

# LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 7. Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, January 19, 1937.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## From the Office of the Dean

Members of the faculty are seeing their advisees this week in their offices. Registration starts Tuesday and continues through Thursday from 1 to 4 o'clock each day. Tuesday is for freshmen only, Wednesday for freshmen and sophomores, and Thursday for juniors and seniors.

Faculty advisors will be in Room 104 Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons to assist in registering advisees whom they have not seen this week. Thursday faculty members will be in their offices to assist juniors and seniors. Course cards must be obtained for classes after one's schedule has been made out. These will be given out in Room 110.

The office of the Dean is busy preparing for the second semester's work.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

**Tuesday, Jan. 19:**

5 p.m., Student Recital.

**Wednesday, Jan. 20:**

4:45 p.m., Little Theatre Plays, "All on a Summer's Day", "Rehearsal"

6:30 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

**Thursday, Jan. 21:**

11 a.m., Dramatic Recital.

5 p.m., Meeting, Delta Phi Delta.

7 p.m., Meeting, Mu Phi Epsilon.

**Sunday, Jan. 24:**

6:30 p.m., Vespers.

**Monday, Jan. 25:**

Meeting, Student Board.  
Examinations Begin.

**Wednesday, Jan. 27:**

6:30 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

**Monday, Feb. 1:**

Second Semester Begins.

**Thursday, Feb. 4:**

8 p.m., Dr. Rollo Walter Brown.

## Dr. Case To Leave

Dr. Ralph Case, professor of Bible and philosophy, is leaving Lindenwood to accept the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Blackwell, Okla. For seven and a half years Dr. Case has been connected with the college, and he will be greatly missed by the entire school. Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon, from Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, will take his place next semester.

## Winning Story Prize

An article by Miss Stookey won the first prize recently in a story contest sponsored by the National Doll Club. The prize was a very handsome Polish doll called "Stefan", from the province of Krakow in Poland. Her article will appear in the magazine "Doll Talk". Mr. Arthur McKim, sponsor of the doll club said that Miss Stookey's collection of dolls was worth \$600 in this country, but Miss Stookey says she paid a lot less than that for them.

## Margarette Winder In Operatic Training

Miss Margarette Winder, of Ft. Smith, Ark., was a member of the cast in the operetta "Hansel and Gretel" recently given by the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y. Miss Winder is a former Lindenwood student, attending here her freshman and sophomore year in 1934-35 and 1935-36. She took part in many of the musical events here at Lindenwood. In the operetta at Eastman she sang the role of the mother.

Miss Doris Oxley, of Poteau, Okla., who graduated from Lindenwood in 1933 with a Bachelor of Music degree, took her graduate work in 1933 and 1934 in the Eastman School of Music. She won the Fellowship given for the best work at Lindenwood.

## Entertainment by Sydney Thompson

Miss Sydney Thompson gave a lovely recital at Lindenwood Thursday night, Jan. 7. Dividing her program into three parts; a monologue, "A Letter of Introduction," written by Miss Thompson, then a slight intermission and the program proceeding with selections from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Miss Thompson concluded with several medieval tales and old English ballads.

In the monologue Miss Thompson reached very dramatic heights, but it was perhaps the poorest part of her program. She looked very beautiful in a charmingly beautiful American beauty red satin dress. And although the monologue was very good, naturally, the selections from the *Decameron* were very entertaining, lilting, and she reached a greater depth of feeling in them than in previous readings. Miss Englehart accompanied her during the reading of these selections and did so quite beautifully. The music added greatly to the sound of the words. All the music Miss Englehart played was written sometime between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, for one selection she played a twelfth century troubadour's air. Boccaccio wrote the *Decameron* in the 14th century when a company of young people took refuge in the hills outside of Florence to escape the plague raging in their homes. The plan was for ten days to tell ten stories a day—hence *Decameron*. This work has formed a background for Shakespeare and many other famous artists.

Miss Thompson wore a typical green dotted, flowing garment with the headdress of the time during this number. The background of the dress was green with large silver dots, silver tight fitting metallic sleeves and silver evening slippers finished the costume.

