certain articles for their forthcoming Dictionary of American History. The first one will be on Fort Bellefontaine.

READ THE LINDEN BARK

## Commercial Students

During the Christmas vacation, Miss Lillian Allyn, head of the Commercial department, received more than 150 Christmas cards and letters from former students in the Commercial department here. Many told of their success in the business world and how much they were enjoying their work. A large number of the girls are now married, and they told about what they are doing in the home. Some of the girls who are now married and still working wrote of the interesting experiences they have had.

Miss Nellie Clanahan, former student here, still has her position at Carruthersville, Mo. On her vacation to Panama, she sent Miss Allyn a very beautiful enlarged kodak picture that she took from the steamer early in the morning just as the boat docked in Havana. The sun was just rising through the clouds and it makes a very beautiful scene. The picture took first prize in an amateur picture contest held in Memphis, Tenn., and won a certificate of merit in the National Amateur contest in Washington.

Although the girls are leading very busy lives in the business world their thoughts always turn to Lindenwood, especially at Christmas time. They speak about how they enjoy hearing the names of former classmates, and reading about them in the Lindenwood Bulletin.

Miss Betty Hosmer, former student, changed her position and is now with the Gulf Oil Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma. She has received two raises in salary during the past year. She is connected with the Accounting Department of this firm, and loves her work very much.

Miss Helen Sweeney of Kansas City said she is now Supervisory Stenographer and in complete charge of the traffic department of the Centralized Bureau in Kansas City for the S. W. Bell Telephone Company.

Miss Esther Dyer writes of her interesting work in teaching commercial subjects in Weiser, Idaho.

## WHO'S WHO

She is one of Lindenwood's most dignified and attractive seniors. She is very distinguished looking and has that lovely Southern drawl and the charm and disposition that one associates with Texas. Her hair is very long and very dark and she has taken many prizes in various horse shows. She is a swell girl and very fond of her brother. Can't you guess who she is? I will give you just one more hint—her nickname is just as aristocratic as her appearance.

## Menus For Luncheons

The Home Economics department under the direction of Miss Anderson has completed its Luncheon Unit for this year.

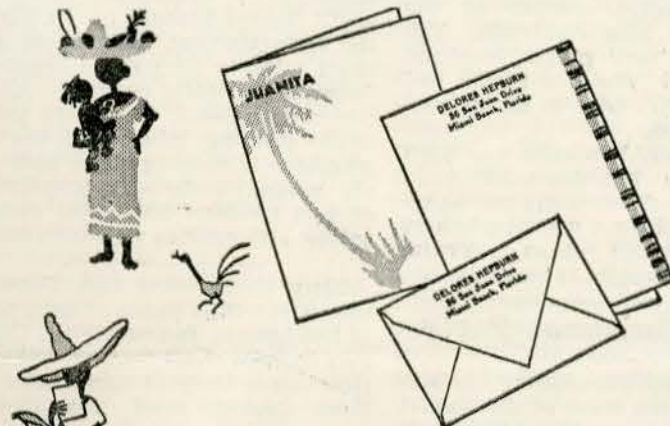
Each unit, consisting of four or five girls, prepared and served a luncheon to its group, with each girl preparing a separate dish.

In the first unit, Betty Barney, Peggy Hocker, Helen Martha Shank, Susanne Zempel, and Estelle Hays prepared a menu consisting of: Stuffed Peppers, Vegetable Salad, Bavarian Cream, Scalloped Potatoes, Butter Horns, Chocolate Drop Cookies, Coffee.

The second group, composed of Mildred Davis, Alma Martin, June Harsh and Dorothy Knaus, prepared Bovillion and Ritz Crackers, Cheese Chartreuse, Combination Salad, Bavarian Apricot Cream, Horn Rolls Chocolate Cookies, Coffee.

The third unit: Zora Horner, Lucille Gocio, Patricia Matthews, and Mary Roberts, prepared a menu consisting of: Bouillion, Potatoes au gratin, Fruit Salad, Butter Horns, Jelly, Lime Jello Whip.

In the last unit, Sue Smith, Janet Scroggin, Judith Wade, Jeanette Klitzke, and Roberta McEwen served Cheese Souffle, Fruit Salad, Nut and Raisin Muffins, Jelly, Raspberry Fluff, Tea.

RYTEX RIO  
PRINTED STATIONERY

AS EXITING AS A RHUMBA . . . COLORFUL AS A FIESTA . . . A STATIONERY THAT WILL GIVE A DEFINITE FILLIP TO YOUR LETTERS.

Grey threadloom paper with striped two-color border inspired by the Mexican serape . . . in gay color combinations

Or a lofty palm tree design in pastel shades of Blue, Green, Grey or Brown

50 DOUBLE SHEETS \$1  
50 ENVELOPES

Including Printing on Sheets and Envelopes in smart "hand lettered" styles.

