

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 4.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 16, 1937

\$1.00 A Year

## From the Office of the Dean

Since the last Bark was published, the Dean has had time to analyze the grades, and has found them very good, all in all. Special credit should be given to the freshmen, who have adjusted themselves very well and have made highly satisfactory grades. Dr. Gipson is hoping that many grades will be even better at the second marking period and that the low grades will be definitely raised.

Any students who expect to receive a degree, certificate, or diploma at commencement next June should not fail to sign for it at once at the office of the Dean, if they have not already done it.

Dr. Gipson will be in St. Louis part of next week, representing Lindenwood College at various meetings of the Missouri State Teachers' Association.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, Nov. 16:

5 p.m., German Club  
8 p.m., Music recital; Miss Walker and Miss Shrimpton.

### Wednesday, Nov. 17:

10 a.m., Missouri College Union meeting.  
6:45 p.m., Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, Nov. 18:

11 a.m., Emily G. Hutchings, "100 Years of Art in Missouri."  
5 p.m., Delta Phi Delta.  
7:30 p.m., Faculty meeting; speaker, Dr. W. H. Kilpatrick.

### Friday, Nov. 19:

8 p.m., Fall play, "Lady of Letters", in Roemer Auditorium.

### Saturday, Nov. 20:

8 p.m., Date dance; sponsored by Sophomores.

### Sunday, Nov. 21:

6:30 p.m., Dr. G. W. King.

### Monday, Nov. 22:

5 p.m., Athletic Association.

### Tuesday, Nov. 23:

5 p.m., Music recital; Mr. Friess, Sibley Chapel.

### Wednesday, Nov. 24:

12 a.m., Thanksgiving recess starts.

## Play of College Life

The play, "Lady of Letters", sponsored by the dramatics department, will be presented in the auditorium, November 19. Miss Nina Jewel Le-men, dramatics instructor, is directing the play, and Jane Webster of Cleburne, Texas, is assistant director. The cast includes:

Sally Willett as Prof. Gilbert; Betty Faxon, as Adelaide Willifer, the professor's wife; Helen Dondanville, as Susie the daughter; Barbara Dale, as Mrs. Pace Adelaide's mother; Evelyn Waxenburg, as Mrs. McDonald; Charolyn Baker, as Warren Ansley, the reporter; Theodora Baugham as an author; Rae Gene Fearing, as Mrs. Lawrence; Patricia Shane, as Miss Shaw; Ruth Ettin, as Henrietta; Joyce Gannale, as Mr. Creepmore; and Margaret Barton as Dr. Newberry.

## Lindenwood Day at Church

### Dr. Roemer Preached at Annual Methodist Celebration.

Dr. Roemer gave the sermon at the Fifth Street Methodist Church on Sunday, October 31, at 11 o'clock, in observance of Lindenwood Day. Music for the service was rendered by the Lindenwood choir.

The text for the sermon was Matthew 16:14, "Whom do men say that I am?"

Dr. Roemer said that the human side of Jesus is well portrayed in this question. Jesus had been before the public long enough to know that there were varying opinions concerning Him. No man in public life has ever escaped public judgment. Not even the "Son of Man." He used the crowd as a mirror to get a picture of Himself.

We cannot entertain for a moment the thought that Jesus was moved by a personal vanity or by a desire to get the opinion of others to shape His course. He wanted to look into the hearts of His disciples to find what others thought of Him.

Were the question, "Whom do men say that I am?" put to men of today by Jesus, He would hear such replies as these: He is an Idealist, a man who lives in the clouds, who has a keen perception of religious truths, and is a preacher of pre-eminence, earnestly endeavoring to lead from worldly to heavenly thoughts. He is a Realist, whose teachings had to do with the practical affairs of public living, illustrated by the words, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." He is a Socialist, primarily with the thought of saving men through a social order. "Christian Socialism", Dr. Roemer said, "is a favorite theme of the pulpit today. All the prophets have denounced the social order of greed and oppression. It was the national welfare that concerned them. Unless society meets the requirement 'to do justly, love mercy, to walk humbly before God' individual salvation is remote."

In Jesus there was the union of distance and nearness. There is much about Him that suggests distance. He was not in a hurry to get to the bedside of the dying, and Peter felt this characteristic so that he cried out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

It is the height of childishness to say that He was just a genial Socialist. The distant Christ is the Christ who said, "Come unto me", and they came from every rank. He is the Christ who understood the sorrow of every person, Who could say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go in peace."

"When we hear Jesus put this question to His early disciples", Dr. Roemer said, "we ask ourselves, is this not a question put also to His present day disciples? We cannot escape the question for Jesus is always before us. To be a follower of Jesus one must have some definite opinion of Him. Your devotion to Him will be colored by your opinion."

## Alpha Sigma Tau

### New Members Initiated

The Lindenwood chapter of Alpha Sigma Tau met Tuesday, Nov. 2, and three new members who were voted on and accepted last June, were initiated into the club. Members taken in were Johnsie Fiock, Alice Belding, and Helen Margaret DuHadway. Active members of the club are Jean McFarland, Lois Null, and Gwendolyn Payne. The club elected Jean McFarland for president and the remaining offices will be filled at a later date.

Alpha Sigma Tau is an honorary society recognizing high scholastic standing and all members must retain a grade of E or S at least three semesters, have 14 hours of literary work, and receive no grade below an M in any subject at any time. This club sponsors the Christmas party with Mu Phi Epsilon and a tea in the spring for the faculty.

## Noted British Speaker

The Right Honorable Lord Marley, distinguished British statesman and peer, gave a very interesting address concerning "The Changing British Empire" in Roemer Auditorium, on Thursday morning, November 4. He spoke first of the very close relationship between the American and British peoples, due to their common ancestry.

In outlining the history of the British Empire, Lord Marley stated that there was no British Empire before 1600. He gave much credit to Henry VIII for its development. During his reign more than 350 acts were punishable by death, and the offenders were given the choice of being prosecuted or transported. Of course, many chose the latter. He said many of those people became heroes of the future because they realized the injustice of certain laws. Much credit was given to Queen Elizabeth also, for she encouraged trade. The Industrial Revolution brought about expansion in securing raw materials and ports.

He explained the ruling of the British Empire. The prime ministers of the dominions meet on an average of once every four years to discuss problems of greatest importance. The 1937 meeting was concerned with the totalitarian states, Germany and Italy, which are constantly making threats of war in their demands for raw materials, for markets, and for colonies for exploitation. Although there were no definite accomplishments in this conference, certain moves to economic appeasement were made. Lord Marley said that the dominions want a trade treaty between Britain and the United States, and that the matter is under close discussion.

Lord Marley suggested the following plan for improving life for the masses and for raising the standard of living: an economic branch of the League of Nations should be established which would analyze the potential demands of the countries;

(Continued on Page 3)

## Looking Back Through Years

Founders' Day activities opened Thursday morning, October 28, at 11 o'clock with the processional hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Dr. Harmon gave the invocation. After the choir sang "The Omnipotence", Dr. Roemer introduced the speaker, Mrs. Walter W. Seymour of Chicago, as an old graduate, whose two daughters attended Lindenwood.

In her address, which was entitled "A Lantern in Her Hand," Mrs. Seymour said that today women are seeking light along the path of life. "Yesterday you call it a century", she said, today it is more than a century—it is 111 years—a young woman stood with a lantern in her hand and looked into the future, worked for it.

"It was her desire to build in this spot a school for girls. You probably know that history. When she came here, the daughter of Rufus Easton, she had the advantage of education and as she realized there were many convents but no Protestant schools for girls, her dream became a reality. So today we are standing in this place which is our heritage.

"There are three great objects in this educational world. The first is a quest for knowledge. Up-hill doesn't run smoothly. We need good citizens today. I am sure that many of the woeful errors of the government today are due to inert citizens, those who talk about it but do nothing. Education is a spiritual preparation for life. Not just book knowledge but everything you do shall be a part of your inmost soul. Go out to do something of some use in the world. The second objective is social helpfulness. You will find many things in life which you could do and help. Make that one of your great objectives, to be of help, courage, joy to someone who needs you. The third is spiritual sensitiveness. Help each other on the way. We may be homesick for buildings and people but we find a new world in which to work.

Let us look through the seven windows of the house of life. Through them we see cooperation, opportunity, usefulness, reliability, ambition, graciousness, and inducement for education. Have in your heart the joy that you have a great opportunity in life. It takes a lot of courage to live a life. We hope to have courage, that we may go out from here building roads of usefulness, removing stones in the path for others. I would ask, as you go up the hill and find the road rough, steep and long through a dark and lonely lane, to remember that 'God set upon my lips a song and put a lantern in my hand.'"

Mrs. Seymour's address was followed by "Lift Thine Eyes," a number by six members of the choir. The assembly was concluded by the benediction and recessional hymn.

# Linden Bark

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

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1937.

## The Linden Bark:

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned  
it in his glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in  
golden sands.

—Alfred Lord Tennyson

## Congratulations!

Mrs. Roemer's recent birthday gives rise to reflections on the value of our beloved foster mother. One, who is never too tired to hear the sorrows of a homesick freshman, or the requests of a senior, one never too far removed to listen to the troubles of a sophomore or the whims of a Junior. This is our "Mother Roemer."