In her concluding numbers—medieval tales and old English ballads—Miss Thompson said no one knew when or by whom the ballads

(Continued in Col. 3)

## Vacation in the South

Miss Cook and Miss Sayre spent a lovely Christmas vacation traveling in Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana. They first went to Pensacola, Fla., and then down to Biloxi, Miss., the beautiful gulf town. Devoting most of their time to New Orleans, they saw "everything worth seeing" according to Miss Cook. The writer is sure the reader will agree it was a perfectly lovely vacation. Just listen: They visited the old French restaurants, the antique shops, the French quarters, and the wharf where they watched the unloading of the cargoes from South America and Mexico.

"Each evening", Miss Cook said, "we went down to the old French market for doughnuts and coffee. Everyone gathers there for them each evening."

Since they were in New Orleans on New Year's Eve they saw the real old Southern celebration. "We could hardly get through the streets because of all the fire works. There must have been twelve times as many fireworks there as we have on Fourth of July there. Everyone threw them—from hotel windows, from stores—from every place. It was all very exciting, said Miss Cook. "We also visited the noted airport in New Orleans, the new Huey Long Bridge and saw the poinsettias in bloom." Now the writer asks you students—did you ever hear of a more wonderful vacation than that of Nursie and Miss Cook?

## Little Theatre Plays

Miss Gordon is directing the two plays to be produced in the Little Theatre tomorrow at 4:45 p.m. The first play is to be directed in a stylized fashion, as it is an impressionistic play called, "All On A Summer's Day" by Colin Clements and his wife Florence Ryerson. The girls taking part are: Margaret Thompson, Joyce Davis, Alma Reitz, and Cleo Ochesnbein.

The second play, "Rehearsal", by Christopher Morley, is cast with Cleo Ochesnbein, Joyce Davis, Margaret Bartholomew, Babs Lawton, Doris Danz, and Jeannette Jackson.

were written. In America today, ballads live in Kentucky, Virginia, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Appearing in a red velvet dress of the medieval period and the typical headdress of swathed neck covering and the jeweled headdress, Miss Thompson gave several balladic selections such as "Sir Arthur and Charming Molee", and one of the medieval tales by Marie de France who wrote these tales in or about 1180. Amid much applause she closed her program and finally had to give "Cupid's Garden", a ballad, as her encore.

No wonder Lindenwood loved Sydney Thompson—never was there such grace, such diction, such personality, such poise, and such ability on the Roemer Auditorium stage before. We salute you, Miss Thompson, for a wonderful performance.

## Dr. Roemer Speaks In St. Louis Pulpit

Dr. Roemer preached a sermon at the West Presbyterian Church, Maple and Maryville avenues, in St. Louis, Sunday morning, Jan. 10, due to the illness of the pastor.

Dr. Roemer's address, entitled, "The Kingdom of God", centered about the creeds of Jesus and the teachings he propounded to His followers. "Jesus", Dr. Roemer said, "was a living exponent of the Kingdom. People worshipped the God of Jesus before He came, but none had reached the heights of the meaning of a Heavenly Father. Judge, Ruler, King, were formidable methods of approach. Jesus brought us into God's family to respect, reverence, worship, on terms of relationship."

Dr. Roemer showed the relationship of man's reaction to printed creeds, and to practiced creeds, and enlarged on the subject of the concern of the Church and God's appreciation of man.

## Positive and Negative In Chinese Review

Dr. Betz of the English department spoke Wednesday evening, Jan. 6, in the Y.W. parlors of Sibley Hall, reviewing "Yang and Yin", by Alice Tisdale Hobart. This book is the third of a trilogy by Miss Hobart. The first and second volumes, "River Supreme" and "Oil for the Lamps of China" also deal with Chinese characters and settings.

Miss Hobart uses the Chinese symbols Yang and Yin as the background of the characters of the novel. She explains the meaning of the two symbols. Yang signifies the active and creative, and Yin the passive and submissive; these two are often attracted because of their very opposite natures.