AHMANN'S NEWS STAND

## Sidelights of Society

### Stumberg-Nuelsen Nuptials

Miss Frances Stumberg, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. Kurt Stumberg, a graduate of and formerly instructor at Lindenwood College, became the bride of Mr. John L. Nuelsen, Chicago, on Monday afternoon, December 27, at 5 o'clock. Dr. Roemer performed the ceremony, which was an informal candle light service, at White Oaks, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg.

The bride wore a very attractive moss green dress of floor length. She wore gold accessories and a corsage of tea roses.

Those present at the wedding were Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Miss Marion Stumberg, Mr. Crete and Mr. Kurt Stumberg, Miss Alma and Miss Helene Stumberg, Mrs. William Ferguson, Miss Alice, Miss Hulda, Miss Laura, and Miss Kathryn Linnemann, Mr. Robert Linnemann, and Mrs. John L. Roemer of St. Charles; Mr. Erwin Nuelsen and Mrs. Bucher of Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. Al Nuelsen of New York. After a wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. John Nuelsen departed for Chicago.

### Bearer of a Gracious Gift

Dr. Roemer gave a congratulatory address Saturday night, January 8 at a dinner given by the Board of the Industrial Bank and Trust Co., of St. Louis, at the Statler Hotel in honor of Mr. Arthur Blumeyer's twenty-fifth anniversary as president of the company. Dr. Roemer's special part, as a member of the Board, was to present a gift of \$2500, or \$100 for each of the 25 years.

Mr. Blumeyer has several times given talks in Roemer Auditorium.

### Christmas Wedding

Miss Hazel Alberta Schaefer of Pekin, Ill., Lindenwood student in 1926, was married to Mr. Sincero Pescaglia by Dr. Roemer in the library club room, December 13. The wedding was witnessed by Mrs. Charles Schaefer, mother of the bride, and by Miss Kohlstedt. The bride looked very pretty in a red traveling suit. She said that it had always been her wish to be married at Lindenwood.

Although Mr. Pescaglia was born in Rome, he has been living in Pekin. After the wedding ceremony the couple left on a wedding trip to Texas. They will return to Pekin, where Mr. Pescaglia is in business.

### Butler Christmas Party

Tuesday night, December 14, Butler Hall was the scene of the annual Christmas party. Miss Blackwell was presented with a beautiful amber vanity set for her dressing table. She also received many other lovely gifts. The girls gathered in the parlor around the Christmas tree and received small ten-cent gifts. For refreshments they were served hot chocolate, cookies, candies, and chocolate Santas. The girls sang various Christmas carols and they all had a grand time.

Mary Jane Brittin went to Mt. Carmel, Ill., for New Year's. While there she visited Harriett Bruce and Judith Elkins. Harriett is a former student of Lindenwood.

Jane Hill and Jeannette Lee were the house guests of Dorothy Lawhon New Year's Eve.

### Gayety at Christmas

The Christmas house party at Niccolls Hall was held Monday night, December 13. A short program was given by some of the girls in the hall; Kathleen Storrs sang a solo accompanied by Johnnie Lou Brown, and Betty Newlen gave a dance accompanied by Eleanor Watson. Following the program, the house president, Jeanne Gaskill, presented the Christmas gift, a silver coffee set, to Mrs. Wilcott. The girls exchanged gifts, and eskimo pies and candy were served.

### Pi Alpha Delta Initiates

At a recent meeting of Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin sorority, the following girls were initiated: Kathryn Salyer, Zoe Hughett, Marjory Ann Carroll, Harriet Dalton, Peggy Elson, Frances Hickey, Betty Nickols, and Harriet Small. To meet the requirements for admission to this society, the student must make an S in Latin and have no grade below an M in other subjects. After the initiation ceremony, refreshments were served and the members sang the mediaeval college song of *Gaudeamus Igitur*. The officers of the society are president, Mary Elizabeth Jolley; vice-president, Katherine Mayer; secretary-treasurer, Kathryn Ashley. Miss Hankins is sponsor of the society.

### Christmas in Sib'ey

The Sibley Christmas party was held on Tuesday, December 14 in the Y. W. parlors. Guests for the affair included Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson and Miss Sayre.

The Christmas motif was used for the decorations, with a large tree at one end of the room. Mrs. LeMaster was presented with a silver dresser set, and Dr. Gipson was given a large poinsettia, after which the students had an exchange of presents by drawing names. Refreshments were apples and fudge.

### German Club Party Given

The German Club held its Christmas party in the library club room, December 14. The decorations consisted of a Christmas tree with small figures beneath it. As part of the entertainment, the pledges gave short talks in German in regard to German Christmas customs. All the German students, who were guests at the meeting, joined with the club members in singing some appropriate songs. Delicious refreshments of real German Christmas cookies, coffee, and candies were served.