No matter what our problems are; trivial or large, she is always willing to help us and try and iron out our difficulties.

Not only the present students admire her, but the alumnae as well, who have placed her picture in their hearts among their treasured memories. No girl will ever forget her interest and mother love that has helped countless girls over the rough spots in school life.

Her dignity and integrity inspired the same traits to take root in all Lindenwood girls. Her Christian character serves as an influence to all with whom she comes in contact. When the different honorary organizations hold their meetings, Mrs. Roemer is always the gracious hostess; welcoming all and sharing in their enjoyment.

If ever Mrs. Roemer is ill, the entire student body misses her and sends their wish for her speedy recovery. When Dr. and Mrs. Roemer leave the campus for any length of time, they always send a message of their love and thoughts to us. Never were two people more loved and suitable to guide our beautiful Lindenwood, than the "Roemers".

May we extend our appreciation and love to Mrs. Roemer, and wish her many more happy birthdays.

## What's In A Name? Plenty!

What price beauty? The sky is the limit when it comes to style. At least it looks that way when a few women get together and begin discussing clothes. (And just give two women five minutes together and they will be on that subject) They pride themselves highly on having a Schiaparelli original, even if it took every penny they could save in two years to buy it.

Designers who create these fashions do not go in for the extreme style in the clothes they choose to wear, no, they wear the simplest styles imaginable. In fact if one didn't know they designed dresses, they wouldn't guess it by looking at them.

Are people ruled by suggestion, imitation of others or the desire to be outstanding? Often we find all of these in a group of personalities of the type person who rushes down to buy the dress that she heard someone else say they were going to have or die; or Mrs. van Catomsky whose husband is of the Smith, van Catomsky, and Smith Company, had one on last night, so she simply must have one like it; and the eccentric woman who wants to attract attention, perhaps, and appears at the dinner in an outlandish "garb" of some sort.

Shakespeare said, "that which we call a rose would smell as sweet by any other name", but sometimes we wonder if the perfume by Charmon du Paris, with the price on stilts would smell quite as sweet to some of us of the same bottle had a Ben Hur tag on it and the price was as low as the ground. We think it would be an interesting thing to see the faces of the people after a test of this sort.

They say that people are funnier than anybody, and there is a statement that makes as much sense as some of the ideas of today.

## Nebraska Club Riding in the Rain

The recently organized Nebraska club enjoyed a hay ride, Monday evening, November 1, at 7 o'clock. Despite the sudden downfall of rain, the girls reported having a "swell time". The club has elected as its officers, Zora Horner, as president, and Jane Austin, as secretary and treasurer. Both girls are from Beatrice.

## Forty Kansas Daughters

The Kansas Club was organized Monday evening, November 8, in Ayres Hall. There were 27 girls present at the meeting; however, there are almost 40 Kansas girls at Lindenwood who expect to join the club. Patricia Boomis, Independence, was elected president; Georgianne Theis, Dodge City, vice-president; and Martha Denious, Dodge City, secretary-treasurer.

## COLLEGE DIARY

By M. F.

Nov. 4.—Everyone was excited to-day over the assembly. Lord Marley spoke to us, and he was very interesting. His accent was wonderful, we all listened with rapt attention.

Nov. 5.—Everyone went to the gym to-night to the Big Apple Dance. The music was grand and the floor just right for dancing. We all dressed in "Barn" fashion, and a grand time was had by all.

Nov. 9.—To-day was Mother Roemer's birthday and all the students sent her flowers. We certainly hope she has many more happy birthdays.

Nov. 11.—To-day has been quite full of activities. In the morning at assembly we had a speech recital which was very good. Then one of the big social events of the year took place in the evening, the senior dinner dance. We had a grand dinner, and then the dance which was like all Lindenwood dances—a big success. Oh yes, we all got favors which were very clever.

## Host to Missouri Colleges

The Missouri College Union will meet at Lindenwood on Wednesday, November 17, at 10 a. m., in the college library club rooms.

The organization is composed of four-year colleges of Missouri. Its purpose is to promote interest in the state. Colleges belonging to the Union besides Lindenwood are Missouri University, William Jewell College, Westminster College, Washington University, Central College, Drury College, Missouri Valley College, St. Louis University, Park College, Tarkio College, and Culver-Stockton College.

## Poet Now Philosopher Reviewed By Dr. Betz

At the Y. W. C. A. meeting at 6:45 o'clock Wednesday, November 10 in the Y. W. Parlor in Sibley Hall, Martha Roberts introduced Dr. Betz, who gave an interesting book review of "Conversation at Midnight" by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Dr. Betz first gave a brief sketch of Miss Millay. She is the most popular modern poet of any real worth. "She has gone metaphysical; moonlight and roses are out, and she introduces, vigorous, hard comparisons, wit and realism; the poetry that gives you an electric shock instead of a pat on the head," said Dr. Betz, speaking of "Conversation at Midnight". He went further to say, "the book itself is a realistic, charming portrait of people who are all intelligent, and know what they are saying." Dr. Betz then reviewed the various outstanding characters in the book. The topics of conversation, such things as come up in the course of life, include; sports, ladies, politics, and religion. No conclusion is reached. In summarizing the value of the book, Dr. Betz said, "It's much in littleness."

## Convention Appointments

Many of Lindenwood's faculty members will attend the Missouri Educational Convention sessions which will be held in St. Louis this week.

On Friday Dr. Gipson will speak at a vocational guidance breakfast and Miss Gehlbach will lead the discussion at the close of a morning session in the Missouri Association of Collegiate Registrars section of the convention.

## Opera Star's Music Pleases Lindenwood

### Elda Vettori Presents Founders' Day Evening Recital.

Miss Elda Vettori of the Metropolitan Opera Company presented a very delightful program in Roemer Auditorium, Thursday evening, October 28. She was assisted by Mr. Julian Brookshire, baritone, and by Mr. Paul Friess at the piano.

Miss Vettori's first group of songs included "If I But Lift Mine Eyes" (Lent); "Nebbie" (Respighi); "Erlkonig" (Schubert); and "Ich Liebe Dich" (Grieg), which Miss Vettori very graciously dedicated to Dr. Roemer. She expressed great feeling in "Erlkonig", which is particularly fitted to her dramatic soprano voice. Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me", Sanderson's "Storm Lullaby", Tchaikowsky's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt", Cator's "Pool of Quietness", dedicated to Mrs. Roemer, and Brahms' "Wiegenlied" made up the second group. These songs were so enthusiastically received that Miss Vettori sang "The Cuckoo" and "His Lips Were So Near", in addition to the others.

Mr. Brookshire, who is a very young baritone, ably assisted in the program with an excellent presentation. He sang "Where e'er You Walk" (Handel); "When I Think Upon the Maidens" (Head); "The Rag Man" (Richter); and the very popular "I Love Life."

Miss Vettori followed with the tragic "Aria—Suicidio", by Ponchielli, from the opera "La Gioconda." She next sang "Hai Luli" (Coquard); "Moon Marketing" (Weaver); "Look, Edwin!" by Wagaaner, and "Religion" by Phillip Rockel Frey. The last song was dedicated to Miss Vettori by Mr. Frey.

As a grand finale, Miss Vettori and Mr. Brookshire joined together in the singing of "The Singing Lesson" by Squires and of "Wanting You" from "The New Moon" as an encore.

The entire program was greatly enjoyed. After the performance, the girls nearly mobbed Miss Vettori and Mr. Brookshire in an attempt to get their autographs.

## Lindenwood Ranks Well in Chemistry

Biochemistry is gradually making headway in undergraduate colleges. For a recent article in the "Journal of Chemical Education", Benjamin Harrow, of the City College in New York City, wrote to the various undergraduate colleges with endowment of "\$2,000,000 or over", to determine to what extent biochemistry was being offered. To date, he has received 23 replies from schools, of which Lindenwood was one, saying that they offered the course. Eight of those institutions not only offered courses in biochemistry, but also courses in food chemistry, as well. Lindenwood also ranked among these eight.

Biochemistry consists of two different courses. The one is a term's work of an introductory kind; the second is of a more advanced nature and wholly quantitative, dealing largely in the laboratory, at least—with blood and urine analysis.

## Illinois Will Have Hayride

The Illinois Club has recently elected the following officers: president, Virginia Aylesworth of Chicago; vice-president, Evelyn Katz of Rock Island, Ill.; secretary, Betty Kelley, and treasurer, Janet McKay, both of Aurora, Ill. The organization is planning a hayride in the near future.

(Continued from Page 1)

and the productive capacity of the countries; it would then allocate a fair share to all countries.

After completing his address, Lord Marley very thoroughly and interestingly answered various questions asked by the audience. These inquiries were in regard to prospects for war, world economic conditions, and England's reaction to the marriage of the Duke of Windsor to Mrs. Simpson.

### JUST A-SNOOPIN'

Some call us Vinchell, others call us different names, but we're coming back this year unidentified—just a 'snoopin'.

We have a few good pieces of parlor news for you this week. Here's a good one to start with:

What prominent young business man from St. Louis has been dating a certain senior who resides in Sibley? Maybe his being asked not to return to Ayres has something to do with it.