Dr. Betz said that one is able to recognize the Yang and the Yin of the novel. Yang is depicted by the young, red-headed American doctor who is in a missionary hospital in China. Yin is characterized by the elderly Chinese scholar who is quiet and withdrawn. The continuous struggle which occurs between the doctor and the scholar is symbolic of the symbols Yang and Yin.

The doctor tries to become acquainted with the Chinese literati but is at all times rebuffed rather contemptuously by the scholars.

The doctor gains great success, and is then driven to Shanghai because of the Chinese Revolution. On returning, he finds his hospital has been destroyed and once again he resumes the thankless task of rebuilding it. To add to his burden, his wife returns to America in order to save their remaining child from the plague, and the doctor is left to follow.

The book has about it a heavy tragicness, especially in the life of the doctor, which almost weights one down. The idea of the symbols, Yang and Yin, are, however, subtly woven into the characters' lives.

# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1937.

## The Linden Bark:

Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in wooly fold.

John Keats

## Better the Bride Who Is "Certified"

Boston University is now offering a course in marriage, of course, domestic science, for young women who wish to become equipped to preside over their homes after marriage. This may seem a trifle absurd and ridiculous, but the course is offered in all sincerity, and is really very practicable and sensible.

There are countless young women who are contemplating married life who do not have a great many ideas of how to set about managing a household, providing a comfortable and well-ordered home, as well as rearing and caring properly for a family.

It is the name attached to the diploma which may bring an amused smile to a reader's lips rather than the significance of the diploma.

To a great many people this may seem foolish and a rather stupid way of learning how to become an efficient and at least somewhat more competent wife. We say an "at least somewhat more competent wife," because we happened to recall an incident told to us by a friend who attended an eastern school which offered a course in domestic science. This was in itself unusual for so elite a school, but the story is even more so. This woman said that the first time she and her friends witnessed the manner in which an egg had to be broken before its contents could be used in the baking of a cake, several of the girls shrieked in surprise and one girl was so astonished at the sight of the yolk and the white of an egg after it was broken that she fainted.

Of course, that was in the early part of this century, but nevertheless, there are many young women today, who through no particular fault of their own, do not have the slightest idea about the care of a home and the many small but routine duties to perform, so we say, greater power and success to the Certified Brides who receive their diplomas.

## Reading A Pleasure

Winter is now well established and indoor sports have gained in popularity. The cold, windy days call for a peaceful, leisurely pastime—reading is it. Old and young alike find it enjoyable, for there are books corresponding to almost every age in life. Also practically any type of character can be found between the covers. There is a plethora of books on the market, with variety as one of their greatest assets. Each new year produces more and better books than the previous years. We are prone to let our reading slide, and waste our time on trivial things. So many prizes and honors are offered as an incentive for writers that the results can't help being satisfactory, and time spent reading good books is time well spent.

More of us should take advantage of the superior library which Lindenwood offers. It is more than a building chuck-full of references which must be consulted for our studies. The shelves are full of the best books and periodicals. We are even fortunate in not having carefully to select the books ourselves. The keenest and most experienced minds select the literature which goes into our library. We may be sure that we are reading the best of books. Reading is an excellent form of relaxation when done purely for pleasure. Our minds are at ease and free to wander into innumerable recesses seldom touched. Vicarious experience is the best substitute for the real thing.

## Women's Interest In Economics

The Home Economics Club met Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 13, at five o'clock in the Library Club rooms.

Several members of the club spoke on the beginning of the field of economics and how it was started with an interest for women. They also discussed the wide-spread opportunities in home economics for the women of today.

The members who spoke were Wilda Wise, Gertrude Anderson, Eleanor Hibbard, Nancy Platt and Josephine Miles.

## Pi Alpha Delta Receives New Members

At a meeting Thursday afternoon, January 14, of Pi Alpha Delta, the following girls were received into active membership: Katherine Ashley, Mary R. Ellis, Elizabeth Thornton, and Wilda Wise. Katherine Ackermann, Gracia Lou Arnold and Marguerite Raymer were made associate members. Loraine Pyle and Josephine Miles were hostesses and served appropriate after-dinner refreshments. Miss Hankins gave a book review.

## CAMPUS DIARY

By E. D.