Betty Harper and Lois Penn entertained with a dance at their home in Des Moines, Ia., during the Christmas holidays. Lois was lovely in pink net with gold accessories and Betty looked most attractive in white chiffon. The decorations consisted of large silver Christmas trees and balloons of various bright colors. Confetti played a large part in the gayety of the dance. Della May Nash from Cedar Rapids, Iowa attended the dance.

Johnny Lu Brown of Okmulgee was the guest of Kathleen Storrs, Enid, Okla., during Christmas week. Many lovely parties were given in honor of the girls. Kathleen accompanied Johnny Lu home, then returned to Tulsa where she spent Thursday night with her aunt and uncle.

Ada Brooks was the guest of Becky Cox last week end. Ada is the riding instructor at Monticello College.

### Here In The Holidays

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent the Christmas holidays in St. Charles and were guests at many social functions in St. Louis and St. Charles during that time. Dr. Roemer officiated at the wedding of Miss Frances Stumberg which took place on Monday, December 27 at White Oaks, the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. Kurt Stumberg. Miss Stumberg attended Lindenwood, and was a member of the faculty until 2 years ago. Dr. Stumberg is the college physician.

Dr. Gipson visited at Caldwell, Idaho, for the first Christmas in many years. The Dean left Thursday, December 17, for Idaho and remained there during the entire vacation. She visited her mother, Mrs. A. E. Gipson, and other relatives in and around Caldwell. The weather, stated Dean Gipson, was mild and warm during the entire vacation and she had a most enjoyable time.

### Christmas Fun

Ayres Hall had a delightful Christmas party December 14. The Christmas tree was attractively decorated and an atmosphere of merriment prevailed. Mrs. Kelly was given a lovely bag and compact by the girls. Dr. Roemer was an honored guest at the party. Following a short program of songs and readings, gifts were exchanged from the tree. Refreshments were served in the form of striped stick candy, chocolate Santa Clauses, and bottled coca cola. A gay time was had by all.

Dr. Gipson will be present at two inaugurations at Nashville, Tenn., early in February. February 4 is the inaugurations of Dr. Sidney Clarence Garrison, president of Peabody College at Nashville; February 5, Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael will become chancellor of Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

The Oklahoma girls enjoyed many parties given for them during the holidays. Dorothy Lee Manion, Oklahoma City, entertained New Year's Eve at a buffet supper at her home; following the supper a formal dinner dance was given for Dorothy Lee at the Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club. Mary Lou Fugate, Binger; Peggy and Edith Vincil, Tulsa; Dorothy Spivey, Oklahoma City; Betty Vieregg, Clinton; Caroline Chantry, Oklahoma City; and Anna Ruth Seaman, Ardmore, all of whom are attending Lindenwood, were among the guests.

Dorothy Spivey was hostess at a slumber party at the Spivey cabin after the dinner-dance for the same Lindenwood girls.

### The Mar-Jee

Recently in Miss Stookey's Ball-room Dancing class, the girls have been making up dances. Many various types have been introduced. The dance voted by the class to be the best was originated by Marjorie Mangrum and Jean Anderson. This dance is a simple ball-room dance with steps which are easy to follow. The girls in the dancing class have been dancing it quite a bit and more should try it.

It is very easy to do: In a closed position walk four steps, then in an open or conversational position balance first on the back foot, then balance on the forward foot, then on the back foot again. Next step forward, and then resume the closed position, and repeat the dance. Girls, practice up—this dance is very simple to do, and yet it looks intricate when one sees it on the dance floor.

**Yellow Cab**  
Phone 133

**A Mid-Season Cleaning Will Do Wonders For Your Heavy Garments.**

**Pechtern**  
Cleaning Company

**Quality Has No Substitute . . . . .**

Quality in Everything in

**Charles E. Meyer's**  
Rexall Drug Store

Be it in Prescriptions, Drugs or Ice Cream—Quality all the time . . . None better.

## STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED., January 18th, 19th.

Dick Powell—Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians

— in —

"**VARSITY SHOW**"

THURSDAY, January 20th.

Will Rogers in "JUDGE PRIEST"

— also —

Smith Ballew, Singing Cowboy

— in —

"**HAWAIIAN BUCKAROO**"

FRIDAY—SATURDAY, Jan. 21-22

Louise Rainer—Spencer Tracy

— in —

"**BIG CITY**"

MONDAY, January 24th.

Ralph Morgan—Ray Linaker

— in —

"**THE OUTER GATE**"

— also —

John Mack Brown

— in —

"**THE CROOKED TRAIL**"

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