

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 6

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 14, 1937

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson was delighted with the number of Christmas stories submitted and felt that it was a good contest.

The grades for the second marking period are out. Many of the girls have done a superior type of work, and many have improved their record of the first six weeks.

"Taken all in all, the students have a fine attitude toward their work and are doing very well," was the statement made by the Dean.

Dr. Gipson takes this opportunity of wishing everybody a happy vacation time.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 14:

5 p. m., Student Recital—organ.
6:30 p. m., German Club.

Wednesday, December 15:

6 p. m., Christmas dinner and party.
8 p. m., Christmas dance by (Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon).

Thursday, December 16:

4 p. m., Christmas vacation begins.

Greenhouse Posies Grow

Seventy-five Varieties

This semester the attempt has been made to build up as large a collection of plants as possible, which will be used next semester in the course of cultivated plants. The effort is also being made to grow a large number of plants to be used in the general botany course. At present there are about 75 different varieties of plants in the greenhouse, the majority of which have been gotten from cuttings which were given by various people, and some of which were received as gifts.

At present, there are several interesting things in bloom: the toronia, a blue flower similar to the snapdragon, and some fragrant pinks, the plants of which were grown by last year's cultivated plants class. In a few weeks snapdragons, nasturtiums, and calendulas should be in bloom.

Dr. Dawson invites the faculty and girls of Lindenwood to come in to see the greenhouse at any time.

"Cotton" Gets In Pictures

In Mrs. Roemer's office there is a large hand painted picture of Cotton. The picture was taken by Mr. Robert Linnemann, brother of Dr. Linnemann, and painted by Miss Violet Schoenberg. Miss Schoenberg is of St. Charles and a former Lindenwood student. She attended Lindenwood in 1914 and 1915. The picture is gay in its coloring of the autumn leaves and trees which serve as a background for our friend, Cotton.

Sherwood Eddy at Lindenwood Vespers

Speaks On "The Present World Situation."

On November 14, at the vesper services Dr. Sherwood Eddy gave a talk on "The Present World Situation", in Roemer auditorium.

Dr. Eddy has recently returned from a trip through Spain and many of the countries of Europe and Asia, including China.

He said, "The world is threatened with war today with the three Fascist countries of the world; Germany, Italy and Japan. In Spain the country is divided in two parts, the Franco side which is agricultural and the government side, or the industrial half. Both sides are evenly matched at the present time." He said he left Spain with the feeling that the situation was dangerous and might involve world war. He also said, "They'll never conquer Spain, but they may win this one round of this particular fight."

He then told about the situation in Japan. The Japanese navy is the third largest in the world, their merchant marine is also third, which shows they are prepared to carry on this war they are waging against China. He said, "Japan's guilt and China's innocence is quite evident. Japan has deliberately and cynically broken the treaty. Japan's plan is to take China, province by province, and this they are doing very barbarously."

He went on to say, "In Siberia there are 20,000,000 Siberian girls who are trained to fight just the same as the boys. The girls want to fight and if the occasion arose, would fight to protect their country." He pointed out that Siberia and China could fight for 30 years, but that Japan in one year or half a year more would go down to an economic defeat. "Their country would be besieged by rice riots, revolution and starvation." China could easily destroy Japan if they cared to. Their largest city, the capital, is made of five millions of wood paper buildings, and China could start two hundred fires at once."

"Russia has a part in this also", continued Dr. Eddy, "it dare not, can not, will not, let Japan conquer China. Russia will let Japan go half bankrupt then she will step in. She cannot afford to have Japan in China so close to her."

"If Germany stays out, Russia and China will defeat Japan, who has not a ghost of a chance against them."

Dr. Eddy then told about the situation in Germany and said that "we have ourselves to thank for Hitler. We are at least one-half to blame for him. Germany had been starving, and we had ignored them, adding wound upon wound to the country; when Hitler came along he was like a tonic to them, and everyone fell in line". But even today Germany is desperately poor. The highest paid

Mrs. Roberts Returns For Week-End Visit

Mrs. Effie L. Roberts, who has been affiliated with Lindenwood College for more than 22 years, spent the past week-end on the campus.

She came here in 1914 as domestic director, which included the managing of the dining room and kitchen, at which time the school had an enrollment of about 100 students. In 1917 she suffered a slight break down in health and she gave up the position, but in the fall of the same year, she was asked to return as the head of Butler hall where she remained a year.

In the meantime, a small confectionery was established by her in the building over which she had control to which everyone had access, out of which the Tea Room grew, having been founded in 1920, located where it is today.

Later, she became regent of Ayres hall where she was in charge for more than 15 years. In the fall of 1936, she had a serious illness and was taken to Philadelphia by her daughter, Mrs. Roberta R. Sturgis, who was at one time a student at Lindenwood. She remained in Philadelphia under medical care until she was able to travel again.

Since June, Mrs. Roberts has been in Clinton, Ky., where at present she is making her home with another daughter, Mrs. Rosalind R. Vaughan, who frequently had visited the college. Now that she has become stronger, Mrs. Roberts has been visiting relatives in Illinois, and a sister in St. Louis, and as Lindenwood is one of the dearest things in her memory, she was made very happy by the invitation which Mrs. Roemer extended to her to visit the campus. The students who know Mrs. Roberts and lived in her hall while she was here anticipated her arrival, and were more than happy to see her again, as were the other people on the campus who know her and worked with her. Her pleasant personality and friendliness will long be remembered by girls whom she has advised and guided.

Mrs. Roberts was very glad to be back, "it is just like getting back home," she said. She was the honor guest of several parties during her stay.

Delightful Violin Recital By Faculty Member

The entire student body and guests were entertained with a faculty recital Sunday evening, December 5, in Roemer Auditorium. Mr. John Thomas, head of the music department, to the regret of all, was unable to be present because of illness. Miss Gertrude Isidor, accomplished violinist, was accompanied by Miss Eva Englehart.

Miss Isidor's selections were:

Giving to The Poor At Christmas Time

One of the outstanding projects which Lindenwood always undertakes is the Christmas offering while the girls always donate to help Dr. G. W. King in St. Louis. This money goes to help the poor and needy in the slums of St. Louis. Besides the Christmas offering, there are several other projects which the girls undertake. One of them is the dressing of dolls. These dolls also go to Dr. King. In the past, many lovely and attractive dolls have been dressed, dolls which some child will probably cherish for a long time to come.

In each hall a box has been placed in which the girls place any old clothes, including shoes, dresses, coats, or any other wearing apparel which they do not want any more. Girls, clean out your closets and you will probably find dozens of garments that you will never use. These will help to keep many a person warm through these long winter months. And try to buy just a few Christmas Seals. If everyone would buy 10 or 15 cents worth, think how much that would help.

What One Teacher Accomplished

Last summer Dr. Linnemann spent six weeks in Chicago, at work in the Art Museum, on one of Lindenwood's research scholarships. While studying there Dr. Linnemann painted several interesting pictures. One was a landscape of the Chicago River, with the Grand Opera House in the distance. Another landscape was of the Old Wisconsin Hotel on Wisconsin avenue near Lincoln park. In this painting the trees are of special interest. She did others, one of the Chicago Water Front and one of the Flop Houses there. She did a very realistic painting of the Old Marshall Field Home on Perry avenue, the old "Gold-coast" of Chicago. Dr. Linnemann also painted a number of still life pictures. Among these there is one of an Old English Jug that is most attractive.

Dr. Linnemann studied landscape painting under David McCosh. Her study of still life was under Nicolai Cikovsky, an artist of national reputation. The landscape work was done in various parts of Chicago. "The landscapes I painted in Chicago are in great contrast to my paintings done in the Ozarks," said Dr. Linnemann.

She spent 8 weeks in all in Chicago, stopping at the Palmer House, at the end of which Dr. Linnemann's brother and three sisters drove up and all motored through Wisconsin.

Chorale Prelude, "Come, Savior of the Gentiles" (Bach-Schenkman); Variations on a theme by Corelli (Tartini-Kreisler), Concerto, B Minor (Saint-Saens), Mediterranean (Bax-Heifetz), Beau Soir (Debussy-Heifetz), and "The Lark" (Poem in form of a Rondo) (Castelnuove-Desco-Heifetz).

Buy Christmas Seals.

(Continued on page 5)

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

Good-humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past.
Pope.

Do You Who Have, Sympathize With The "Have Nots?"

Do you have the Christmas spirit? Perhaps, before you are asked this question, the two kinds of Christmas spirit should be defined. As vacation time nears, do you say to yourself, "I wonder what I'm going to get for Christmas. Maybe I can talk Dad out of a new fur coat. It would be fun to come back to school with a trunkful of new clothes. I hope my brother realizes how hard-up I am and remembers me with a check. Then I won't have to worry about how I'm going to pay all those bills I owe down town." Are you selfish enough to have this attitude at the time of year when the spirit is to give and make other people happy?

Or are you the kind of a person who says, when he sees the holiday preparations, "I am glad Christmas is coming. I am fortunate because I have a family and friends, but there are those who have neither. It is rather sad, that at such a happy time, there should be so many who will know no happiness, only suffering, on Christmas Eve. There must be something I can do to help them, maybe a box of food for the family across the river, or a few toys for the orphan's home." Are you unselfish enough to have this attitude at the time of year when the spirit is to give and make other people happy?

It takes so little from you to make others happy. When the question is asked, be prepared to honestly say, "yes, I have the Christmas spirit."

Are You Able to Use the Right Word?

Did you ever wonder just what a vocabulary is and just how important it is, and who has mastered the art of a vocabulary the best? Mr. Webster said that "a vocabulary is a list of collection of words, or, often, of words and phrases. A sum of stock of words employed by a language, people, class or individual, or in a field of knowledge or study."