Monday, Jan. 4. Vacation ended. Woe unto some of the girls that come in late! From the looks of things Christmas must have been a good season this year. The hunting was good anyway—eh what?

Wednesday, Jan. 6—Y.W.C.A. tonight and Dr. Betz gave a grand report of "Yang and Yin." Will this rain ever let up?

Thursday, Jan. 7.—Sydney Thompson—is she dramatically wonderful! From the applause I guess the rest of the student body thought so, too.

Friday, Jan. 8.—Sleet! Not content merely to rain we now have sleet and on top of that, bitter cold weather—now how is that for an after-Christmas let-down?

Sunday, Jan. 10.—Dr. Fay at vespers—enough said. Wonder what all the commotion was after vespers? Always did say we needed extra lighting on this campus.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.—League of Women Voters met this evening to discuss plans for the State Convention which will meet at Lindenwood next month.

We also had Students' Chapel today—in quite a dramatic way! Wonder what the result of the lost temper will be?

Wednesday, Jan. 13.—The schedule for finals was posted today—such a crowd. I nearly lost my balance—yes, over exams! Surely, girls you're not that interested in taking your dear exams?

Thursday, Jan. 14.—The 11 o'clock music recital was lovely, wasn't it? Alpha Psi Omega "played" at 4 o'clock in the Little Theatre again today. Hear it was good.

Friday, Jan. 15.—Miss Lemen's review of "Victoria Regina" was superb. In fact we'd like another review or recital or something, Miss Lemen.

Saturday, Jan. 16.—Date Dance—magic words—its over now but still the thrill lingers—or from what I've heard, it does! Anyway, it was a pretty dance, and every one had a swell time.

## GOOD OLD WINTER

Rumors have crept around concerning certain people who encountered difficulties with snow during Christmas vacation.

Gertrude Anderson, a senior, of Henning, Minn. witnessed a great deal of snow and says the roads were all but impassable during her last few days at home.

Louise Benson, a freshman, of Oakland, Neb., also had her share of snow, while we in Missouri and Illinois were left snowless.

Apparently the most snowed-in place, or the most difficult to get out of, was Ainsworth, Neb., the home of Miss Shrimpton, of the music department. Miss Shrimpton was delayed a day in returning to school.

## Entertainment and Opinions

The Y. W. C. A. had a very interesting meeting January 13. Several students gave talks on topics of interest to everyone.

The first number on the program was a reading, "Fear", by Phyllis Lyons. Next Eleanor Blair gave a talk on the neutrality bills before the present congress. Gwendolyn Holland Payne discussed the meeting of the 75th Congress, and mentioned some of the most important and well-known senators. Virginia Morsey talked about Roosevelt's second term. From her remarks one understands that Virginia is a Republican.

## TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

What do you think of a young man who constantly makes a nuisance of himself by forcing his attentions on a girl who makes it clear that she finds him dull and uninteresting? He thinks he's quite a Don Juan and finds it difficult to take no for an answer. This young lady is in love with a friend of his and dates no one else. He is constantly trying to belittle her "interest" and cause trouble between the two. He evidently knows nothing of sportsmanship. Recently he rudely "stood up" a girl, using no diplomacy what-so-ever. How would you rate him?

Curious

Dear Curious:

I would put in him the category of a worm—rather blunt but very expressive! No doubt the lady finds him obnoxious, but his ego blinds him to this fact. He could be trusted about as far as you could throw the Empire State building. He can probably count his friends on one hand and still have several fingers left over. Perhaps at one time he enjoyed popularity not due him, and he hates admitting that it has slipped. When manners were passed around he must have been overlooked. The girl who was "stood up" should consider herself indeed lucky and fortunate.

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Lately I've been in several mixed crowds and have been disgusted at the amount of "throat cutting" going on by girls who are supposedly good friends. Why must some girls take such pleasure in flirting and obviously playing up to other boys in the crowd? They seem to derive huge satisfaction out of attention paid them by anyone except their own dates. Do you think a girl like that can be trusted?