We hear that one of those Orchard Farm lads had his Hallowe'en fun interrupted by a Wentworth dance.

The well-known St. Charles play-boy is up to his old tricks again.—Fooling the freshmen with flowers.

That littlest Patterson girl, when asked whom she is taking to the next date dance will probably say, "It's about time to grow up."

Can you imagine anyone being so dumb as to wonder if you go through Little Rock to get to Indiana?

Here's a little tale we heard the other day: Our itty-bitsy heroine returns and finds our blond hero that way about a little girl from Arkansas. The moral of the story is the one about absence making the heart grow fonder. Remember?

What four Butler freshmen made a mass journey to Ayres the other night? The purpose of the visit—need we say?

Betty Schroeder and Betty Dew have both put thumbs down. What's wrong, Bob?

The little Serdinski dame from Iowa is causing quite a dust storm in town.

What sophomore who dated a certain boy last year is going with what boy who dated one of this year's juniors last year? The first boy wants to date what sophomore who is one of the first sophomore's best friends?

Here's something we can't understand. Why is a certain little brown-eyed freshman so anxious to see her football hero, yet yearns for a date with one of the local gentry?

Ruthie Ettin and Mildred Jane Bryant were present at a prominent social gathering Saturday night. Why did the party break up so early, girls?

And we hear Becky had a letter from Betty Jean. News certainly travels fast, doesn't it?

We wonder how a certain person's nickname "Roller" originated.

What two girls rate (?) St. Louis football stars?

Why did Betty Faxon and Caroline Irish blush so on a certain occasion the other night? We won't tell—but that's about all we won't tell ! ! ! ! !

### Read New Poetry

The Poetry Society met Nov. 3, Wednesday afternoon. Miss Dawson read a letter from Miss Winslow, secretary of the national society. The treasurer's report was read and Johnsie Flock informed the new members of the purpose of the club. New poetry turned into the society was read and criticized.

### Takes Part in Play Friday Night



SALLY WILLETT

### CAVE INS

By Marjorie Mangrum, '41

Pittsburg, Kan., is not in the least surprised at a cave in. It is a common occurrence if the ground suddenly drops below you and leaves you standing or sitting in a forty foot cavity.

The cause of these cave ins can be easily explained. In years long ago there were deep coal mine shafts all over this land in and around the town. In these shafts each day men worked to bring out the coal. The shafts went down many feet; then they branched and went in different directions so all the coal could be taken. Caverns were left in these places.

There were many dangers for the men in these caverns. Gases and breaking of overhead beams, which sometimes crushed many men, were the two chief dangers. Men often took canaries into the mines to warn them of gases. Canaries are very sensitive to the least touch of gas, and it would sometimes kill the birds before the men noticed and got out of the mine. Rather brutal for the birds, but it saved many human lives. The only thing to prevent the breaking beams was careful construction and good materials. Sometimes managers, trying to make a little money from the mine on the side, would buy cheap lumber for the beams and then inferior lumber often resulted in disaster.

Now the results of the caverns are seen on and in the streets.

Recently a large truck was traveling down a side street and suddenly the earth under it departed taking the truck down with it. The man was badly hurt and the city was indebted for street repairs and a damage suit pending.

There was a beautiful home in the better residential section, where one night the people felt a shake and running out saw that the ground under the front room and porch had caved in, leaving the house shaking.

One morning the students of a public school noticed something like a black patch at the corner intersection and upon investigating discovered a large hole partially filled with water; a peril to the lives of little children.

Nothing can be done now except to fill the holes when they appear and hope for the best. The coal business still thrives but only by surface mining with steam shovels. There is still much excitement in the mining town.

COME OUT TO THE PLAY

### We Wonder Why?

Some of our upper classmen are so interested in the St. Charles high school students?

The St. Charles-play-boy likes our vesper services so well?

Our peasant dancer dimpled so sweetly and waved at someone in the balcony?

Some girls haven't enough courtesy to leave while we are talking over the phones in the office?

That sophomore from the blue-grass-state thinks she can fool us with "There's nothing to it, it's silly" . . . . OH!

The professor who gave the discourse on smoking in class felt so misunderstood after reading our column? Doesn't he know it's all in fun?

That cute sophomore keeps changing her mind so often about whether to go home to Nebraska for the Thanksgiving recess?

This cute vivacious brunette is always going around saying, "no, more feeds for me, I went to my last one to-day. I'm on a diet now, I want to lose."

### Varied Music Numbers, Appreciative Audience

The music department presented nine of its students in a recital Tuesday, November 9, at 5 o'clock in Roemer auditorium. The piano numbers by Helen Dondanville and Shirley Alpern were Beethoven's "Bagatelle, A. flat major" and Chopin's "Waltz, Op. 64, No. 3".

Vera Jean Douthat sang, "Maria's Wiegenglied" and "O Lord Most Holy". Elaine Reed sang two numbers, the first by Torelli and the other by Campbell Tipton. Mary Elizabeth Benner sang "Connais-tu le Pays" by Thomas and "Like as a Hart" by Allitson.

The other two voice numbers were Lotti, "Pur Dicasti, O Bocca Bella" and Popper-Aslanoff "Gavotte", which Ruby Drehmann sang.

Margaret Anne McCoid played a violin solo, "Polish Dance" by Severn. Mary Ahmann and Alice Belding concluded the program on two pianos with "Sicilienne" by Bach-Maier, and "Prelude in E" by Bach-Saar.

### Two Dozen Home Makers

A candlelight ceremony was held last week when 24 girls were formally initiated into the Home Economics club. The new associate members are: Annette Avgerinos; Betty Barney; Mary Ruth Florey; June Goran; Virginia Hansen; Lois Hausch; June Harsh; Peggy Hocker; Jane Knudson; Dorothy Knaus; Bonner Jean Lindsey; Martie Lawler; Marilyn Patterson; Vivian Peterson; Evelyn Rickabough; Dorothy Seymour; Janet Scroggin; Betty Schroeder; Sara Sorgenfrei; Sue Smith; Constance Schwartzkopf; Aileen Vandiver; Geraldine Weiss; and Louise Wilks.

### Heard Kreisler

Several Lindenwood students went into St. Louis Sunday, October 31, to hear the famous Fritz Kreisler. Upon their return, the girls were very enthusiastic about his playing. Kay Thompson, who had heard him a few years ago said that "he seemed to play so much better than when I last heard him." Mr. Kreisler played four encores and responded to a good many curtain calls. His last number was his own composition, "Lullaby."

### WHO'S WHO

The trite expression "beautiful but dumb" does not apply to this Irish lassie. She is very attractive and her good looks go hand in hand with a high scholarship standing. Alpha Sigma Tau considers her quite an important member and the Poetry Society gives her a number one rating as a poet. She has a bit of a southern accent which reminds us that she is a Texan. This junior girl is .....

### FASHION NOTES FROM TOTS

Knit suits are again fashionable, or should one say, "still" fashionable. For years, women have been knitting, but it seems that they are getting more expert at it, especially the younger generation. It is surprising what a good looking dress, suit or sweater can be designed with a few balls of yarn and a little patience.

Some of the sweaters on the campus which the girls have made are very attractive. One of the most popular colors, it seems, is bright pink. Virginia Carter wears one with the cable stitch for the trimming on the sleeves and forming a pattern in the front. Another feature is the raglan sleeve which adds much to its attractiveness. Pat Fowler chose blue for her sweater. It is a jiffy knit with short puffed sleeves and a draw string at the collar, making it very full.

One of the cutest dresses I've seen is the hunter green that Joyce Works wears. It is a knit seven, pearl seven, pattern and for a touch of contrasting color, she knitted a rust scarf which she wears under the peter-pan collar.

The hand-knits around the college that the girls have had knitted for them, in their lack of time to do it themselves, are numerous. Carrie Cates has a red one with buttons of black down the front. The sleeves are short and are crocheted around the edge, as are the neck and bottom of the blouse. Jane Black's is also red with gold buttons down the front. The cable stitch patterns the front in the most striking way.

Lucy Lee Cox is the owner of a pretty sport dress in green. The skirt is different, the pattern giving the effect of a striped figure. It has brown buttons on the shoulders, a green belt with a brown buckle, and a brown scarf at the neck.

It is fashionable to knit your own clothes, so, for your smartest outfit, learn to knit!

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## HOME TOWN

By Nadeane Snyder, '41

A gravel road  
A house burned down  
These are things  
In my home town.

A field of wheat  
Not our own  
Next to our fence  
By a neighbor sown.

The man who lived  
Alone in the woods  
And profited not  
By this world's goods:

All he did  
Was live and read  
Most men thought him queer—  
I never agreed.

The goldenrod  
I picked for joy;  
The jam-smear'd face  
Of the neighbor boy.

The eighth-grade bully,  
The siege of flu,  
These small-town things—  
Do you know them, too?

FROM BAD TO WORSE  
TO NORMAL

By Jean McFarland, '39

Yes, I had at last arrived at that enviable age when I had had my first date. It was hard, I'll admit, but the young swains in my set were the most fascinating studies I'd yet faced. I groped for outside literature and used the motion picture sirens as my voluminous library. They were all types, and, at that time, I wanted to be their duplicate. It made little difference whether I was a Joan Crawford or a Greta Garbo; all I desired was to be exotic.