It took him 37 words to define vocabulary. Could you do this? College students should have a varied vocabulary (considering all the papers in various subjects we have to write). We have always thought that college professors, at least our own, had the largest vocabularies. They are forever using queer sounding words, and what is most important, are always able skillfully to define and explain them to our complete satisfaction. But the Stevens Institute of Technology found some very astounding results from a recent test they gave to college professors and business executives. According to their test they state that the business executives have a higher average than college professors, who are supposed to specialize in words. The executives also rated far above the vocabulary level of other groups.

It has been decided that vocabulary more than anything else which can be tested determines the degree of success which the individual attains. So a large vocabulary must be a fairly good sign of intelligence, and although the business executives may not have as much information about academic subjects as the professors, their knowledge of words is wider.

"Talkability"

Being able to talk intelligently and knowingly is fine, but one does hate to see the person who talks on forever and never has a thing to say which is the least bit interesting. We have many friends, some who talk interestingly and at the right time, and others who are forever talking and to this day have said very little which interested anyone around them. Boake Carter says that in talking it is not the correctness of grammar nor elegance of enunciation that charms us; it is spirit, verve, the sudden turn of humor, the keen pungent taste of life. For that reason a touch of dialect, a flavor of brogue is delightful. Some people are afflicted with the painful ailment of having a mania for absolutely correct pronunciation—this being very fatal. Boake Carter says, "Reserve and precision are a great protection to overrated reputations; but they are death to talk." If people only realized how much they could say in a very few words! Mr. Carter believes that when it comes to talk, women, somehow or another, seem to achieve always the last word.

The last five lines of Henry Van Dyke's piece on "Talkability" are well worth repeating:

"I shall conclude", he says, "with an opinion of my own, even though I cannot quote a sentence of his (Montaigne's) to back it.

"The one person of all the world in whom talkability is most desirable, and talkativeness least endurable is a wife."

CAMPUS DIARY

by M. L. M.

Tuesday, November 30—Exams were the primary consideration of most of the students, everyone looked so worried.

Wednesday, December 1—Dr. Earl Morgan of Decatur, Ill., dropped in to pay a call and was asked to speak in chapel. He is in charge of the Presbyterian summer conferences. What happened to Y. W. this week? The meeting was called off.

Thursday, December 2—Mrs. Eleanor Sikes Peters was the entertainer for the 11 o'clock chapel, and she was very good. She read "The First Lady", and impersonated the different characters, including the catty women, exceedingly well. At 6:30, the Poetry Society met in the library club rooms. Poetry written by the members was read, criticized, and torn apart generally in a discussion. Dr. G. C. Whimset of Kankakee, Ill., was a visitor on the campus today. He and Dr. Homer of St. Louis were luncheon guests Friday, December 3—The last day of the week and what a relief! This meant no more six weeks exams until six more weeks have passed.

Saturday, December 4—Quite a few of the girls went to St. Louis and did some Christmas shopping. There were a few dates tonight too.

Sunday, December 5—At 6:30, Mr. Thomas and Miss Isidor were scheduled for a recital, but due to the sudden illness of Mr. Thomas, he was unable to take part. Miss Isidor, accompanied by Miss Englehart, carried on with great success. It was really a most enjoyable program.

Monday, December 6—At 5:00 the Home Economics Club held a meeting, and at 6:30 the Spanish Club held a meeting. Dr. Roemer made the announcement that school would adjourn on Thursday, December 16 at 4 o'clock for the Christmas Holidays instead of Friday, December 17. The news was accepted with much clapping, but the addition of the fact that we get two cuts calmed the uproar considerably.

Tuesday, December 7—The Commercial Club met at 5 o'clock. Another vote was taken on the list stocking issue; the dean reminded students of the matter of chapel cutting was stressed.

Wednesday, December 8—Sigma Tau Delta entertained with a most enjoyable tea at 4:30 in the library club rooms. Y. W. C. A. held a meeting at the usual hour, 6:45, and at the usual place, the Y. W. parlors. Guest speakers for the meeting were representatives from the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of Washington University.

Thursday, December 9—A music recital was given at 11 o'clock of piano and vocal selections. The League of Women Voters met in the library club rooms and the discussion was a lengthy and interesting one on cosmetics. Mr. Thomas presented a group of students in a piano recital at 5 o'clock.

Friday, December 10—The annual Christmas play, "Is Life Worth Living?" was a large success. Miss Gordon did a fine job of directing a cast of girls who also deserve a word of credit.

Saturday, December 11—Everybody was either packing their clothes to go home (even at this early date), or in the city shopping for the family (or the one and only). Noticed a few dates also tonight, the freshmen getting in the last word, perhaps.

Sunday, December 12—The Christmas Carol Service in vespers tonight was beautiful. The choir and college orchestra combined gave a fine performance.

Monday, December 13—At 5 o'clock, Beta Pi Theta, honorary French sorority, held a meeting; and at 6:30, Pi Alpha Delta, Latin sorority, held its last meeting of the year.

A student organ recital is scheduled for 5 o'clock Tuesday, and the German Club has announced a meeting. The Christmas party will start at 6 p.m., with a dinner and Santy Claus will be there, at least he promised, to give the help on the campus their presents. Dancing will start at 8 o'clock, and the hall will probably buzz with sounds something like, "when are you leaving?" or "what train do you take?" and in a lower tone, "how many classes are you cutting?" and a quick glance to see how many teachers are standing behind them. Meetings scheduled for Wednesday are Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon. On Thursday, the vacation starts at 4 o'clock, and with it, anticipation grows stronger and more exciting. Many will probably lose their dignity long enough to shout "WHOOPEE!" at this point. Time will tell.

Milk As A Food Studied in Brochures

The foods department class under the direction of Miss Anderson, has been studying the value of milk in the diet. Several clever booklets were made by the students and shown to the class. Five of the booklets were chosen as of special interest, by Susanne Zempel, Mildred Davis, Alma Martin, Sue Smith, and Judith Wade.

The booklet made by Suzanne Zempel was very cleverly done in milk bottle style. Throughout her book she gives the values of milk in various ways, and also shows examples of the effects of milk on Growth. One page alone contains the food stuffs of milk and is shown by small milk bottles representing the various contents.

The booklet presented by Mildred Davis was in folder form and exceptionally good. Sealed by a one-half cent stamp, it was given ready to send out to the people as advertisement. Upon opening the folder was a picture of a young healthy girl and just behind her was a picture of a cow. On the page was written, "Back of her beauty is the cow", showing the effects of fresh milk for her. Throughout the booklet were various forms of the usage of milk and its effects on different ones.

Alma Martin chose an envelope to conceal her booklet. Its contents, typed in red letters, were very cleverly written. For her title she chose L M D, standing for Loyal Milk Drinkers' Association. Throughout her book she emphasized the value of milk in the diet, and then stated her reasons for urging others to join the L M D. On her last page she made out a membership blank for those wishing to join the organization.

Sue Smith also chose a large red milk bottle for the cover of her booklet, and entitled it "National Milk Week." Among her pages she had articles on the "Committees of Food", and also on milk as the best food. She chose pictures representing the values of milk and also included a pamphlet on "Who is your Milkman?"

"The Eleven Health Secrets of Milk" were included in Judith Wade's booklet, and for her cover she chose the title, "Milk". She showed fine articles on the uses of milk and the advantages of drinking milk, in comparison with other foods. She also included pictures and articles of the dairy and its value in cleanliness.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS NOW!

Lindenwood's Prize Christmas Story

Announcement was made in chapel Friday of the awarding of the prize (\$5) for the best Christmas story. It was won by Eloise Stelle, with her story, "Mr. Jesus". There were 14 contestants, and the grading was close. First honorable mention went to Nadeane Snyder, with her story, "The Question"; and second honorable mention to Barbara Dale's story, "Tony's Christmas."

MR. JESUS

By Eloise Stelle

Christmas Prize Story

Slits of blood on raw cracked knuckles where Ol' Silly Bill clutched Tom's fist: Yah! Sure it's one night." A finger slid up the child's arm, poked at the wind-dried skin under the jagged tear, "Yuh think I don't know, but I do. Yuh think I don't know nothin' but I do. Yuh gotta chance, see, everybody's gotta chance. An he ain't dead, he just goes someplace. I know a lot if I could remember, remember, I know a lot if—" His skinny finger wound around a shock of white hair. "But ever once in awhile he walks n' walks n' they that receive him find peace and they that refuse him—and they call him Jesus. I can remember. What yer pestering me for? Go on, git. A little crooked pain all slithery creeps up and down inside my head, up and down and up and down." He began to tear his fingernails gnawing them to the quick.

Tom left. He could learn no more from Ol' Silly Bill. "But everyone gotta have a chance. Sure there was a guy, Mr. Jesus. Once he was under an 'L' platform looking for gum wrappers and he found a paper that said, 'Jesus Saves'. Same guy. Two hundred gum wrappers he had and then the big stiff, that dirty louse Kelly, took 'em away from him. Someday he'd knock hell out of him, the —" He groped around the clump of boxes and leaned against a bill board to catch his breath. Shaggy patches of mud and snow, half buried tin cans, mud plastered shacks.

Tom fell beside an odd lump and pushed aside the whiteness. "Well, what you know, a boot, a perfectly good rubber boot with only a hole in the side."

The newspapers blocking the hole to the shelter of boxes lifted up and a man crawled out. Tom tried to stop breathing. His back ached with anticipation of a beating and he hunched beside the pile of junk, huddled as close to the ground as he could. The man staggered to his feet, swayed a little, his thick lower lip twisting. "Quit yer shakin'. I ain't no child-beater. Yer her kid?" His head jerked back to the shack. "Yuh little devil."