Suspicious

Dear Suspicious:

You'll always find an unusually large amount of "chiseling" going on in a girls' college. The motto seems to be "Every Girl For Herself" when there are masculines about. Some girls look at each boy—whether he be engaged, married, or indifferent—with the thought of his being a prospective date in mind. They are out to win and they'll use "underhand" methods where they'll do the most good. A lady does not play up to someone else's date. If she's dissatisfied with her own date she shouldn't be going out with him. In the long run I consider such a type no competition, she's merely cheapening herself. Yet I wouldn't trust her with my grandfather!!!

Trixie.

## VINCHELL

Come, come, all my little lads and lassies; help me out. Just because Christmas is over, and we are back facing finals is no sign that things should quiet down so noticeably. Of course there does come a time, twice a year, in every Lindenwood girl's life when she must study, and this is one of those times.

Keck, what is this I hear about you being sick during the holidays? Don't you know that there are so many more opportune times than during a vacation? I'm ashamed of you.

D. E. has found that bare fingers are much more attractive than those decorated with diamond rings. Why?

Fulton flash has been flashing ever since her return. Personally, I think it was time to flash.

What about these people who

(Continued on Page 5)

**KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL**

By Mary Alice Harnish, '40

Girls! Be Beautiful! Regain your lost happiness ('er something), and all for the sum total of \$13.30! Think of it!

In this age there is simply no reason why every woman should not be beautiful, alluring, smooth, and sparkling! (At least, she can make an awfully good stab at trying.)

To have a lovely body—alluring and sweet,

Just sprinkle in your bath water the famous BATHASWEET. (30c)

Use the soap of beautiful women when cleansing your face. (10c)

That CAMAY complexion will certainly set the pace. (10c)

Don't ignore the warning of a tooth brush that's pink!

With IPANA your smile will be brighter than you think. (10c)

And while we're on the subject—may I suggest a sure way

To rid you of halitosis and bring happiness your way?

Use LISTERINE antiseptic, and avoid offending others. (10c)

You'll have boy friends by the score.

(No more dates with your brothers)

Drive out your dandruff with a hair wash of GLOVER'S. (30c)

Your hair will glisten like the dew on the clovers.

Keep your nails polished, and your hands soft and nice.

CUTEX and FROSTILLA will add just the spice. (20c)

Twin pools of loveliness you can have in a jiffy.

Use MAYBELLINE, girls! Your eyelashes will look spiffy. (10c)

The boys hate powder that looks chalky in a strong light!

If you'll use POND'S powder everything will be all right. (10c)

Choose a laxative that is gentle, thorough, and mild.

EX-LAX is as kind to you as it is to a child. (15c)

A MISS SIMPLICITY garment will do your figure no harm (\$5)

It's the new modern way to figure flattery and charm! (Expensive but worth it!)

Dress like the movie stars! Have glamor gowns of your own!

WOODBURY COLLEGE DESIGNING offers you the entire fashion throne!

(FREE! Write for booklet.)

New TATTOO lipstick gives your lips that are smooth. (20c)

It's permanent and pasteless and always will sooth.

A perfume that invites romance, excitement, and love

Is none other than GEMEY, and it's only \$2.50, my dove! (\$2.50)

FOUR ROSES adds that touch to make your party a scream! (\$3)

Smoke only VICEROY!! Your smoke will come clean! (15c)

They'll laugh when at the piano you sit—

But for \$1.00 you can play—and be a hit! (\$1.00)

Total—\$13.50

The looks I have covered—now look after death!

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will insure your last breath.

**THE STUDENT**

By Marion Daudt, '40

"Except it be a lover, no one is more interesting as an object of study than a student", said Sir William Osler, one of the best loved and most influential of the Canadian teachers. How true is this statement! Upon young and old alike the student thrusts his spear of interest and activity. Where among any students the world over do you not find that general atmosphere of gayety and vivacity? Students are continually planning new and different kinds of plea-

tures to occupy their weekends and other spare moments, and nearly everyone finds some joy in observing the apparent happiness of this group of individuals. Of course, some sorrows must come, but they are far outclassed and must finally submit, at least partially to pleasures. The student, therefore, is interesting because he is generally able to overcome his cares and to maintain a lively spirit of activity.