My greatest difficulty was the personality transition that I obviously had to make. I was forced to discard my athletic aspirations and shun my rough little playmates; they were too crude for me. I had to be worldly and sophisticated.

First of all I changed the spelling of my name; no longer could I be just ordinary 'Jean.' Only Jeanne had the proper finesse. I hated the Scotch ending to that subtle sounding given French, but it compensated in a small way.

I became a devout reader of the ads. Painstakingly I caught glimpses of myself, smiling brazenly like the Pepsodent ladies; it never occurred to me that my teeth were imprisoned behind gold braces. I bathed in Linit—the prelude to pulchritude. Vigorously I scrubbed my face with Woodbury's, the famous beauty soap. Camels were my choice tobacco.

I watered my stock of smart words. I practiced stilted elegance; my "swell" "keen" and "okay" were closeted to be used only around my older brother.

Meanwhile, my personality was becoming unbearably complex. I never knew whether to be a sophisticate like Dietrich or a natural like Shirley Temple. They both had their points. Dorothy Dix, except for my mother, was my greatest trial. She misled me daily. First, she advocated good sportmanship. This didn't work for me; boys disliked the pal. Next, she said that femininity was woman's greatest weapon. I, of all people, became the essence of the frail, delicate type—that is, until a cruel boy said, "Cut it, McFarland; cut it."

It's been five years now since I started on that thorny path, and I still don't know just what the men do like. Some like me one way; some like me another; too many don't like me anyway.

## A FALLING LEAF

By Mary Ann Bates, '41

I shouldn't be wasting time as I am now, sitting by my window and gazing at the lovely autumn picture the campus makes in the afternoon sunlight. But day-dreaming here is so pleasant that I don't seem able to move.

Each day seems a little more brisk than the one preceding it. Even the smell of the air indicates that fall is here. The leaves are falling; small piles of them have drifted against bushes and buildings. Each leaf looks so dry and withered that one cannot believe it was once a part of a green mass of summer foliage which threw a dancing lace of shadow on this same spot.

There! A leaf is falling from that small twig which extends nearly to my window. Look how the leaf dances and frolics, as though eager to leave its resting place far behind. When I was six I had great fun playing in piles of leaves. Their softness made jumping into them fine sport; too, lying in the middle of billowing waves of leaves seemed a delightful place in which to share with my best friend secrets the rest of the world could never know. Exchanging confidences, we planned what we should do when we were big girls in high school. What fun would be ours! We'd go to the picture show by ourselves on Saturday nights. Maybe (just maybe) we'd have dates! Of course we knew what dates were. The girl next door, who was grownup and in high school, had dates every weekend. Oh, all the pleasures of life would be ours when we were in high school!

The leaf is rushing on in its downward path; now it is thrown into a frenzied rush of activity by a sudden gust of wind. I wonder why it seems in such a hurry to reach the ground? It will rest there only a short while, then be raked with other leaves and burned. When I was in high school, janitors burned leaves on an open plot not far from the rear of the building. We occupants of the study hall were nearly suffocated by the smoke which poured through the windows from the fire. Study hall was never pleasant the first six weeks of each year of school. During the day there was always so much to do getting started in the year's activities, and there never seemed to be time enough for study at night. Our crowd of boys and girls was always doing something I knew I couldn't miss if I wished to keep up with the rest. My best friend was leaving for college, and I sat in the study hall wishing fervently I could be going with her. The previous year we had visited girls' schools and universities for weekends and dances, and college seemed the happiest place on earth to me. It would be so nice naming a college when asked my school instead of informing the inquirer that I was still in high school. My life would really begin when I left for college!

The campus looks beautiful against the background of falling leaves. I'll probably feel sad leaving here when I graduate, but I'll like naming this school as my alma mater. Being through with studies will be a fine sensation; I wonder what I'll be doing four years from now? Perhaps I'll have a job. Just think, launched on my own career! Maybe I'll get married; if I do, I'm going to try to be the ideal wife. I'd love children. If I have any, I'll be so good to them, so kind and gentle with them, so understanding of their problems that they will love me, too. I'll never allow myself to grow old in either appearance or mind. All my life I'll keep myself vital and happy.

Oh, look! The leaf (or is it another) has finally reached the ground and has settled on a dried-up pile. After all its rushing and scurrying, it has not gone far; it has accomplished nothing. But neither have I; I have been day-dreaming far too long.

## DEATH

By Betty Clark, '41

All of my life I have thought of death—not so much of death as of the manner of dying.

At the early age of eight I was certain that the heroic death was best—to dash madly into a burning house, grab the babe in my arms, run out and gently place it in the arms of its hysterical mother, then, without the slightest murmur passing from my lips of the agonizing pain which I was suffering from my burns, to die. Fame, acclaim, statues, and years later little children singing my name were the things for which I dreamed.

Then with age my ideas were slightly altered until, at twelve, I wanted to possess an incurable disease, to lie in a large white bed with my beautiful dark locks spread on my pillow, my face pale yet lovely. With my loved ones around me, I would say, "O Mother dear, do not mourn for me when I'm gone; it's probably much better this way." After this statement, I would take my last breath, my eyelashes would flutter, and I would die peacefully. My family, who had bravely restrained their tears until now, would fall on their knees with deep sobs racking them.

And then at fifteen, probably as the result of the last movie, I wanted to fall desperately in love with some older man, tall, dark, still with his youthful figure and—if it weren't asking too much—flashing white teeth and a small, neat, black mustache. I would finally succumb to my great longing one day and go to him, proclaim my all-consuming love, and find him also infatuated. Because of his being married and my family's possible objections, we would jump off—I couldn't decide whether a cliff or a bridge. (The last movie had been a cliff, but there weren't any good cliffs in the vicinity.) But, we would jump, and in each other's arms go on through space and eternity together.

At seventeen I had definitely planned the manner of my decease. I wanted to be old and tired of life, tired of having lived as fully as I could. When the incentive to enjoy life had ceased and the time came when I wanted to rebel against its unfairness, I would walk down a lonely, winding road until I dropped. I wanted the shell that held my spirit for so long to drop from me and never be found. I wanted the season to be late autumn and the lane to be lined with colorful, hard maples through which slanted rays of the late afternoon sunshine. As the last beams of the sun sank, leaving a sky of brilliant color—pink, blue, and orchid—I would die.

The other day while I was walking along a busy downtown street, I was deep in my thoughts. If in the past I had taken such a radical stand in the manner of my death, what, pray tell, would the future do for my imagination? I suppose only time will tell.

## OIL FIELDS

By Mami Lou Albertson, '41

Some of the first things I can remember took place while we lived in the oil fields. One of the worst places we lived was in Louisiana where it rained three seasons of the year. We had a car, but in ten

months we used it only once. The heavy tanks and other equipment so necessary to drilling oil wells had to be pulled by horses. Even our provisions had to be carried in saddle bags on horses from the tiny store five miles away. Mother and I traveled those five miles to and from the store twice a week. We had to ride horseback on the railroad tracks because there were no passable roads. I shall never forget the sinking sensation I had when a high-spirited horse threw Mother just as we were crossing a high trestle. Mother was not hurt, but she didn't ride that horse again.

One of the company's vice-presidents from Holland was making an inspection tour of our lease and came to our house for dinner. Because of the heavy rains, we had not been able to go to the store, and we had nothing but canned fish. We used the best silver and dishes, but we served shrimp cocktails, salmon coquettes, tuna salad, and sardine sandwiches. Fortunately the vice-president had a great sense of humor and took the whole affair as a joke. He has never forgotten his first and last all-fish dinner.

The most horrible thing I can remember was seeing a drunk "rough-neck" murdered after a quarrel over a card game. He ran across our front yard and was shot by one of his companions. He fell into my own special flower bed. I had been working in it all afternoon. The body could not be moved until the coroner saw it, and it was three days before he could come. So for three days that greasy body lay in my flower bed. It was then that we applied for a transfer.

We were moved to another lease in Oklahoma. This one was a great improvement on the other one for it had board walks. Here my father had his own office. Our house, like the nine other houses on this lease, was painted green with a brilliant red roof. We had two oil wells in our back yard. One was a "gusher" and never failed to spray oil all over our Monday washing.

Oklahoma would not be complete without cyclones. During one, our beautiful red roof was blown, in one piece, ten miles away. Our radio, the only one on the entire lease, was the sole piece of furniture in our house which was left completely whole. I can remember watching Dad connect it in his office so that Mother could listen to a concert by her favorite conductor that night.

Life in the oil fields is hard on the men as well as their families. Nevertheless, its training is invaluable, and it is a step which every future executive with a large oil corporation must make. Now I would not exchange my experiences in the oil fields for anything, but neither would I want to go through those same experiences again.

## BEACH

By Corinne Zorth, '40

A soft, creamy moon  
Shines over silhouetted waters  
Seeking two slender, bronze bodies  
Stretched on bleached, white sands.  
Calm, padded breezes fan  
Smothering, thick breath over treeless plains.  
Glistening, glass-like land  
Finds lonesomeness drowning  
Circles of lapping, lapping water  
Slipping helplessly, endlessly upward  
On smooth satin shore.  
To-night stars shimmer in gladness.  
Full gone is the dazzling light  
Abandoned by wriggling bent bodies  
Now empty, the cooling, smooth sands.