Tom watched him stumbling between the other stacks of boxes where other "outcasts" lived, watched him stoop under a line of frozen ragged clothes.

Tom lay quiet in the wet. The edge of his coat stuffed against his dry, thick, felt tongue, thrust the sobs back in his throat. "Look God, I ain't mad at yuh. I don't care, see, I don't care. An now I got this yer boot. I can trade it in on somethin', see? I ain't mad at yuh God! An I just wanna see him, God. Just see Mr. Jesus, please God."

Richard Creighton, the man who couldn't take it. Everything had been all right until he saw them. Or had it? Brown hair, grey eyes, nice skin, did everything not too badly, not too well—Ann. White violets

at her waist. How like Ann. He had planned on sending orchids. But he had planned many things for this Christmas Eve, things that would never be said now, never be achieved.

"I am sorry Richard, Bro's taking me." Her hair wasn't really brown, the curls were copperish with yellow glints. In her canary-colored sweater so absurdly large, she had sat on the floor, shoeless, with her feet tucked under her vivid blue skirt. She had fingered the funny pink glass beads around her neck and then said, "I am terribly sorry, Richard, but Bro is taking me to the Christmas Eve dance." He had tried to count her beads. They were all different colors of pink. One of them was deep pink, almost coral, and one was just the shade of the dress Ann had worn the night before. "Of course, Ann. You'll be at the Austins' dinner. Good, I'll see you then." But he hadn't gone. He had sent his regrets. All the next day he had laughed and jeered at himself for his childishness. But on the pages of books he saw, "I'm sorry, Richard," until he had ground his cigarette against the belly of the copper bowl and stood watching the red crumbs powder into grey dust. And then he remembered, walking to the window. Between the window-pocked skyscrapers he saw the drab endless water, match-sticked piers and smooth water like black bars of window panes and glass.

He was leaning against a table when he saw Bro and Ann. Ann, quiet in white, but with her eyes belying that quietness—and he had left the dance.

Jagged, slush splashes dulled his patent shoes. Snow fringe outlined the stitching. Brass kettles and scraggly Santa Clauses, white arcs from spinning wheels, a crushed poinsettia, crimson splotch in the gutter, girls whose ankles careened from French heels, tired clerks, laughter of children, sparks from hoofs of policemen's horses.

When he finally stood on the tip of a long black pier with a quiet, rhythmic shush of water with white mist from a million lights blending into the starless night, he knew why he had been walking, where he had been going.

Behind the junk pile Tom burrowed into the snow and lay there. Someone walked by him, passed him, someone was walking out on the pier. Tom stumbled toward the wet darkness, ran out on the pier.

"It's Mr. Jesus. I knew yuh would come. Kelly said yuh weren't. That Ol' Silly Bill was crazy but I knew yuh would come, cause everybody gotta have a chance sometime, don't they, Mr. Jesus? Yuh see I ain't never had nothin'. I ain't never even had no father except God. Ol' Silly Bill said God was my Father. He's your Father, too, ain't he, Mr. Jesus.—but yuh understand, don't yuh, Mr. Jessu?"

From over the blackness the soft guttural moan of a river boat. Richard Creighton shivered, then turned toward the child.

THE QUESTION

By Nadeane Snyder

(First Honorable Mention)

The way in which Mary Brenton raised her hand would have been significant even to the most casual observers. One's eyes were drawn to her not because she was the only girl who volunteered to answer, for the hands of her nineteen classmates were raised, even before hers; but rather because one sensed in her

action a steadfastness that was the result of no sudden decision or peremptory acclaim, but the visible culmination of determined effort in conflict with thwarted desire.

"I'm sorry, Mary."

Dr. Wayne's voice was gruff as he, who had seen so much of human suffering, tried to console the young girl standing before him. He hesitated a moment more, deciding what to say to one whose sister and only near relative, after four years of infrequent, temporary spasms of irrationality, had suddenly lost control of the vital nerves holding her to a life of reason, and become insane. Then, as he looked at the girl, sitting tensely and evidently waiting for him to go, he saw the futility of words and into a sigh went silently out the door.

Lift alone, Mary Brenton rose feverishly and traced aimless, invisible foot-paths across the rug. From time to time, the paths led her to the front window where a narrow space between expensive drapes permitted her to watch for the arrival of the taxi she had called . . . it must have been 10 minutes ago . . . at least that, why didn't it hurry . . . if she could only get started—get there . . . she'd be able to do it. Coupled with these thoughts, there came another from somewhere in her rampant brain—one so insistent that she was powerless to rid herself of it. As she pressed her fingers against her stinging eyes for a moment of relief, she could see words come from the black space surrounding her and shape themselves into the thought, you must go, you have to. Her nerves, tingling like fine, white, platinum wires charged with electricity forced her mind upon a realization of that thought; and she cried out unconsciously.

I will go . . . I mustn't change my mind—it's all made up . . . just today . . . she can't hurt me . . . there'll be nurses there . . . it's foolish . . . but when she looks at me, it isn't Sally . . . she's different. She's been waiting for a month to see me . . . I shouldn't mind . . . she's my sister—but I'm afraid.

Suddenly from without she heard the sound of taxi wheels rolling to a curb. As the sharp pomp of a horn rent the chill air, the girl lifted both hands to cover her ears. The sound was repeated and her face, now plaster-white, set into lines of deadly calm. Slowly, as if her arms and legs were no longer under her jurisdiction, she put on her coat and hat and walked from the house down the drive to the cab. The thought, 10 hours from now—10 hours from now, seemed to bring her tangible strength. Her facial muscles relaxed a trifle and then tightened again as she said to the driver, with a dry breath, "Take me to Lay's Sanitorium."

At the first meeting of the English class after Christmas, there was little work accomplished. The teacher turned the hour over to the students, permitting them to relate interesting experiences or incidents they had witnessed during vacation, and after several girls had spoken, joined the conversation herself.

"I wonder," she said, "if you'll answer a question for me. How many of you, aside from sending and receiving the usual Christmas gifts, did something to bring real happiness to another?"

Some of the girls responded immediately; others hesitated a second, thinking before they answered. But within a few moments, nineteen of the students represented by raised hands.

Leaning to one side to see who remained, the teacher was just in time to glimpse a fleeting expression of

pain on the girl's face. Surprised, she watched; and, as she did so, she saw Mary Brenton slowly raise her hand.

TONY'S CHRISTMAS

By Barbara Dale
(Second Honorable Mention)

The last box was shoved into the basement of the store, and Tony, the boxman of the little store, followed with a hammer. For days he had been unpacking shiny toys, big dolls and brightly wrapped gift packages. This was the last load. Christmas was only ten days away and Tony had to find some odd job if he and Mary were to have a goose or duck for Christmas dinner. Maybe if he could find enough work he could have a little present for himself too. "Tony", he turned to see little Freda Lutoski, the neighbor girl standing beside him. She rubbed the back of her roughened hand over her nose and sniffed excitedly. "I saw Santa Claus!"

Tony looked at the little girl, "Kid, you gotta' go home. You too cold to be foolin' round here."

"I saw Santa Claus, Tony." Freda ignored Tony's advice in her excitement and jumping onto one of the rough boxes she described the little old man.

Tony watched the eager face and the shining eyes. He wished he had a kid like Freda. Especially at Christmas time when the toys were unpacked. He unwrapped the packages and Freda became absorbed in his work. The last box unpacked, Tony put his worn leather jacket around Freda's shoulders and together they walked out of the basement and around to the front of the store. The window displays were sparkling with Christmas spirit. The streets were nearly deserted. Occasionally a late shopper would pass them; Freda, the brightly chattering child, and Tony, the gruff old hunky.

Mary was waiting for Tony when he arrived home. Her huge frame filled the lighted doorway and the warm smells of the kitchen penetrated the cold air. "Finished unpackin' the boxes." Tony offered as he lighted his pipe and stretched in front of the range. "Nobody called for me?" He sucked the stem of the pipe. "Yah, no Christmas if I got no work."

The next day Tony walked down to the store but the odd jobs were gone. Discouraged he walked down to Chris's Tavern and loafed away the morning. At noon he returned to the house, but Mary said no one had been there. Tony swept the back porch and wished he could see Freda, but she was not playing in the back yard as she usually did, so Tony ambled down town again. As he passed the Undertaker's, Mr. Johnson stopped him. "Say Tony, there are lots of pneumonia cases. Mabe some work for you towards the last of the week."

Tony's hope was strengthened. He passed the store where he had worked. Then suddenly he stopped. Old Nick Lutoski was arranging the toys. Tony hurried home angry with his neighbor. So Nick took his job from him! That good for nothin' bohunk! Mary opened the door. "Mr. Johnson got grave for you to dig tomorrow. Maybe we get our Christmas dinner?"

The next night Tony brought home a nice duck. Mary clucked excitedly as she punched the plump duck. Then Tony dressed the bird and took it out on the back porch and tied it up to freeze. He was in great spirits that night and supper looked good. He was hungry from the cold air and exercise. The ground had been hard. He felt this job was worth more than two dollars. Mary set a plate of fried mush

before him. "Freda she's sick. They think she got the pneumonia."

Tony thought of the little girl whose eyes had sparkled in anticipation of Christmas day. Now he might have to dig a hole for Freda. She was such a nice kid. Tony grunted, "I like to dig a hole for old Nick, free no charge. But not for that kid." He'd like to have the two dollars for Christmas, but he'd rather Freda would live.