Who has not perceived that extremely fine quality of fellowship which this class of people possesses? Certainly, there are no more admirable traits than to take an interest in, to be concerned with, and to do something to help someone else. School life serves as the best opportunity to display fellowship; often one of the boys or girls is homesick; perhaps one of them is unintentionally ignored; sometimes a person must accustom himself to an entirely different mode of living. Those are just the times when the congenial, friendly student is able once more to keep his wheel of interest turning by aiding these lonesome people.

The third factor, the initial purpose of education, which spins a web of special attention about the student, is his search for truth. Such investigation always throws out its beam of enchantment. He who is inspired with the purposeful sense of learning is to be commended. He is aiding himself, his school, and the world. No better place is to be found anywhere on earth where persons are able to seek knowledge on all subjects than in the student realm.

Thus, I say, in agreement with Sir William Osler, that because of his spirit of activity, his quality of fellowship, and his search for truth, the student occupies one of the top places of interest of the world.

**SNORING INCORPORATED**

By Lyril Austin, '40

I am one of those individuals who cannot sleep in a room in which a clock is ticking. It annoys me beyond expression, and with each tick I become more enraged. Imagine my horror when one night I was sleeping with a friend of mine, and she snored! You may think that sounds harmless enough, but that isn't the whole story.

We were at a cottage. Cottages are all right, but not when the partitions are thin. Why? For the simple reason that three other members of that household snored, too. It was a symphony in snoring. Occasionally, I would poke my friend, but to no avail. Finally, I kicked her in the shins, but she just wriggled a bit, grunted, and went back to sleep. Then I tried burying my head in the pillow, but the snoring of four people can pierce anything. After some time I crawled over to the window and sat there feeling very much abused. At last dawn broke, and I was so fatigued that I crept between the covers and went to sleep. Even in my sleep I could hear the rumbling noise of the snorers.

At six-thirty my friend, looking all rosy and refreshed, prodded me until I opened two sleepy eyes. She asked me if it wouldn't be just "too much fun, my dear" to take the boat and go fishing. I snarled at her, much to her amazement, as she didn't fathom what was grieving me, and pulled the covers back over my head.

Today it's quite a joke between us, but at the time I never hated any one so thoroughly in all my life.

**THE GLOVE**

By Virginia Niedner, '39

Ah, me, what ill my vanity has wrought;

But yesterday beloved of royalty,  
While watching snarling beasts  
awhile they fought,

Nor thought what grief today  
would bring me.

My lover, Francis, watched the  
joust, engrossed,

His eyes below, now raised to me  
above.

My glove among the raging beasts  
I tossed

"Now, fearless one, bring't back if  
true thy love."

Unfearing, Francis snatched the  
bit of lace

From lions' threatening jaws amid  
loud cheers;

Then, safe from harm, he tossed it  
in my face,

And then he left, disdaining all  
my tears.

O maiden fair, your love with meek-  
ness hold,

Love overtempted can too soon turn  
cold.

**WANTED:****A CURE FOR SLOWNESS**

By Eva Allred, '40

I am slow. From the depths of my heart I envy the fellow who washes his back in two minutes. I am sure it would take me ten. Given the identical tub, the same amount of water, and similar towels, I should probably spend an extra eight minutes sniffing the bath soap. My friends apply the entire cosmetic masque while I dilly-dally with a stray eyebrow. Shopping, too, presents its problems. Sally or Mary decides to buy a hat after a minor inspection, but I run frantically from place to place until the stores close and I go slowly home—hatless.

I use my mind in much the same fashion as I straighten dresser drawers. I spread everything out in one upside-down array and begin sorting afterwards. The results? I never finish anything when I should. Why am I this way? Perhaps I am an upside-down person, or I think I should say a slow-down person. Given a little encouragement, I might even double for Stephen-Fetchet.

Self-analysis leads me to the conclusion that my early environment has been conducive to this evil which torments me. Yes, environment shall be my alibi. In our modern times when scientists, social workers, and psychologists emphasize environment and produce appalling percentages to prove their point, it may even be a good alibi.