## IN PURPLE SHADOWS

By Eloise Stelle, '40

Prize-Winning Poem in Poetry  
Society Contest

I saw a pond  
Bordered with catalpa blooms  
Like burst popcorn  
In white starch fluffiness  
Or mislaid party hats  
Of dancing fairies.

I saw a drop of dew  
Or perhaps it was a tear  
Resting quite gently  
On a jagged, earthgreen leaf  
Reflecting the whole world  
In a perfect miniature.

I saw a quilted spider  
Tufted fat with cruel, steel eyes  
And thin string legs concealing  
strength  
Squatting in front of a pearl-grey  
mesh  
Soft silken thread  
A deceiving death.

Insignificant beauty  
Dissolved only by design  
Incessant and yet futile  
Obscure precepts of the wise  
All this in purple shadows—  
And I wept.

## CONDOLENCES FOR MY LOVE

By Eloise Steele, '40

Prize-Winning Poem in Poetry  
Society Contest

In your grief  
My heart hurts for you  
Words, like snow-clouds  
Float across my troubled mind  
To vanish forever—unsaid.

For you know  
That death leaves an empty, bitter  
space.  
Yet there is a sureness about death.

In my grief  
My heart freezes and burns.  
Memories, like blackened silhouettes  
Are stamped in my brain, clear cut.

For you know  
That Love leaves an empty bitter  
space  
And there is no sureness about love.

## PEACE ON EARTH

By Geraldine Rasdal, '41

Told again in song and story  
Tale of Christ in all his glory;  
Wise men coming from afar,  
Led to His cradle by a star.  
Glory to God!  
Shepherds, roused by angels singing  
As o'er the hillside they came wing-  
ing,  
Paid tribute to the Little Stranger  
Sleeping in the lowly manger  
Glory to God!

Costly gifts the wise men brought  
To the tiny King they sought.  
Shepherds knelt in holy awe  
Of the tiny Babe they saw.  
Peace on earth!  
Rulers trembled at the news  
There was born a King of Jews.  
But many came to watch and pray  
While Jesus in the manger lay.  
Peace on earth!

Sound your praises to the God most  
High,  
Who gave His Son that we might  
not die.  
Praise Him, Who was destined from  
His birth  
To save the unworthy men of earth.  
Good will to men!  
Don't ye now, your gay apparel;  
Join the angels in their carol.  
Let your voice the chorus swell,  
Singing with Christmas chime and  
bell.  
Good will to men!

## MONTANA TWILIGHT

By Helen Dondanville, '41

A happily barking collie brought a  
small herd of cattle from field to  
barn, where they were received and  
the dog given a pep talk by their  
master. A slender, sun-tanned boy  
preparing hay fresh from the field  
to give to hungry calves in a pen  
sang a school song unfamiliar to  
anyone who might have passed by.  
A young girl was about to fill a  
gaily painted pitcher with water  
from an electrically driven pump  
near a small western house.

As water filled the pitcher, the  
girl raised her eyes. The Montana  
hills were silhouetted against a sky  
made brilliant by the setting sun.  
The sun itself was obscured from  
sight by an immense black cloud,  
but its rays shone above and at the  
sides of the cloud like the badly  
fitted bright lining of a black even-  
ing cloak. It was a splendid sight.  
The girl felt—as she always did  
when she gazed at the sunsets of  
the West—that she was very near  
to God, but, though the thought  
might be a desecration, this was one  
sunset that would photograph! With  
a thought something like, "Please,  
excuse me, God," she turned off the  
rushing water, till then forgotten,  
and hastened for her camera. When  
the excitement of the "take" was  
over, the beauty of the scene again  
impressed deeply this heart which  
so loved the West and all it meant.

The rancher and his son, strange-  
ly alike despite years of separation,  
were approaching the house with  
the adoring collie. The girl, roused  
from her reverie, saw that the sun  
was gone. The boy picked up the  
pitcher of water, and all went to-  
ward the door. The girl paused be-  
fore the doorstep. Once there had  
been another in this happy group;  
there might have been four now.  
She looked for the first star of the  
evening, to which she directed her  
thought, "Thank you, God, for these  
three." Then night fell on the val-  
ley.

## GREENER PASTURES

By Elizabeth Ann Fields, '41

Breathes there a man or a woman  
who is completely satisfied with  
his or her lot? To all appearances  
some people have no longings to be  
that which they are not, or to have  
that which they have not; but at  
some time in their lives consciously  
or otherwise they have wished for  
the almost impossible.

Women seem especially guilty of  
this offense. They long for finer  
clothes, for more shapely figures,  
for prettier faces, for more beau-  
tiful hair, and for more charming  
personalities. Perhaps one girl has  
been blessed with lovely eyes; but  
instead of realizing her good fortune  
she bewails the fact that her chum's  
teeth are straighter and whiter  
than hers. Another young lady may  
possess that priceless gift: humor;  
but secretly she longs to have the  
sweet, feminine personality of the  
girl who lives across the street.

Nor is every girl's longing for those  
intangible qualities that go to make  
up beauty. In craving for ability to  
write themes as well and as easily  
as her roommate, Dorothea may lose  
sight of the fact that she can solve  
mathematical problems more quick-  
ly and with greater accuracy than  
can Madge. No doubt Alice swims  
much better than Sarah, but does  
Sarah remember that her golf game  
is far superior to that of her friend?  
Probably not.

Young men, old men, males of any  
age are not entirely free from the

affliction of envy—or, more mildly,  
longing. They, too, wish for the  
moon. They long for athletic ability  
which they do not possess; they  
want manly figures and handsome  
faces; they yearn for better posi-  
tions.

Of course, there are exceptions to  
every rule. There are those who  
claim to be perfectly happy and con-  
tent with life, but secretly they must  
have desired greater, better, or finer  
things which are not theirs now. It  
all proves that odd, old adage: "The  
grass is always greener on the other  
side of the fence."

## PRIDE TAKES A FALL

By Mildred Anderson, '41

Hearing a great commotion, I  
rushed to the window to behold my  
next door neighbor gallop up on a  
large white horse, a fine looking  
beast. After several agile strides,  
Lee, the boy, was leaning on our  
door bell. I consented to ride the  
horse. I donned my riding breeches,  
boots, a small skull cap and admired  
myself in the mirror. I decided I  
looked vivacious enough for any  
man's horse. On closer inspection  
of the horse, I came to the con-  
clusion that I had been rather hasty  
on my first analysis. He now  
appeared to be just a common, slow-  
footed creature. Lee assisted me in  
mounting Mercury and gave me  
such a vigorous boost I nearly lost  
my equilibrium. I had never ridden  
a horse in my life but my pride pre-  
vented my admitting it. After a  
loud "giddap" I found myself being  
transported down the street at a  
terrific burst of speed. Did I accuse  
Mercury of being slow-footed? For-  
give me. The first block of the ride  
left me hatless, the second block the  
saddle blanket was left far behind  
as the saddle slipped to one side, and  
when my feet descended through the  
stirrups, becoming quite tangled, I  
prayed for mercy. The horse seem-  
ed to be thoroughly enjoying my  
predicament for at the next corner  
he snorted, leaped into the air, and  
as I peered out from the hair on his  
mane, he cleared the ditch with rods  
to spare. What a magnificent  
brute! Although my arms, entwined  
around his neck, were slowly chok-  
ing him, he lessened his speed not  
a bit, but increased it. As if we had  
not been through enough gymnast-  
ics together, he started on a  
mad gallop down the main street of  
town. Of course it isn't a large  
town but this was Saturday. The  
streets were lined with farmers, the  
entire population I thought miser-  
ably. How they stared! I even  
caught a glimpse of one of my  
friends. Her mouth was wide open  
and her eyes were bulging unbeliev-  
ingly. Finally I succeeded in turning  
the horse toward home. You can  
imagine my amazement as I gaily  
galloped onto the terrace, to find my  
aunt clasping her hands in agony  
and Lee's mother nearly frantic in  
the expectation of my being return-  
ed on a stretcher. I presented a  
very bedraggled appearance. My  
hair was wind blown, perspiration  
streamed from my face and my  
clothes looked as if I had slept in  
them during a nightmare.

Weeks after this incident I was  
still being called "Lady Revere"  
and other equally embarrassing  
names. My friend has never for-  
gotten it and relates the old story  
upon every possible occasion. In  
my old age, I shall probably tell it  
in my grandchildren with a hearty  
chuckle but now I remember it as  
the most embarrassing moment I  
have ever experienced. If ever  
again I attempt to flaunt my riding  
skill it will be away out in the wide  
open spaces on a Shetland pony.

## REMEMBER

By Lovella Dee Hurst, '38

Remember the night when we drift-  
ed along  
Down that—what was that stream?  
I forget now.  
Remember the song that you sang  
me so sweetly?  
You did sing to me, didn't you?

Remember the moon as it shone up-  
on us?  
The lapping of water against our  
canoe?  
Remember the shadows a gleam in  
the darkness?  
And musical words from a song ever  
true?