The next four days passed slowly for Tony. No one had any job for him. He stayed around home because Freda was so sick. Mary brought news each day. It hadn't been good news. Today she had said, "Doctor says tonight Mary get crisis. He says, 'She pretty sick girl, Tony. Maybe she don't live for Christmas.'"

On Christmas morning Tony was up early cutting wood for a good fire in the range. The Christmas duck would be good. He brought a load of wood in on his arm, but on the porch he stopped short. The duck was gone. His anger froze him. He stood for a moment cursing the white trash who would steal his Christmas dinner. Mary tried to calm him but it was useless. Then he noticed grease spots on the floor. The thief had been a dog or a cat. He followed the greasy trail around the house and over to the Lutoski's gate. Then he beheld the chewed and mangled remains of their Christmas dinner. Freda's dog romped about him. He kicked viciously at the little gourmand, and then caught himself as the Doctor came down the walk. He took off his hat and nervously traced the brim as the Doctor approached him.

"Doc, she got the crisis?"

"Yes, Freda's passed the crisis Tony. She's going to get well." Tony looked at the dog and the remains of his repast and then turned towards his house. Mary met him with a questioning look. "Did you find duck?"

"Naw!" He lit his pipe and walked to the range. "Saw Doe over there, he says Freda she get well." Tony mused for a moment and then chuckled wryly. "Ugh, for Christmas dinner I lose my duck. For Christmas present I no get my two bucks to dig hole for that kid. Okey! No dinner, no present." He shuffled and spat in the wood-box. "Guess I go down to Chris Hidek's, he got good whiskey."

BILL

By Arlene Bennett, '41

Bill was a poor relation, and his life was not a pleasant one. He lived with his sister, our neighbor, but several years passed before we knew they were related. Bill was in his late fifties and bent with hard work. He carried his head on a slant, and shuffled along, searching for a place to step, for his eyes were too weak to see but three or four feet ahead. True, Bill lived with his sister, but not as one of the family. In the big house there was only one place for Bill, and that was a tiny attic room. He ate his meals in the kitchen with the maid. When the family was gone Bill was allowed to read in the parlor. There he would sit with his big magnifying glass perusing his books. He would not read long for the day ahead was always a busy one.

Every morning at dawn Bill would be up, ready to start his long day. He made garden; he cut and watered the lawn; he cut the hedge; he swept the walks; and he washed the cars. On washday he stretched the line, and carried the heavy baskets of damp clothes from the basement to the yard. He polished floors and washed windows. He did this for

his sister and when she rented their other house Bill did the same work for the tenants. He worked from Monday morning till Saturday noon. Saturday afternoon he would dress himself in his one suit and walk down town to the barber shop. When he finished there he would hurry, as best he could, to the library. The librarian knew him well for every Saturday Bill read till closing time and then carried his unfinished books home to read when the house was empty. The librarian misses Bill today, for he was too absorbed in carrying his books to notice a car turning the corner.

HIS ADVICE

By Mildred Seymour, '41

Never shall I forget that night. It was approximately one-thirty. Everything was noiseless. My father and I were both reading. Suddenly he interrupted the silence. "Sister, remember that you never get so important that there is not someone more important than you. You will never be able to escape from that." Saying no more, he resumed his reading. I asked no questions, but I accepted his advice with out comment.

Since that night, I have often thought of those words. My father completely understands my moods. I have never been able to deceive him with any of my silly adolescent exhibitions of any kind. Perhaps he realized that I was becoming a snob. I had no real friends consequently, I was becoming intolerant and self-centered. I was unfriendly, yes, even rude to some of my fellow students.

The next time I began to feel superior, I remembered the statement which my father had made. What if I did make better grades? What if I were a member of the debating team? Whom could I thank for that? Had my mother not seen that I had had the proper books to read? I thought with a start, Mildred, you fool, it is nothing you have done. It is not because of superior intelligence. The reason that you can do these things is because you have had an environment which has helped rather than hindered you. As I have read more and more, I realize that there have been millions of people before me who have had the same thoughts that I have had. They are identical to those ideas which I believed to be my own. The difference was that they knew how to put their thoughts and ideas into words. They had the power of expression which so many of us do not have.

I was put here for a purpose; what it is, I shall never know. When I have accomplished it I shall be taken away. Perhaps the purpose is to do something which will benefit all humanity. It maybe in science. I don't know; but whatever it is, may I always remember and follow these words: "Sister, remember that you never get so important that there is not someone more important than you. You will never be able to escape from that."

FANTASTIC DANCE

By Betty Vieregg, '41

Several years ago while I was attending a summer camp for the Campfire Girls I was very much impressed by one of our evening programs. We always had some kind of entertainment after dinner, but this one was so unusual and thrilling that I shall never forget it.

After all of us had finished dinner and were waiting outside for the entertainers to arrive, I noticed a

strange group moving in single file over the top of one of the bluffs overlooking our camp. As the line moved back and forth in snake-like fashion we realized that it was made up of approximately fifty Indians. Imagine, if you can, the graceful, fascinating silhouette the group presented as it slowly filed over the horizon, the feather headdresses slightly waving in the breeze, the long, heavily fringed doe skin dresses swaying with the rhythmical steps. When they had descended and drawn nearer we had a more detailed picture of their appearance. Each was dressed in his native costume. Some of the men wore their tall, brown and white feather headdresses; others had their hair in long braids which hung down their backs or across their shoulders. Two of the oldest men, who were chiefs, wore their war paint, the younger ones, their dance paint. Women had their bright-colored, beaded head bands. And all wore the strangely beautiful costumes characteristic of their race.

As we were called to a place across the creek which had been especially prepared for that evening, all of us were anxious for the dances to begin. We sat in a large circle around a huge bonfire eagerly watching the Indians as they arranged their crude drums made of raw hides. As all preparations were completed and they formed their lines for the Snake Dance everyone grew silent and motionless in expectation. Then faintly and slowly, but in perfect time, their drums began to beat a haunting rhythm. Slowly at first, in time with the beats, the Indians moved around the fire, stamping their feet, raising their arms, bending their heads, and swaying their bodies in odd, graceful motions. As the beating increased in tempo and volume so also the dancing. On and on, around and around, faster and faster the dance grew until I felt that my head were bursting, and the weird, fantastic shadows which were cast by the leaping fire made my nerves tingle and my pulse quicken. Then, then the madness died: the wild motions slackened; the deafening beating diminished; and there was left only the quiet fire, graceful movements of feet, arms, and bodies, and the soft drumming of drums.

Gradually even these movements ceased; and the tired group ascended the bluff in the same single, snake-like line to disappear into the darkness beyond.

THE GULF

By Carolyn McCormick, '40

The long pier stretches like a bony arm,
Blessing the weak and swiftly dying waves
Making their weary way, in sad alarm,
Onto the sandy shore to dig their graves.
The silver minnows swimming 'neath the shade
Of the ancient pier, and on the post
There hangs a heavy crab, doomed soon to fade
From sight beneath the waves and there be lost.
A silver swirl and than a muffled cry—
Two glistening porpoises play in the sun;
Trying to throw their bodies to the sky,
Till once again the sea and they are one
And all is quiet, save the whispering waves,
Who make their way to shore and dig their graves.

QUEEN DIDO

By Kathryn Ashley, '40

To Dido's shores in Libya came
Aeneas brave and fair;
With Trojan men and ships he came;
A tempest blew them there.

Ere long fair Dido in consumed
With love for Troy's son;
Each day the burning in her heart
Increases for this one.

But Jove on high the danger sees
And he sends Mercury down
To warn Aeneas that he must
An eternal city found.

"Aeneas brave! O, do not pause
For pleasure's sake, I pray;
To found great Rome is your mission,
So hasten on your way."

Aeneas, although loathe to go,
Yet must obey his will;
He spurns the love that Dido gave,
His mission to fulfill.

"O sister Anna, sister mine
Make haste to yonder sea,
Entreat my lover here to stay,
I fear he's leaving me."

"O sister dear, he will not heed,
He's going on his way;"
At this she wrung her milk-white hands
And groaned in agony.

Soon, frenzied by her love thus scorned,
She built herself a pyre,
She plunged a sword into her breast,
Impelled by mad desire.

"O fare thee well, dear Sister Ann,
For I am leaving thee;
And fare thee well, my cruel love
Who to this act drove me."

A SHOE

By Geraldine Rasdal, '41

The dull grey of the fall morning crept into the topsy-turvy room, emphasizing its disorderliness. The light passed over the rumbled bed with the girl buried in the middle of the pile of blankets, and seemed to stop just beyond a lone black suede pump lying on its side in the center of a small blue rug. The smart cut of the shoe was hidden by the dust powdered over the toe and crusted around the sole. A deep gash in the suede on the heel suggested a bump on a crowded dance floor.

The pile of blankets stirred, the girl's head popped out, and one eye opened unwillingly. As the eye came into focus it was fixed upon the shoe, and with a groan the head disappeared under the pillow. The girl felt just as the shoe looked, no longer perky and smart, nor even desirous of looking perky and smart. Yet the image of the slipper remained imprinted on her brain, a reminder of duty; the room must be cleaned, and a serious frame of mind resumed. She sneaked another peek at the shoe and quickly closed her eyes.

Suddenly the breakfast bell crashed through the sluggish silence. Regretfully remembering an eight o'clock class, she looked again at the shoe, sighed, and stretched. In a sudden burst of energy she bounded from bed and dressed. While more ambitious girls were in the dining room at breakfast, she made her bed and gathered up her books. The burst of energy faded, and after crawling under the dresser to fetch its mate she picked up the shoe and threw the pair on the bed.