From the second to the ninth grade, I attended a private school. I was the only pupil; my mother was the tutor. There was never any need to hurry to and from the class room, for it was in a corner of my home. I did not need to rush about in order to speak to my instructor; after four o'clock she became my mother. The daily routine of recitation progressed in a leisurely fashion. There was not even competition to stimulate speed. Sometimes I raced with myself, but I seldom won.

I attended the first grade in a town school, and even at that early time I was dimly aware of a deficiency in my make-up. On Friday afternoons those first-graders who had been neither absent nor tardy for a certain period were granted a vacation. Being one of those exemplary little girls who wear starched dresses and really deserve a shining halo, I was never tardy; but absences kept me in school. On Friday, when we were making words from cardboard letters, I

seem to recall that the other children made more words than I. Before then, now that I think about it, I can remember being slow in my play. My pals were always going over fences more rapidly than I. I know the lace on my underskirt caught on one picket, leaving me suspended for awhile. It may be that my alibi of environment is not adequate. A better designation in that instance would be external forces.

The other day I found myself wishing I had been born in the eighteenth century. I am sure I could have fainted as slowly if not as gracefully as my grandmother did in her youth. I think I should be a good deal better at pasting pictures in the family album than banging a typewriter or rushing through the maelstrom of a department store. I am a modern child with a slow trend, and it is depressing.

**TO A MODERN HECATE**

By Sue Sonnenday, '39

Is this the face that stopped a thousand  
clocks,

The face that haunts all seers night  
and day,

The countenance that little children  
shocks,

Whenever it should happen down  
their way?

I've looked and looked and yet, in  
charity,

If truth is beauty, then you are  
untrue.

A masterpiece was saved, we will  
agree,

Because our Mr. Keats did not see  
you.

But beauty is not everything in life,  
Intelligence and wit do play their  
part,

For beauty often leads to grief and  
strife,

But noble mind does ever grace  
impart.

Yet sad indeed it is you are so plain,  
For, poor my dear, you even lack  
a brain.

**ON FIRST PLAYING AN ORGAN**

By Francelene Phillips, '40

Margaret had opened the organ and gone away, leaving me alone in the shadowy loft high above the dim white church. Only the organ was lighted. The loft smelled of old dusty music and books, but the air felt fresh and cold.

I sat down timidly on the edge of the bench and turned on the electricity—Margaret has told me how. I was determined to be practical and efficient and not let my excitement or shyness make me miserable. There was a sudden roar of air, and I jumped back in my alarm. Had I done something very wrong? The noise continued, and I fought back my fear and again sat down, this time facing the organ. I swung around, cautiously avoiding the pedals. Before me was the console that I never had dared to touch—everything was there, waiting for me to use it. I pressed the keys of the lowest manual, but no sound came. The fear in my throat rose to a lump, but suddenly I remembered the stops. Perhaps there was no fundamental organ tone about which variations centered. I pulled the first stop. It had a horrible name, but it gave the organ a clear, delicate tone. I began to play a simple Bach fugue—I could not profane the organ with anything less. I tried several stops, even swells, and then the pedals. I knew what they would sound like; I could even recognize them when they were used by organists. But their sudden, heavy rumble frightened me, and I realized that I was not being as composed as I had intended. So I

bravely plunged to the pedals—attempting scales and even arpeggios. My feet wouldn't behave properly, and they got all tangled up among the flats and sharps. All my courage left me, and I returned to the manuals.

There was some music lying on the organ, and slowly I peeped at it. Much of it was very difficult, but I found some simple pieces that I could read if I omitted the pedalling.

I sat there for perhaps an hour, alternately playing gaily, and silently forcing back my awe of the organ. Soon Margaret returned, and I quickly jumped up and left the organ. We locked the church and walked home. But I cried that night in bed.

#### CITY COLOR

By Eloise Stelle, '40

Women with shawls tied around their heads dashed to the open market, their money clutched in their hands, their baskets on their arms. The tired clerks were mashed against the stands by the herd of last minute shoppers.

The sun shone on the fruits and vegetables, making a mass of riotous color. Pale golden carrots next to purple eggplants. Long, white rows of celery, fluting pale green lettuce. Women's hands mused up the orderly designs the clerks had painstakingly arranged.