My mind is a maze of remembrances  
hazy;  
My thoughts keep returning to you.  
And thinking of you is driving me  
crazy—  
Are you remembering too?

Did the moon really shine?  
Did you sing me a song?  
Did the water lap softly against our  
canoe?  
Did you say you were mine  
As we drifted along?  
I can't remember, can you?

But I know it was sweet  
And we thought it was real,  
As the mood of the night did in our  
hearts steal.

We stayed long in silence—I re-  
member that too!  
Then you whispered "I love you" so  
softly,  
Or did you?

## AUTUMN

By Sally Willett, '41

We wandered up the hillside, you  
and I,  
And watched the leaflets twirling  
from the sky.  
The leaves, all scarlet, brown, and  
vivid green—  
They turned the barren spot into a  
magic scene.

At last we reached the hillside's  
highest peak  
And turned to face each other, and  
to speak—  
But something in the spot, exalted  
shrine,  
Put pressure on your lips as well as  
mine;  
And we were more content alone to  
stand,  
While nature led us onward by the  
hand.

This is your world—and it is mine.  
This spot of ours, therefore, will al-  
ways shine—  
A holy place, because it will have  
made  
Us look ahead, and face the future  
unafraid.

You and I have climbed the path  
alone  
And found the place where other  
loves have sown  
The seed of hope and love and light,  
That we could see our way through  
darkest night.

And here we are—the rulers on our  
throne.

## TWO IN SILENCE

By Nadeane Snyder, '41

A crescent moon shines palely over-  
head;  
The creek, with waters lulled, is  
glimmering in its bed.

A cricket chirps, mosquitoes fan the  
air,  
And we two stand in silence the  
mystic night to share.

## MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

By Lucy Lee Cox, '41

I have never been so excited as I was when I was permitted to take my first airplane ride. My parents had always said no when I asked them to go up in an airplane, but after much pleading the answer was finally affirmative.

The cool brisk autumn afternoon was ideal for flying. As we neared the airport I grew so excited at the prospect of an airplane ride that I could hardly sit still.

At the hangar they dressed me in leather leggings, coat, and helmet. I was a sight to behold. My helmet was so large that it fell over my eyes, the coat came down to my knees, and the leggings had to be rolled to keep from dragging the ground.

Finally the moment came when I was really stepping into an airplane. I could hardly believe it. As the plane was an open one I was buckled tightly in the seat.

My heart almost jumped into my throat when the motor was started to let the engine get warm. After a few minutes of the suspense of waiting we started moving slowly down the field. Then faster and faster until the plane gradually left the ground. My heart was pounding in my ears. When the first few minutes of panic and excitement had subsided and all earthly things had grown smaller, I had the wonderful sensation of being free and having no responsibilities. All my ties to mother earth seemed to have been cut.

I then began to look about me. The setting sun cast a pink glow on the fleecy white clouds which were being blown about by swift breezes. I could even see the soft silver outline of the moon, although the sun was shining brightly. The boundless space of the heavens gave me a thrill I can never forget. I loved it all and never wanted to return to the common everyday things of life.

As we descended from the clouds I found I was glad to see mother earth, but could hardly wait for my next airplane ride.

## Much Interest in Spanish

The Spanish Club met Tuesday, November 9, at 6:30 in the library clubroom. The guest speaker for the evening was Miss Ada Tucker of the home economics department. Miss Tucker spoke about her recent trip to Mexico. She had with her various interesting objects from Mexico, which she showed the girls. Nineteen new pledges were initiated and pinned with a red carnation and a small pin with ribbons. After the meeting refreshments were served.

The new pledges included: Donna Lou Dewees, Helen Margaret DuHadway, Mary Jean DuHadway, Janet Evans, Jane Griswold, Margaret Hurst, Dorothy Ann Knell, Betty Jane Laws, Janet McKay, Evelyn Waxenburg, Jane Austin, Helen Brown, Helen Rose Bruns, Margaret Ruth Carden, Pauline Keehner, Dorothy Leach, Bonner Jean Lindsey, Martha Weber, and Mrs. Helen Pletz.

Dr. Mary Terhune is sponsor of the club.

## Iowa State Club Organized Recently

The Iowa State club was formed November 4, in the parlor of Ayres Hall. Betty Grace Harper was elected president of the club, and Della May Nash, secretary. The club plans to have several entertainments in the future. Committees will be announced at a later date.

## Lindenwood Memories

### Alumnae Meeting on Founders' Day

A meeting of the alumnae was held in Sibley parlor at 1:30 the afternoon of Founders' Day. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Fred A. DuHadway, the chairman. Recognition was given to both Major and Mrs. Sibley. Mrs. DuHadway read this poem as a tribute to Mrs. Sibley.

#### THE HAPPY WAY

I met a girl the other day  
Whose sunny manner seemed to say  
That she had found the Happy Way.  
I asked the secret of her smile,  
She gave a thoughtful look the while  
And answered somewhat in this style:

Six things have I that spell content,  
Six things that mean a life well spent,  
That make for real accomplishment:

A peaceful mind,  
A grateful heart,  
A love for all that's true;  
A helpful hand,  
Real tolerance,  
And lots of things to do.

The officers that were present were introduced. Miss Anna Louise Kelley of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. George M. Null of St. Charles, Mo., and Miss Evelyn Brown of University City, Mo.

A report was given on the Mary Eastman scholarship fund, by Miss Null. The nomination committee was announced by Mrs. DuHadway. They are, Chairman, Mrs. A. J. Clay, members of the committee, Mrs. F. E. Travis, and Mrs. Peter Lane.

The meeting was turned over to an open discussion and recollections of the days when they were students in Lindenwood. Each member present rose giving her maiden name and her married name. Some of those present graduated from Lindenwood in 1876, 1878, and 1882.

## Missionaries Describe Real Chinese Life

The Y.W.C.A. met Wednesday, November 3, at 6:45 in the library clubrooms, with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McGaffin, missionaries from China, as guests. Mrs. McGaffin talked to the girls about wedding customs in China.

Many of these customs seem very peculiar to Americans. A large feast is held the night before the wedding and the bride cannot sit down or smile, the entire evening. If she does, she "loses face." The bride goes to the wedding in a "chair", which is carried by four people. If she is rather heavy, six people carry the "chair." The husband lifts her veil and sees his wife for the first time. The bride is very shy, and usually hangs her head. Until her first son is born she cannot hold up her head, but when she becomes a mother she carries herself very proudly.

Girls are not as well thought of as boys Mrs. McGaffin said. They are supposed to bring bad luck, especially if the first child is a girl.

The modern Chinese girl is very much like the girl in America. In the big cities the girls wear very much make-up, especially lip-stick and mascara. But in the homes and in the poorer houses, the girls wear only a fragrant white powder. Many of the girls wear very high heels. The men do not object, rather they do not make the women bind their feet, as the high heel makes their feet look dainty. Education of the

Chinese girl is increasing. There are several fine schools for girls in China today. More and more they are beginning to see the importance of educating the girls and women.

Mr. McGaffin spoke to the girls about the prison system. He said that the punishment for criminals in China is very severe, in his estimation.

## Founders' Day Dinner Enjoyed By Everybody

On Founders' Day the dining room was decorated in lovely fall flowers. Those which predominated were yellow and white chrysanthemums and ferns. On each table was a small vase with several sprays of the flowers. Miss Walter planned an exceptionally good dinner that day, and it was enjoyed by everyone.

First a large plate was brought to each one and on it was a huge mound of chicken salad in a cluster of lettuce leaves. Sliced tomatoes and olives and pickles also adorned the plate. Lima beans and French fried potatoes were passed. Also on the menu were hot rolls, butter, strawberry jam, and cottage cheese. For dessert everyone had delicious pumpkin pie with whipped cream, salted nuts and coffee. Each and every girl, as well as the guests, enjoyed the meal so much.

During dinner the girls sang several school songs and the freshmen sang their songs which were written by girls of the freshman class. Everyone had such a grand time that they wish Founders' Day might be everyday.

## Song Writers Wanted For College Tunes

Here is your chance, girls! Lindenwood College desires several new college songs. If the freshman class alone is able to produce such fine songs as were presented at dinner on Founders' Day, certainly with the cooperation of the whole school, some excellent musical creativeness should creep out.

Prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 are being offered for the first three accepted songs. Mr. Thomas is chairman of the special committee on songs and is assisted by Miss Isidor, Miss Shrimpton, Miss Burns, and Dr. Betz as the other members of the committee. The committee has adopted definite rules for the contest, which is open not only to present Lindenwood students, but to the alumnae as well.

Remember, girls, the contest closes February 1, 1938. Let's get some good songs started immediately!

## Fine Tapestry Presented

Lindenwood was quite honored upon receiving a "Replica of Its First Building", which was fashioned by Miss Margaret Ellen Boal of Glendale, Calif., Miss Boal previously having attended Lindenwood in 1883. The replica, resembling tapestry, has been placed on the bulletin board, just outside of Mrs. Roemer's office. It is made of fancy silks, worked in together, to illustrate the various trees, bushes, and flowers. A small picket fence surrounds the single building, and clouds and smoke, are seen in the background. The building itself is in log-cabin style.

Lindenwood, being founded on October 20, 1827, by George and Mary Easton Sibley, is very grateful to Miss Boal for this beautiful replica presented to the college.