The class bell tore at the walls and ceiling as she grabbed her books and made for the stairway, leaving the

shoes to sit on the bed as she would sit in class. The only change was in location; the mood remained the same.

Today Or Forty Years Ago?

Lindenwood Girls See How They Might Have Looked.

An extensive display of photographs on the first floor of Roemer Hall provides a very interesting and somewhat humorous comparison between Lindenwood of today and Lindenwood of the '90's. Can anyone see the basketball team of '37 playing in the long bloomers, long stockings, and middies? A picture of an old May Fete shows the girls in long flowing gowns in a Grecian dance; a modern one displays the dancers in light and airy costumes in a ballet. The girls of the last generation did not have access to riding and archery as are shown in the modern views of Lindenwood.

With the hair combed low on the forehead and arranged in a huge knot on the top of the head, the girls are seen sitting in a waiting room. One girl has a long pigtail down her back, decorated with a large bow. Rolls of hair in one instance are arranged to look like a beret. Although the bangs, knots, and rolls still remain, they now take a somewhat different form. The ordinary costumes of middies, skirts to the ankles, and high button shoes look very peculiar today, but who knows but what the 1937 fashions will look even more humorous in thirty or forty years?

The contrasting parties are very interesting. Whereas the modern pictures show the girls in long, backless, close-fitting gowns attending a dance, an old photograph shows a group gathered in the parlor, with one girl seated at the piano and another gracefully leaning on the piano. Again the dresses are very much different, for just imagine some one appearing in the '90's without a back in her dress and without the general fullness.

Although the furniture in the rooms has greatly changed, the same gay effect with school penants, pictures, and snapshots, remains. One would not find an old-fashioned rocker or a tiny table with dainty lace covering in a dormitory room now.

Just a glance at this display will show immediately the vast improvements on the campus. The first building of Lindenwood is shown as a structure built of logs, surrounded by huge trees and a small wooden fence. Many of these beautiful trees remain, but the campus buildings have certainly increased in number, size, and beauty. The drive which now passes Butler and Ayres is shown as just part of the lawn on one of the old representations.

Lindenwood of today — Lindenwood of the 90's! The same happy, progressive spirit still saturates the school!

Spanish Modes and Operas

El Circulo Espanol, the Spanish club of Lindenwood met Monday evening, December 6, at 6:45 o'clock. Rosemary Williams, president of the club, presided. After the meeting opened, a report was given by Janet McKay. Her topic was the Pan-American Union. After she finished, Dr. Terhune gave her a description of the Union, which she has visited several times. Helen Pletz gave a report on the Balearic Islands and the part they play in the present day Spanish civil war.

Jane Griswold gave a discussion

on the two operas recently given in St. Louis; Carmen and the Barber of Seville. Later, Spanish songs were sung. After the meeting, refreshments were served.

KEYHOLE PEEPER

by Tom

Betty and Pat certainly seem to enjoy going to the show (???) quite often. Could it be that a male is in the offing?

M. Stumberg still seems to be quite interested in David and Chicago. More power to you we say.

Kay Wagner has a visitor from W. Va. the other day. Could it have been THE person from W. Va.?

Ayre's third floor is certainly lucky in having such a ready, willing !!! and able young girl to answer the phone.

One of our freshmen in Nicolls recently called up a certain boy on the phone, and won \$5. Not a bad way to earn money. oh what? Hope you collect it, Considine.

It seems our freshmen are just full of queer doings. The other evening two of them slept on the floor under the bed!

Two of our Irwin girls certainly rate. Imagine having a police escort. How do you do it, girls?

It seems a certain Kentuckian left his ring at L. C. recently after the last date dance. Nice work, Fowler.

Peru, how goes the 40 page letter? Must be wonderful to have such a thoughtful boy friend.

Butler, where has that diamond ring disappeared to? And why don't we ever hear about, "baby shoe B'll" anymore, or has the Florida person taken his place?

We hear that Bill is still rating "tops" with Nance; and we are wondering what the diamond on Knell's left hand means?

What little !!! sophomore was so glad to see a certain boy that she threatened to kiss him while his freshman date stood by in disgust? Then turning to the other fellow standing by, she said, "I didn't know you or I'd kiss you, too." Better be careful Mc C.

What young sophomore found a gray car with radio more interesting than vespers one recent Sunday night? And the boy's sister was looking every where for him; next time she'll know where to look!

Here's some "news" we heard the other day. It seems the St. Charles lads call one of our juniors "The Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed." Perhaps that explains why a certain lad switched to the blonde sophomores, now he can have dates on Sunday night!

Alice Jones certainly seems to be doing right well for herself lately. Bring that handsome foot ball hero out here some time, Alice. Some of the girls who met him last week still have jumpy hearts, he is quite the stuff !!! we hear.

Girls, why don't you lay off the St. Charles-play-boy? After all, give credit where credit is due, and better credit is deserved here.

Helen Myers is doing O. K. too, she has a ring, pin, and bracelet. She is certainly flying high if you know what we mean. More power to you, we are for you.

Speaking of rings, we see that Margaret Hurst now has HIS ring.

We wonder just how many more rings, pins, and tokens will appear after the holidays?

Your Keyhole Peeper, Tom, is looking every where for him; next very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Make Resolutions Early And Forget Them Before January First

A resolution is usually something which is made but never kept. However, it looks like there will be one resolution which will be made and kept by all on this campus, and that is "I resolve to wear lisle hose from now on, with the exception, perhaps, of WHEN and IF I get a chance for any dates."

Other suggested resolutions are:

"I resolve to":

1. Find a man who will send me candy and flowers.
2. Make more "I" grades in the future.
3. Refuse the guys a date who have cars with bad tires.
4. Pass the hat for donations for better food.
5. Read the funnies when I should be getting Econ., Psych., English.
6. Sleep during more classes. (Needing to catch up).
7. Talk only 3 minutes on the long distance phone.
8. Go to church once a semester.
9. Subscribe to "College Humor".
10. Quit spreading gossip around the campus.
11. Quit dieting until spring vacation.
12. Make the freshmen who won't answer the phone pay, and plenty.
13. Take some people off their high-horse.
14. Write more people a letter, so I'll get more letters.
15. Keep out of the "dirt" column in the Linden Bark.
16. Pay my debts instead of forgetting.

Some of these resolutions may seem a little foolish, some a little mercenary. Nevertheless, a few of them are deserving of a consideration, while others are merely resolutions that some girls on the campus seem to have made last year and we might add, they kept them pretty well. If every one would give these a thought, and then decide which are worthy of keeping, and which should be exactly the opposite, a lot of people might get along with the world better, and if anyone is a skeptic, we dare you to try it.

There will be many resolutions made again this year, and all of them will be forgotten before January 7. Therefore, why not make them now and forget them before the first of the year? Hereby saving time.

(Continued from page 1)

HIGH HATS

By Arlene Bennett, '41

executive only receives \$50 a month. Hitler all the time is advancing by desperate gambler's jumps. Dr. Eddy said that the saddest thing of all the conditions in Germany "is the war and persecution of Jews, Catholics and Protestants. There is no toleration of religion there." "The day that Hitler made his bloody speech, he had just had 1,000 men put to death and 77 of them were notables. Hitler is one half genius, and one half neurotic. He is doing more to upset peace than any man in the world to-day."

In spite of all this, nine-tenths of the youths are for a dictator, because they are only told what the leaders want them to know and outsiders are not allowed to talk to them.

The characteristics of Germany as Dr. Eddy gave them are, "Denial of civil and political liberty, violence of the country, (imprisons tens of thousands) and the harsh dogmatic atheism." He said, "all of this is morally impossible. Can anything good come out of this country?"

"But even these people are not half so poor as the common share cropper in our own country." He said there was no race or color prejudice over there. "If the Communists can overcome race prejudice, is Christian America the one country that can't? In Russia there is justice without liberty, here there is liberty and no justice.

Dr. Eddy then went into the situation of the share croppers. He said most of them are living on \$180 a year, some have \$212 a year, per family. There are a million and a quarter illiterates in this district. He and several others have started an ideal share cropper farm. They bought a 17,000 acre farm. They put in as the rule on their cooperative farms: efficiency of production with cooperative principles; workers are allowed a union, and they have a right to collective bargaining; equal justice among the races; and realistic religion.

Dr. Eddy said that their plan is to "give them a chance and see if they could stand on their own feet."

Hats are going up this fall! The higher they climb the more in style they are. Balls of fur on the very tip of the peaked crown add another inch of height; veils demurely drooping over the eyes give a modest air to the most siren type of woman. Anything that can possibly be stitched or pinned to a chapeau is placed at a rakish angle. Madam is told that that is the latest from gay Paree. Quite daring are feathers and, needless to say, quite in demand. This type of headgear requires a wearer who is able to keep her balance. A colored mammy who is used to carrying a basket on her head would be perfectly suited to the new fall hat.

A woman has such good taste when it comes to buying a hat to suit her own individual person. Tall women have a longing for high crowned hats and yet they grow when their escorts seemingly shrink in size. Short women usually appear in a head covering that makes them look as if they are staggering under a heavy load. Their chins protude, and their backs are humped in an attempt to keep the hat upon the head as it should be. Of course, there are still a few stupid women who would rather wear the more modified crown that follow the goddess of style. These women, however, usually are seen more often in public with their husbands.

When high hatted women appear at the theater it seems that the only available seats are in front of children or unfortunate short people. Of course, these style chasers realize that the people behind them came to see the feature attraction but, after all, it is so difficult to put a hat on right in the dark. They would surely get the feather in the front instead of the back. There is always a new field for invention. Today, in order to keep the theater alive, someone must patent a periscope for theater-goers!

**BUY CHRISTMAS
SEAL SNOW!**

New Library Arrivals

The following is a list of the new books now in the library:

FICTION:

Bates, S.C.—The Long Way Home.
 Bellah, J.W.—This is the Town.
 Benet, S.V.—Thirteen O'clock.
 Benson, E.F.—Old London.
 Bottome, Phyllis—Old Wine.
 Bridge, Ann—Enchanter's Nightshade.
 Bruce, Leo—Case Without a Corpse.
 Canfield, Dorothea—Fables for Parents.
 Carlisle, H.G.—The Merry, merry Maidens.
 Christie, Agatha—Poirot Loses a Client.
 Corbett, E.F.—The Langworthy Family.
 Delafield, E.M.—Nothing is Safe.
 Douglas, L.C.—Home for Christmas.
 Drinkwater, John—Robinson of England.
 Ertz, Susan—NoHearts to Break.
 Field, Rachel—To See Ourselves.
 Frost, Frederick—Bamboo Whistle.
 Gardner, E.S.—Case of the Lame Canary.
 Goudge, Elizabeth—Pedlar's Pack.
 Griffith, Ione—I'll be Sad for Nobody.
 Hunt, E.E.—Greathouse.
 Jordan, Elizabeth—The Trap.
 La Farger, Oliver—The Enemy Gods.
 Lehmann, Lotte—Eternal Flight.
 Lincoln, J.C.—Storm Girl.
 Macadam, Catharine—They Never Get Tired.
 Mann, Heinrich—Young Henry of Navarre.
 Mansfield, Katherine—Short Stories.
 Marks, Percy—And Points Beyond Minnigerode, Meade—Black Forest.
 Montgomery, L.M.—Jane of Lantern Hill.
 Morley, Christopher—The Trojan Horse.
 O'Brien, E.J.—Best British Short Stories of 1937.
 Oppenheim, E.P.—Envoy Extraordinary.
 Pilgrim, David—So Great a Man.
 Pocock, Guy—Stubbs at Fifty.
 Rice, Elmer—Imperial City.
 Ross, L.Q.—Education of HYMAN KAPLAN.
 Sayers, D.L.—Omnibus.
 O. Henry, Memorial Award, Prize Stories of 1937.
 Thompson, Sylvia, Recapture the Moon.
 Undset, Sigrid—Faithful Wife.
 Vare, Daniele—Gate of Happy Sparrows.
 Walpole, Hugh—John Cornelius.
 Wells, H. G.—Brynild.
 Wharton, Edith—Ghosts.
 White, L.T.—Homicide.
 Wodehouse, P.G.—Summer Moonshine.
 Wright, P.H.—So We'll Live.
 Young, F.B.—They Seek a Country.
 Zweig, Stefan—The Buried Candelabrum.

BIOGRAPHY:
 Alda, Frances—Men, Women and Tenors.
 Bakeless, John—Christopher Marlowe.
 Bates, E.S.—Inside Out: introduction to Autobiography.
 Botkin, Gleb—The Woman Who Rose Again: Grand Duchess Anastasia.
 Buchan, John—Augustus.
 Collis, W.R.F.—Silver Fleece.
 Curie, Eve—Madame Curie.
 Ditmars, R.L.—Making of a Scientist.
 Earhart, Amelia—Last Flight.
 Eulalia—Memoirs of a Spanish Princess.
 Hare, L.C.M.—Greatest American Woman: Lucretia Mott.
 Johnson, Edgar—One Mighty Torrent; Drama of Biography.

O'Connor, Harvey—The Guggenheims.
 "R" & Lanier, H.W.—He Did Not Die at Meyerling.
 Roosevelt, Eleanor—This is My Story.
 Sackville-West, V.—Pepita.
 Wills, Helen—Fifteen-thirty.

GENERAL INTEREST:

Abbe, Patience, Richard, Johnny—Of All Places.
 Ayscough, Florence — Chinese Women Yesterday and Today.
 Crow, Carl—400,000,000 Customers.
 Dickinson, A.D.—Best Books of the decade, 1926-35.
 Eastman, Fred—Books that have Shaped the World.
 Erb, R.C.—Poisoning the Public.
 Griswold, Lawrence — Tombs, Travel and Trouble.
 Hart, Moss & Kaufman, G.S.—You Can't Take It With You.
 Hillis, Marjorie—Orchids on Your Budget.
 Loggins, Vernon—I Hear America.
 Luhan, M.D.—Edge of Taos Desert.
 Marshall, Alan—Speak for Yourself.
 Masters, E.L.—The New World.
 Moffat, Donald—The Mott Family in France.
 Muller, H.J.—Modern Fiction.
 Nicholson, H.G.—Small Talk.
 Oglesby, Catharine — Fashion Careers: American Style (revised) Rogers & Beard—5,000 Years of Glass.
 Shaw, C.G.—Road to Happiness.
 Taylor, Toni—R.S.V.P. a Book of Parties.
 Tressler, I.D. — How to Lose Friends and Alienate People.
 Walter, E.A.—1937 Essay Annual.
 Yutang, Lin — Importance of Living.

Just A-Snoopin'

Here's a scoop! We have two more Kampused Kids. It seems Pat and Betty just couldn't get in from the show on time. Maybe next time they'll take a taxi.

Personally, we think it runs in the family. It wasn't Lover, but a friend of his, who wanted to know if Little Rock was in Oklahoma.

Why was Dolly Fullerton so excited over the speaker Wednesday? Did it have anything to do with Warren, telegrams, appendicitis?

Lucille Vosburg certainly has her mind made up as to how she is going to live her life. Robert Burns wrote something about "Best-laid plans." You might consider his advice before joining Sibley's newly formed Old Maids' Club.

Who are the two little sophomores who buy home-made cookies on Jefferson Street and mail them to their boy friends? Trying to make them think you can cook?

Martha Anderson had her hands full during Thanksgiving holidays. What with the boy friend from Columbia and the one from St. Charles—Rolla is still sizzling.

That celebrating we were talking about two weeks ago has traveled down to first Ayres. "Here Come the British with a Bang, Bang!" Have anything to say about it, Grass?

We wonder why Joanne Whitely refused a telephone call Sunday afternoon. Could it have had anything to do with Saturday night?

Are certain young ladies learning to be farmers' wives or something? Anyway, Saturday they learned the art of making nice, fat, pork sausages! Did they have fun?—and the Boss didn't seem to mind it either!

Why is it a young miss in Sibley runs to the city every week-end when she has an undying love in the

wilds of Colorado or some such place?

We know about the two girls who had dates Saturday night and went to a quail dinner. Couldn't the young man drive or was it really because he just ran a stop light? Too bad, girls. Maybe you could knock on the window next time.

These Nebraska lassies certainly know how to get the men—Illinois calls at least twice a week. Specials, telegrams and even Nebraska calls. What, no flowers? You're slipping!

There is a saying that you can always find something to do if you look for it. The newest thing we've found is a jam session. From what we hear, a grand time was had by all.

What's the matter with Irwin? They've gotten to the monogrammed glass stage now. Guess it will be silverware next or do we already have that?

"The First Lady" Entertains Everybody

The guest speaker at chapel, Thursday, December 2, was Mrs. Eleanor Sikes Peters, well-known for her readings of comedies and comedy-satires. Mrs. Peter's topic Thursday was "The First Lady." This was an amusing tale of Washington social and political life. A comedy-satire, sophisticated, and very subtle. The audience was quite charmed by the way in which Mrs. Peters presented her reading, and she was very well accepted by all who heard her. Some of the things best accepted were the little facial expressions and other little characteristics which make Mrs. Peters so charming, and make her characters seem so real.

Getting a Job On a Newspaper

Miss Helen Clanton, head of the woman's section of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, spoke to the journalism class on Thursday, November 18.

The topic of the talk was "Getting a Job on a Newspaper." Citing some advantages women have over men, she said that they are more fortunate because they have no set schedule to work by, they may ask questions, if paid for it, when they otherwise would not, and the salaries are better for women than for men. Some disadvantages are: Friday is the day for last minute work, in several departments, and it is the worst day because of the piling up of work; and newspaper people must take rebuffs which are constantly presented.

Journalism training is valuable, she said, to a potential newspaper woman. There are various branches of journalism such as radio continuity, advertising, short stories; department store advertising; advertising agencies; publicity agencies; and contributing to magazines and papers, known as free lance work.

To work on a newspaper, good training is necessary, and valuable natural traits include: the flare for writing, interest in people, and a liking for wide reading. If a person is interested in a certain field, she is at an advantage, and should get all the practical experience possible along that line.

Miss Clanton sees many people who are applying for jobs, and knows how a person should go about it. She advocates: "Go to a newspaper you admire and like. To get the best results, make an appointment, preferably in a letter. When the appointment is accepted,

bring in samples of what you can do and any new ideas you might have. If you can do something in a special field, let it be known."

In closing, Miss Clanton said that the society editor is among the highest paid of women's jobs. Also among those who are paid well are the women photographers, who go into large parties and social affairs. "The art of journalism has limitless fields which are not overcrowded and should be considered more often by girls who are talented for writing", she said.

Lindenwood Market Comment

The market has been very active in the last two weeks. Certain stocks showed a rapid increase and others slumped as rapidly.

Marilyn Patterson buys on margin and is very active in the market, buying one stock heavily one day and selling it out the next to buy another. It is convenient that she is her own broker.

Miss Ringer and Miss Patterson have been buying St. Charles stock quite heavily and steadily. They now have controlling interest in Benton Preferred.

St. Charles stock under the direction of Misses Brown and Matthews is at a standstill. They lay the blame for this slump on economic conditions.