## What! No Monocle?

The much distinguished British statesman, Lord Marley, of Sussex, England did not wear a monocle. He wore regular reading glasses when he read.

He is a middle-aged man, slightly gray and slightly bald. He has a grayed mustache which adds to his polished look. Wearing a black suit, and black shoes, blue tie and striped shirt with a detachable collar, he looked just like any well-dressed American man.

Lord Marley is a comical sort of person, not to mention his possession of much subtle humor which was accompanied by the raising of his heavy eyebrows, and possession of much poise. He was very informal, playing with a pencil a great deal of the time, and taking off and putting on his glasses the rest of the time.

His English characteristics were of course outstanding to his feminine audience. He held his head high most of the time in the typical English manner, and his voice had somewhat of the English nasal tone to it, which was not unpleasing. His smile was a sweet one, and he was very cordial to girls who interviewed him.

One might say that the American idea of the type of dress for the English tends to be a rather stereotyped one. On being asked about the monocle and dress of England, Lord Marley replied, "the monocle is worn in England only if one eye is differently focused, and the top hat is worn for social functions, weddings, funerals, and any more often only by government officials." The morning coat is worn a great deal, and the quality of clothing seems to be better than in America. However the American woman dresses better, more attractively, and is more particular about her facial make-up than the English woman, he said.

## Rev. C. H. Rohlfling Urges "Fellowship With Christ"

Rev. C. H. Rohlfling of St. John's Evangelical Church of St. Charles was the guest speaker at the vesper services Sunday evening, October 21. His topic concerned fellowship with Christ. Dr. Harmon presided at the service. Mr. Rohlfling brought out the idea that we all need to experience the relationship and feeling of fellowship with Christ and that we cannot get along in life successfully without this fellowship.

"As it is true that we cannot live by ourselves and that we need one another, so is it true that we cannot live by ourselves without Christ," said Mr. Rohlfling.

"We must choose the right sort of human fellowships, however. In too many instances do we choose the wrong sort of person to form our relationships with. In time we drift from the church and all that is desirable and worthwhile in life. This should never be and is to be guarded against.

"Jesus prayed often and constantly He needed communion and fellowship with his Father and we most certainly do also; however, we must look to the church for guidance in this direction. The church has given us Christ and it is there that we can enjoy his fellowship whether we are conscious of the fact or not."

HAVE YOU TRIED THE  
TEA ROOM PLATE LUNCH?

## Steak in Laboratory

The Triangle Club held its first meeting of the year on November 4. The officers of the club are, Mary Elizabeth Baptist, president; Janet Scroggin, vice-president; Betty Jean Lohr, secretary-treasurer.

A steak fry at the ovens was planned for the first meeting, but because of rain it was held in the botany laboratory. Even there they had a grand "fry", as the menu consisted of steak, buns, pickles, potato chips, apples, marshmallows and coffee.

Those present were the officers, with Dr. Talbot, Dr. Dawson, Miss Lear, Mary Elizabeth Jolley, and Effie Reinemer.

## How Japanese Feel Toward America

Since Japan is so prominent in the news of today, Lindenwood is interested to know of the students who are personally acquainted with Japanese students. When interviewed, Peggy Hocker said, "The Japanese students in Honolulu do not like to be referred to as other than American citizens." The Japanese students all dress like the American students do. However, their mothers and fathers and older people still wear the kimonos. The Japanese and the Chinese are very friendly in Honolulu. Many of them intermarry.

In Honolulu the Japanese live in American style among themselves. Those born in Honolulu have American names. Socially the Japanese do not mix with the "haole" people, a term used to mean the white people, but economically they do. They are engaged in various businesses and professions. Mainly as contractors, real estate agents, clothing salesmen, and the like.

In the heart of Honolulu there is a Japanese town,—A quaint little section with scattered fish markets, bazaars, Japanese restaurants, small tenement houses, and varied places of entertainment.

## AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT

By Marjorie Townsend

Headlines and radios blared out "Plane Crashes in Arkansas Swamps." After hearing the remaining part of the story, we found that we were about thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. Yes, there was excitement everywhere. I, like everyone else, was eager to reach the wreck before it had been cleared away. I had two main objectives in going, one that I might say that I had seen the wreck before it was cleared, and, second, that I might join the conversation in discussing the horrors of it. Not realizing the effect that it might have on me, I took the first opportunity to see it.

We arrived at the scene exactly seven hours after the accident. All the bodies had been left until the proper government officials arrived. When the plane crashed, the force at which it fell cut off tops of trees leaving them scattered among the remains. The plane was beyond recognition. Its parts were left on trees and in places many feet away, with only the engine and radio on the ground. Just to see the plane was enough, but the sight of parts of the human anatomy spread over the ground was sufficient to turn anyone's stomach. It must have been a terrible sensation to feel one's self falling. One leg, a bit of hair, teeth, a child's foot with a little shoe, an eye, an ear, and other parts strewn over the ground completed this ghastly scene.

The origin of the accident is unknown and is likely to remain so. Each one has his own theory; whatever it was, it could not have been the motor. After all, it was not the victims who suffered but the relatives, friends, and the sight-seers who saw the results of the accident.

## Faith Essential Says Vesper Speaker

The guest speaker at vespers Sunday, November 7, was Rev. Ernest Jones of the First Methodist Church in St. Charles. Rev. Mr. Jones spoke on the realization of God. He said that we often know a thing and yet do not realize it. Realization sometimes changes a man's whole life. The supreme lesson that can come to one as a human is the realization of Jesus Christ as a friend. Mr. Jones said we should get all we can out of a subject, but above all get the realization that Christ loves us.

We should look to Him by giving time to the Gospel, time consecrated so as to get a vision of what He is really like. Tell Him everything in your heart. He is there to forgive and help you. Take time to talk to Him, to look at Him, but above all, believe in Him. Believe in Him so much that your lives will be absolutely changed. Believe that He has power to help you live the life you should and want to live. It will make you stand up in this life against the wrong-doings. You have to have strong faith. Love is a bottomless sea. God will serve you when you have doubts. Enter into fellowship with God and you will always find something to hold you. Rev. Mr. Jones closed by saying that if you haven't found Him, you may.

## New French Members

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French sorority, met Monday afternoon in the library clubrooms at 5 o'clock. The purpose of the meeting was for the initiation of the pledges. The following girls were initiated: Rosemary Williams, Lois Null, Sara Lee Auerbach, Lois Penn, Martha Lou Munday, Christine McDonald, Helen Rose Bruns, Mimi Stumburg, and Virginia Stern. Because she was unable to attend the meeting, Mary Jane Rabon will be initiated at a future date.

## Dance Recital Colorful

The dance recital given in the auditorium on Founders' Day was very interesting and lively. It was held under the direction of Miss Stookey.

The stage was hung with black curtains, on which hung two large silver peacocks with gold plumes at the back center. The colored lights on this and on the different costumes made a very vivid impression.

There were many colorful costumes as well as dances. There was as wide a variety of costumes as there were dances. This was one of the most interesting dance recitals yet given at Lindenwood. A detailed account appears in the November 2 issue of the Linden Bark.

## Beware of Fire

An assembly appropriate to National Fire Prevention week was held Wednesday afternoon, November 3, at 2:30 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

Mr. H. K. Rogers, of Chicago, spoke. Mr. Rogers talked to the students about the horrors and dam-

ages resulting from fires, and told of ways in which they might do their part to prevent the disastrous losses that the United States suffers everyday.

## French Club Offers Prize

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French society, is offering a prize as a reward for the best theme written by any student eligible to become a member of the organization. It has formerly been the custom to entertain the French students at a tea, but this year that practice is being replaced by the contest.

Miss Wurster is the sponsor of Beta Pi Theta. The following officers have been chosen: president, Helen Margaret DuHadway; vice-president, Betty White; secretary, Gwendolyn Payne; treasurer, Johnnie Flock; parliamentarian, Sue Smith; sentinel, Sara Margaret Willis; local editor and publicity manager, Martha Roberts.

## Oklahoma Club Enjoys Steak Fry

The newly organized Oklahoma club enjoyed a steak fry, Wednesday evening, November 3. The club is composed of approximately sixty girls, and held its first meeting for the selection of officers October 27. Those girls elected to hold offices are: president, Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Shawnee; vice-president, Dorothy Spivey, Oklahoma City, and secretary-treasurer, Anna Ruth Seaman, Ardmore. The chairman of the entertainments is Rachel Britain, of Shawnee.