We are hoping the Old Maids' Club of Sibley will forget the home town interests and invest in a few shares of Dates Preferred.

Aunt Becky bought a few shares in a well-known oil company. Her doing so caused a whirl of activity on the Orchard Farm market.

Miss Rasdal and Miss Dew have bought shares of Orchard Farm and Cottleville stock. The latest reports lead us to believe they will continue buying this same stock.

St. Charles stock is expecting a rise this week as a result of Miss Beltzer's and Miss Dale's transactions on the market. After a long period of contemplation, these ladies have decided it might prove profitable to make this investment.

Classic Composers Heard

A student group consisting of nine girls under the direction of Mr. John Thomas, gave a program, Thursday evening, December 9, at 5 o'clock in the music hall.

The first number, "Allegretto," B Flat major Haydn-Seiss), was played by Maxine Cooper; the first movement of a Mozart composition by Pauline Gray. Three movements of different sonatas by Beethoven were played by Dorothy Nieman, Mildred Jane Bryant, and Sara C. Phillips: A Prelude and Fugue, B Flat major, (Bach) by Bernadette Fehlman; "A Dance of Spain," (Navarro), by Ruth Elise Shanks; Choral Melody "Come, Sweet Death", (Bach-Kelberine) was played by Margaret Anne McCoid; and "Sous Bois, (Victor Staub), by Wanda Irma Gottl.

Poets Read

The poetry society held a meeting in the library club rooms on Thursday evening, December 2, at 6:30. Members of the society brought the poems which they had written during the month. These were read, criticized, and discussed generally by all who were present. The members of the faculty who were present were Miss Dawson, Miss Burns and Dr. Betz.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

SPORTS

Initiation By
Athletic Association

New members of the Athletic Association that were initiated at the last meeting are as follows: Mildred Anderson, Kathryn Ashley, Betty Augur, Evelyn Bradley, Eleanor Dennis, Betty Clark, Roselyn Janeway, Mary Shannon, Vi Ella Smerling, Mary Helen St. Clair, Betty Riley, Georgianne Theis, Sibyl Thomas, Charlotte Tucker, Joan Voigt, Lucille Vosburg, Kay Lovitt, Avis Saunders, Joyce Ganssle, Mary McCarroll, Betty Jane Foster, Emily Scherago, Barbara Gray, Marylind Beardslee, and Zoe Hughett.

Haste to the Basket Ball

Attention! girls, Basketball season has started. At last it has arrived, the games that we all look forward to all fall. Practice started last Tuesday night in the gym. Several more of these will be held before regular teams are chosen. So come on out everyone, and let's have the biggest and best team Lindenwood has ever had.

Wonderful Horse Pierrot

Thrills and excitement at the St. Charles Riding Academy! A wonderful horse, familiar to many of the St. Louis Horse Show enthusiasts, has recently been added to the stables. He is Pierrot, a noted jumper. His unusual markings, brown and white spotting, attract the attention of everyone.

Best Candies in the World

The foods department under the direction of Miss Anderson has been making Christmas candies.

The girls keep track of the prices spent on each kind of candy and pay for it themselves. Thursday, the candies will be displayed in fancy boxes, and a prize will be given to the girl making the most attractive and best tasting candies. They will be judged by score cards and the girl receiving the prize will be free from all costs entirely. The different candies being made are: chocolate creams, neapolitan bar, caramel pecan nut roll, stuffed dates, apricot rings, peanut brittle, apple crystals (in various colors), chocolate coated caramels, colored mints, fudge and English taffee.

Gifted Entertainer

A student recital was held at eleven o'clock chapel, Thursday, Dec. 9, in Roemer Auditorium.

First on the program were two piano selections; "Sonata", G Minor, (Schumann) played by Cordelia Mae Buck, and "The White Peacock", (Griffles) played by Doris Danz. Second was a group of songs, "Pur Dicesi, O Bocca Bella," (Lotti) and "Gavotte," (Popper-Aslanoff) sung by Ruby Drehmann. Following was a violin solo, "Polish Dance," (Severn) by Margaret Anne McCoid, and followed by a group of songs, "On Mighty Pens," (Creation)-Hayden; and "Ships of Arcady, (Head) sung by Margaret Hull. Concluding the program was a group of piano selections, "Gondoliera," (Liszt); "Polonaise" B major, (Padereusi) played by Theora Henkle and "Two Etudes," A minor, and G flat major, (Chopin) played by Alice Bading.

Lindenwood Wears
No More Silk Hose

In less than two weeks, Smith, Vassar, Moravian, N. J. C. W., Trenton, Hunter, Barnard, and many other schools have joined a movement that is sweeping the students of America to advocate world peace. It is a plan of economic boycott against Japan, in an effort to arouse public sentiment towards peace and non-aggression among the world powers.

This National Youth Movement to boycott Japan is the result of much discussion and controversy at the University of New York. If there is sufficient unity among the colleges, it is believed we can bring our sentiments not only to the government of the United States, but to the aggressor nations. D. Kummel, president of the American Student Union, urges Lindenwood to join the organization and spread the purpose through out our school.

A vote was taken by the students of Lindenwood in assembly Tuesday, December 7. This vote was an overwhelming majority in favor of supporting the movement. Which means the students of Lindenwood will wear cotton or lisle hose on campus. This will go into effect upon return from the Christmas holiday vacation.

This means giving up silk stockings, but the other schools are doing it. You'll be thrilled with the many kinds of cotton and lisle stockings one can buy and the boys love them.

Many Styles Modeled

Girls Vote best Dresses.

The clothing room was a busy scene at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, December 10, and the style show was about to begin. Chairs were arranged so that each model could be seen well by spectators. The class voted on the dresses as buyers for a girl's school and their votes that their choice was the dresses worn by Sue Smith which was a tailored red silk model with jet studded front and pouch of the same material attached to the black suede belt. She wore black suede oxfords; and the outstanding 1937 fashion of soft black wool with black and gold suede belt and three strand gold choked beads with which were worn black suede oxfords, modeled by Lillian Litwin. A similar dress worn by Constance Swartzkoff also received a high number of votes. Frances Boenker's dress had the same "v" neck and sheered front in green. Sara Sorgenfrei looked nice in a blue wool which was also among those which received a large number of votes.

Two nicely tailored dresses were the light weight green wools of Vivian Peterson and Alleen Vandiver.

Some of the more individual dresses were the red taffeta formal of the new short length, trimmed in green velvet bows, which Jane Knudesen wore; the dark green tux suit with pleated skirt and cream satin blouse, worn by Betty Barney; and the wine colored silk with Directorate lines worn by Betty Schroeder.

Black is always popular with girls, and black silk dresses trimmed with white lace were chosen by Doris Deisenroth, Louise Wilks and Mary Ruth Florey, while black velvet with a rhinestone clip was used by Virginia Hansen.

One of the most interesting materials was the double woven figured crepe made by Lois Hausch.

The most popular type of dress made was the wool tailored dress with zipper fastenings. June Goran and Anette Avergines chose zippers

on red materials and Bonner Lindsey and Dorothy Seymour, brown material. Zippers are also used this year on silk dresses, and were either decorative or purely useful on the dresses worn by Geraldine Weiss, Joan Whitely and Gertrude Schmidt.

Martha Lawler and Katherine Wright wore gray tweed and Frances Lewis, dark green tweed.

Some of the dresses such as those worn by Evelyn Rickabaugh in bright green, Imogene Strich in tan wool and Mary Roberts in blue wool featured covered buttons, while the sport flannel dresses of June Coats in light blue and Lillian Leaird in royal blue, were lightened by pearl studs and buttons.

June Harsh's dress of a soft messe material used chromium flower buttons.

Other blue dresses included a peacock blue with black velvet ribbon of Margaret Edgington and royal blue wool with the swing skirt of Lucy Lee Cox.

This winter's dresses all show fullness in the waist made by gathers. The green dress worn by Marilyn Patterson and the brown by Frances Hanson are typical of the 1937 styles.

A rust rabbit wool with an attractive swing skirt made of "in and out" tucks, was worn by Marilyn McFarland. Watch for the plaid to be worn by Martha Mitchell in the near future.

On the board around the wall was a display of a blue satin nightie featuring smocking made by LaVern Rowe, and a peach satin nightie featuring fagotting, made by Sara Margaret Willis. A child's print dress with smocking in red which was by Martha Lott, was also on display.

FASHION NOTES

totsy

Fur coat season is in full swing again, and a host of handsome ones go running all around this campus. For instance, as the large group was leaving for the opera last week, many different kinds of coats could be seen; also if one sits in the Tea Room for half an hour, in the evening, one may observe a good many of them.

Caroline Chantry has an eel-gray caracal coat; it is cut on princess lines, and has a belt. The collar is rather large, coming to points in the front. New York sleeves makes it even more stylish.

Very attractive of its kind on the campus is the skunk of Betty Dew. It is black and white and made on sport lines.

June Jordan's Kolinsky coat is probably the most outstanding coat around here. It is a three-quarter length with large sleeves.

A good-looking fitch coat is worn by Evelyn Waxenburg, while Dotty Wagoner has chosen Jap Weasel, and Sue Sonnenday wears black seal trimmed in fitch. Evelyn Coker wears mink, and Dorothy Lawhan and Lois Penn wear black skunk coats.

Fur capes are being shown this season, and Laura Fritz has a lovely monkey fur. It is three-quarter length and quite stylish.

Mittens are becoming very popular in bright colors, Angora and sport yarn are the most frequently seen. Mary Elizabeth Jolley likes the angora, she has several pair, one in bright red, bright green, light blue, and white. Santa Clause should have a lot of orders for these this year. Get orders in early.

WHO'S WHO

The girl for this week's "guess who" is an easy one. She is tall, slender and has soft brown hair. She has a very pleasing and likeable personality. Is very interested in all sports and takes an active part in them and all activities. She inhabits third floor Roemer mostly. She will graduate at mid-semester. Her name is _____.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. was addressed Wednesday night by Miss Dorothy Wobus, member of the Y. W. C. A. of Washington University. She told of the coming convention of the organization to be held at Oxford, Ohio during the Christmas holidays.

Ruby Drehman sang "Gavotte" by Popper-Aslanoff.

GREEN PASTURES

By Barbara Dale, '41

Simon leaned against the barn door absent mindedly chewing a piece of straw as he watched the scorching wind continuously sifting dust over the freshly furrowed field. For a moment he watched the wind at work, and then he began searching out a tiny speck of a cloud far to the north. He shaded his eyes with a horny hand and squinted at the distant horizon. Salvation from the burning inferno seemed very remote. He sighed wearily as he shifted his weight to the other foot and reviewed the day's work. It was an endless job—plowing, sowing, harvesting, and reaping nothing. But this year would be different. He had worked harder, and better than that he had faithfully attended Sunday School in the little unpainted church three miles from his farm. Last year people had said the reason they had a crop failure was because "they didn't live right." But this year they couldn't even say that. A faint rumbling penetrated his thoughts and he lifted his eyes skyward. The heavens had become overcast. The wind had changed to an earnest gale and was blowing the newly turned earth across the barren fields. Then a sharp streak of lightning ripped the clouds open, and life giving rain fell gently, forcefully, then a torrential down-pour began. Simon watched the big drops as they hit the dusty ground, and as they ran down each to meet another to form a defense to absorb the dusty earth. Soon the air and earth was washed clean and the rain set down to accomplish a deeper cleansing, deep to the roots. Simon watched the process and thought how like salvation it really was; first, the body and second, the soul.

For a moment Simon's thoughts were on the immediate benefits, cool weather and a clean world. Then he remembered, this was his salvation. The crops would grow. They would be harvested. He could pay his bills, and be a free man once again. Suddenly the rain beat a steady staccato on the tin roof of the chicken house. The rain had started with a renewed vigor. But no—it was coming in a different form this time. It was water, but water frozen in hard pebbles and with it came destruction. It froze the hopes of salvation. It penetrated the soul of Simon and froze the very heart of him. It beat into the freshly utilized soil, and froze the green pastures.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS NOW!

Sidelights of Society

National President Visits Mu Phi Epsilon

The Mu Phi Epsilon sorority gave a recent party in the tea room in honor of Mrs. Marion King, the national president. Mrs. King was here to inspect the Phi Theta chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon.

Members that were present were; Miss Isidor, Miss Englehart, Mildred Clarke Denning, Doris Danz, Betty White, Alice Belding, Alice Jones, Mary Ahmann and Suzanne Eby.

The dinner was held at six thirty on November 23. The menu consisted of cranberry cocktails, veal cutlets, special baked potatoes, buttered cauliflower, perfection salad, cranberry sauce, angel-charlotte-russe, coffee and mints.

Big Christmas Party

Ayres Hall is having a party tonight at 9:30. Yes, a Christmas party with a tree and all the trimmings. At a house meeting last week, the girls drew names, and the result will be a gift for everyone. Because of the limited cost of the gifts, Ayres parlor will probably look like a playroom with the toys and novelties purchased at the ten cent store spread over the room. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Santa Claus will be honor guests. The party, beginning at 9:30, will end with refreshments.

Sigma Tau Delta Entertains at Tea

Dr. Gipson and Dr. Gregg poured at a tea given by Sigma Tau Delta for nearly 150 English students. Dr. Betz and the officers of the fraternity, Johnsie Fiock, Sue Sonnenday, Julia Lane, and Marion Daudt, made up the receiving line.

Johnsie Fiock wore a gold slipper satin dress trimmed by a large emerald clip at the high neck. The bolero packet had very full puffed sleeves. Sue Sonnenday appeared in a white crepe dress which was attractively contrasted with large red flowers following the neck line in front and meeting at a low cut back. Julia Lane's dress was of black net. It covered a black taffeta slip and hung in soft folds from the waist. Turquoise velvet bows were placed down the front from the high neck. Marion Daudt wore a dusty rose moire dress with a tight waist which met a full skirt. The only ornaments were three rhinestone clips which caught the folds of a collar at the front.

A very entertaining program was presented. Eleanor Watson played a number of popular pieces on the piano. The poem, "The Poetry Writing Lesson", by Lois Null, was read by Helen Pletz, and the poem, "Petition", by Johnsie Fiock, was read by Corinne Zarth. The reading of the very humorous "Uncle Edith's Christmas Story" by Robert Benchley was given by Helen Margaret DuHadway.

The table decorations consisted of a lovely center-piece of yellow and rust chrysanthemums, and yellow candles on each side of the flowers. Tea, coffee, sandwiches, nuts, and candies were served.

Lucille Vosburg was the weekend guest of Gwen Payne at her home in Woodriver, Ill.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS NOW!

Irwin Party

Irwin Hall had its house party last night at 10 o'clock in the recreation rooms. Cordelia Buck played for dancing. The Christmas motif was well carried out and the girls presented Miss Hough with a chair and ottoman which were black glaze chintz with flower pattern.

Much Visiting Done In Thanksgiving Recess

Many of the students took leave of their studies for a few days, Wednesday noon until Monday morning, and spent Thanksgiving with friends who live within a short distance of the college. Some hostesses and their guests follow: Nina Jane Davis of Newcastle, Ind., entertained Sara Watts Nickols; Mary Benner of Anna, Ill., Peggy Ann McCoid and Margaret Hull; Mildred and Maxine Tanke of Keokuk, Ia., Lucyl Shirk and Bernadette Fehlman; Nan Harris of Wilburton, Okla., Leslie Ann McColgin; Kay Mayer of Indianapolis, Ind., Lucy Lee Cox; Margaret Wiggins of Chicago, Jo Anne Bryan; Jessie Benson of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Peggy Jean and Edith Vincil; Betty Vieregg of Clinton, Okla., Rachel Britain; Kay Thompson of Memphis, Tenn., Frances Brandenburg.

A large number of the girls visited friends who do not attend the college. A few of these are: Martha Anderson who visited in Joplin; Mary Elizabeth Jolley who visited in Topeka, Kan., and attended the Kansas-Missouri game at Lawrence; Dorothy Ringer and Becky Cox, St. Charles; Kay Ross, Culver Military Academy and Chicago; Mary Kern, St. Charles; Maurine Potlitzer, St. Louis; Sue Smith, St. Louis; Zora Horner, St. Louis. The girls who attended the Kemper Military Academy Thanksgiving activities include: Nelle Motley, Gertrude Schmidt, Mary Ann Bates, Mary Dillon, Louise Walker, June Jordan, Mildred Niederggerke, Marajane Francis.

Visitors at the college during the recess include: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Conner, Miss Helen and Zelma Conner of Elizabethtown, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dew and Gene Dew of Richmond, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Shannon of Concordia, Kan.; Miss Mary Lou Vandiver of Ogallala, Neb.; Miss Frances Hibbits and Miss Anne Leiferman of Texarkana, Tex.; and the parents and young sister and brother of Jerry Rasdal; and the parents and brother of Joanne Beltzer of Grand Island, Neb.

Anna Marie Kistner, was the guest of Betty White for the weekend. Miss Kistner graduated from L. C. last spring and was back visiting her old friends.

Martha Anderson had as her guest over the weekend her mother, Mrs. E. G. Anderson from Texarkana, Ark.

Mary Louise Mills spent the weekend of December 3 in Chicago. She visited her brother Dr. Roger B. Mills who is a member of the faculty of the Northwestern Dental School.

Mary Borum and Jeanne Hirsch spent the week-end of December 3 in Terre Haute, Ind., with Jeanne's parents. The girls attended the Pose Poly Military Ball there Saturday night.

Minnie Joe Curtis apparently forgot she was a coed and thoroughly enjoyed building a snow man last Wednesday afternoon. Pretty good snow man, Minnie Joe, but a little plump in places. But it was lots of fun, wasn't it?

Business Girls at Beautiful Tea

The annual Commercial Club tea was held Tuesday afternoon, December 7, at five o'clock in the library clubrooms. Mrs. Roemer and Miss Allyn, sponsor of the club, presided over the table which was covered with a lovely lace cloth. The centerpiece was of fall chrysanthemums, heather, and baby's breath, and pale green candles in silver holders were at each end of the table. Sara Phillips played two piano selections, one being an original composition. Honor guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Mrs. Margaret Heikes of the Business Department and the former graduates of the Business Department. All of the club members were loyal in attending the tea, and only two girls, who were ill, missed it.

Book Reviews and Charity

With refreshments being served to each girl upon entrance, the Home Economics club held its second annual meeting, in the library club rooms, Monday, December 6, at 5 o'clock.

The program consisted of two book reviews: "Polly Tucker Merchant," (Sara Pennoyer), by June Harsh, and "Orchids On Your Budget" (Marjorie Hillis), by Jerry Stroh.

Concluding the program, Mildred Davis spoke to the girls about the different Christmas dolls, and asked that each girl having time, dress some doll, to be given away Christmas.

The St. Charles Club had its annual Christmas party at The St. Charles Hotel, Monday evening, December 13.

Kathleen Bottani and Martie Lawler spent Saturday, December 11, in Wellesville, Mo.

Lucille Gocio, Marajane Francis, and Betty Riley went to Boonville, Mo., to attend the Kemper Christmas dance.

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