## MY PERSONALITY AND PECULIARITY

By Dorothy Cantrell, '41

It is generally conceded that the majority of people have their own personal peculiarities. It is not unusual to hear one person say to another, "My, how different you are." Usually the peculiarities of a person make him different from anyone else or give him his individuality. Many newspapers carry syndicated columns on individuality or how to develop one's favorable peculiarities to his own advantage. To discover these characteristics a self-analysis test may be made. Self-analysis, to be successful, must be frank and honest in order to get the proper results. I have tried self-analysis many times, and, much to my chag-

JUST  
THIS  
WEEK  
TO  
MAKE  
POINTS  
FOR  
A. A.  
NEXT  
MONDAY,  
FINAL  
MEETING,  
NOVEMBER  
22

## Here Rest Faithful, Humble, Devoted Friends

### Lindenwood's Pet Cemetery

In the center of a cluster of large old Oak trees stands Lindenwood's pet cemetery, surrounded by a small white fence. Buried there are four devoted dogs. Lin was the first and because of Lin the little cemetery was founded. There are now two stones which bear the inscriptions:

LIN  
Devoted Dog Friend  
of  
Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Roemer  
1916-1925

KURT  
Faithful Until Death  
1921-1934

Snooks, a little foxterrier, is also buried there. She died in 1931. Bobbie, who was born May 2, 1926, and died October 20, 1937, will have a stone placed at her head in the immediate future. Here our faithful friends rest as the autumn leaves fall in tiny bunches about the little cemetery.

rin, my score is always average. Which is to say that what personality or individuality I do have is so slight that it can scarcely be noticed. I have no peculiarities such as wrinkling my nose when I laugh, being altruistic when I receive a gift, bringing stray dogs home with me, or any other characteristic which makes a person noticeable or individual. It seems that any peculiarity listed in the usual category does not apparently fit into my manner of doing things. Now, to say that I am not peculiar in some respect may, to someone who does not understand, sound like the acme of conceit. But, quite the contrary, it is very upsetting to me to realize that I have no differences, for this indicates to me that I have no personality. It would probably unbalance any person to have it discovered that he has no personality. Perhaps I should become the world's worst cynic, or become a hermit, or anything else which would hide me from my friends. Perhaps in the solitude of seclusion I could discover a remedy for my sad plight. Perhaps for the present, however, I can find some fact to solace myself with. I can make the following deductions. All persons as a general rule, have some peculiarities. I have no peculiarities. Therefore, I am peculiar because I have no peculiarities. The fact is my angel of mercy! At last I have found a peculiarity, and I can now join the "great majority" of those really peculiar individuals.

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## Sidelights of Society

### Dean of Students' Birthday

On November 9, Mrs. Roemer celebrated another birthday at Lindenwood. The students sent her a large basket of flowers in loving honor to her. Her room and office were beautifully decorated with flowers of many varieties and colors. There were many large baskets, and many small ones. The rooms were filled with flowers and their fragrant perfume.

Mrs. Roemer was in her office for a while in the morning where she received many congratulations and happy wishes. She received many gifts, letters and cards from her friends.

Last Sunday afternoon, Dr. Roemer gave an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Home Heights Presbyterian Church, at St. John's Station, St. Louis County. Dr. Roemer assisted in the organization of this church, 25 years ago.

### Memorial Art Exhibit

Dr. Linnemann was a guest, last Sunday afternoon at a tea at the St. Louis Artists' Guild, honoring Mrs. Elise Tandy. The paintings done by the late Mrs. Ver Steeg, Mrs. Tandy's mother, an artist of national reputation, were on exhibit, and Sunday's tea was the inauguration of a week's memorial display of these noted works of art.

Dr. Gregg has been named to life-long honorary membership in the St. Charles County Historical Society. Dr. Gregg is historian of the society; the president, Mrs. T. B. Craighead of St. Charles, is a Lindenwood graduate.

### New Dance Idea, Big Apple Party

The lilting tunes of Earl LaBoube and his orchestra made "Big Apple" party the success it was Friday night, November 5, in the gymnasium.

The physical education department sponsored the party and in step with THE dance of the season, called it the "Big Apple" party. The decorations consisted of tennis racquets, skis, toboggans, archery equipment, basketballs, volley balls, golf bags and clubs, and hockey sticks and were placed appropriately about the gymnasium.

The informal atmosphere was an outstanding feature of the party and all seemed in favor of the party mood. Skirts, sweaters, bobbie socks, and sport shoes topped the fashion list.

Several times during the evening the "Big Apple" was done. There was such a large number present that it was necessary to form two large circles rather than the customary one. Miss Stookey, physical education director, called the dance.

Apples and popcorn in large baskets on a table were served in buffet style to the girls.

Jane Hill spent the week end of November 12 with her mother and little brother in St. Louis. They are from Pine Bluff, Ark.

The initiation of new members of Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, took place Monday afternoon, November 15. About ten members were initiated.

### Program for Early Teacher

Miss Walker, voice instructor, had an interesting experience recently. Mrs. St. Clair Flint, who was Miss Walker's first voice teacher and who lives in Lebanon, Ill., the site of McKendree College, recently invited Miss Walker to McKendree's homecoming.

Miss Walker met many old friends and acquaintances. She sang before her teacher, Mrs. Flint, and an appreciative college audience. Her numbers were: "Tender Thoughts" (Cervonky); "Remembering You" (Sannondy); "And Love With Me" (Carnevali); and "The Last Song" (Rogers).

### Hallowe'en Queen And Other Winners

Amid cornstalks and brightly colored pumpkins, the Lindenwood girls held their annual Hallowe'en dance in the gymnasium, Friday evening, October 29. The crowning of the Hallowe'en queen was a beautiful ceremony, at 9:30 o'clock.

Her majesty, Queen Mary Jean, entered the gym and strolled down the aisle which was crowded with spectators on either side. Preceding her were first, Johnnie Lou Brown and Jerry Stroh, special maids to the queen, and following them were the rest of the court.

The queen, Mary Jean DuHadway, who was the last of the procession, was received with much applause. She walked to her throne and was crowned by Johnnie Lou. She wore a robin's-egg blue satin gown, trimmed with Burgundy bows down the back and a flower of the same at the point of the low cut neck. Her slippers were silver, and she wore a rhinestone bracelet. She carried a large bouquet of yellow and bronze chrysanthemums, tied with a large silver bow.

The throne was of silver, which came to a point with a silver flower-like ornament. The throne, too, was silver, the back forming a huge circle, which made a most lovely setting for the charming queen.

Mrs. Roemer was the first to congratulate the queen, after which the Queen said to her subjects, "I'm just the happiest girl in the world."

Costumes of every description were worn by the girls, and prizes were given to those wearing the best masquerade. Many clever costumes were portrayed, such as; the "Jail birds", "Chinese", "Ghosts", "Japanese", "Child marriage", "Colored Family", "Skeletons" and "Saturday night bath girls".

The group receiving first prize went to the "colored family", masqueraded by Bernadette Fehlman, Lovella Hurst, Mary McCarroll, Lucyl Shirk, and Mary Ellen Lane. Second prize went to the "Skeletons"; Betty Riley and Georgianne Theis. Honorable mention went to Ruth Ettin and Mildred Jane Bryant, as the "child marriage", and to Mary Louise Fowler and Evelyn Katz, as "the Saturday night bath girls."

Della May Nash is the proud owner of a Little PERRY dog. He has an unusual pedigree. A cuddly little fellow who has become very popular in Ayres Hall. We all love him and think he is cute. But just WHO is he named for?

Jean McFarland was a house guest of Miss Nancy Platt, one of last year's students, in St. Louis over the week-end.

Sue Smith went to Dayton, Ohio, last week-end, to attend the wedding of her sister.

Martha Roberts spent the week-end at her home in La Grange, Ill.

Betty Kelley and Janet McKay were hostesses to friends from Christian College over the week-end.

Eloise Stelle was a week-end visitor of Mary Ann Fowler in her home in Kirksville, Mo.

Last week-end, Cay Donnell had as her guests in Crystal City, Mo., Marjorie Dearmont and Betty Lee Lemley. They attended the Missouri University-St. Louis University football game in St. Louis Saturday afternoon.

Kay Wagner and Lois Ward spent the week-end in St. Louis with relatives.

Marajane Francis spent the week-end at her home in Kansas City.

Dorothy Knell had her mother as her guest this week-end.

Mary Kern spent the weekend of October 30 at Wentworth where she attended homecoming, and the military ball.

Mary Louise Mills spent the weekend of November 5, in St. Louis visiting friends. Last weekend she attended homecoming at Columbia, Mo.

Jane Black had as her guest last weekend, her sister, Mary Black. They attended the Quincy football game in St. Louis Thursday.

Dorothy Ringer attended homecoming at Missouri University last weekend.

Becky Cox attended the homecoming game of Missouri University and Oklahoma University at Columbia last weekend.

Wednesday night, November 10, the Iowa Club had a hay ride. The girls were attired in riding habits and slacks. A spirit of gayety prevailed. They tried steaks and apparently ate much. The entire school was aware of their return as they arrived at the campus chanting this state song, "Iowa".

### Art Society Pledges

Suzanne Zempel, Lewiston, Ill., and Georgianne Theis, Dodge City, Kan., were made pledges of Kappa Pi, the national honorary art fraternity, at the last meeting of the chapter, Wednesday, November 3.

Twenty-one members of the Indiana Club enjoyed a hayride on Tuesday night, November 2. The party was chaperoned by Miss Wurster.

Jeanette Jackson entertained a group of friends at her home in Wentzville, Mo., on Saturday evening, November 6.

Bettie Grace Harper and Lois Penn spent the week-end of November 5 in Chicago. They had a delightful time.

Mary Rhodes Atkinson was the guest of Dorothy Lawhon the week-end of November 5. Mary Rhodes is a student at the Little Rock Junior College in Little Rock, Ark.



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