A tiny, shriveled-up, weazened old man came by wheeling a huge flower wagon filled to the brim with various colors: scarlet, crimson, cerise, rose shading to deep carnation and maroon, blue as heavenly as a Mediterranean sky, golden glints mixed with amethyst hues—an extravagant mass of color. An enormous grin covered his withered face as he tenderly wrapped his beauties in old newspapers. He stopped along the way to look up at the window of the little lame girl. An artist in his soul, he loved the picture the child unconsciously made. The sun shone on her tawny hair, giving it golden glints and emphasizing the charcoal darkness of the room behind. A cerulean blue shawl with a heavy white fringe was draped around her sagging shoulders. It was clasped with a huge silver pin.

"Oh, yellow's forsaker and green is forsworn,

But blue is the sweetest color that's worn", he chanted.

He pointed to the sun. It quickly sank, leaving behind a breathless array of colors. Heliotrope shot with gold, blending into rosy pink finally vanished, leaving the bleak street.

The sibilant, strident sound of the "L" screamed into the lonesome street. The sardined train relinquished a few tired passengers who wearily went their way. The sky was cold. There were no trees, no flowers; nothing but tall buildings, like tombstones stretching up into nothingness. A gypsy girl half-heartedly danced, a blob of red and yellow, while the bent twig of a man held out his battered hat for money. Behind them a huge sign, strewn with vivid colors, blared out in the dimness. The wind whipped up the skirts of a tall, angular woman showing her red, bony knees. She continued sacking her peanuts and glared across the street at her competitor—a tall, slender, girlish boy, who wistfully smiled but staunchly held his ground.

The old flower vendor shivered and started home, happy as he glanced at the single brilliantly yellow crocus as it lay in the bed of the wagon.

Read the Linden Bark.

#### THE WAYS OF LOVE

By Mary Louise Wetzel, '39

When Mickey House and Minnie take a walk

On Sunday afternoons through woodland bow'rs,

Of dreams for future happiness they talk,

While to express his love he picks her flow'rs.

Bing Crosby gives no flow'rs, but sings a song

So sweet, to tell his Dixie of his love.

A-boo-boo-boo he sings so loud and long

Of moons and stars and things way up above.

Too staid for dreams or songs of sentiment,

King Edward acts in quite a different way.

A long, black streamlined car he orders sent

To Mrs. Simpson, Bride-to-be, some say.

And yet the only thing that I can do

Is give a kiss and say I love but you.

#### OUR FAMILY RELATIONSHIP

By Sara Hurdis, '40

Most families are close together. They know each other, are near each other. When a member of the family dies, is sick, injured, or perhaps has some good fortune, the other members of the family mourn, sympathize, assist, or rejoice with him—as the case may be. Uncles, aunts, grandparents—they are all tied together by their relationship and for the most part love each other and depend one upon another.

Our family is, indeed a sorry example of what kinship should be. Years go by without our seeing our close relatives such as my mother and father's brothers and sisters and our grandparents. My father is one of a family of nine children. He corresponds only with one sister, and even to her his letters are rare. My brother went far away for his first year of college and stayed away through the following summer. He and I exchanged letters only once to thank each other for the Christmas presents we gave more through the pressure of custom than through any desire to give or through love. We frequently hear that Aunt Mary has done this or that something has happened to Uncle Bill, but to us the news is not personal. They, our relatives, are indistinct images who live North or South, this way or that way, and far from us. We are self-sufficient. We are independent. We abide by the precedence of affection for our relatives and imagine some love for them at certain times. But when we meet again the grandmother whom we have seen once before in our lives and give her a kiss, it is not representative of a sincere liking for her but merely of adherence to a custom developed by more affectionate and loving people toward their own.

The only persons in our family whom we really seem to love are our mother and our father. They are indispensable to us. Is it because we depend so much upon them that we love them so? I think it is. At first we love our parents because we need them, then later out of gratitude. While we brothers and sisters seldom write to each other—we owe each other nothing—we all write to our mother and father, who in turn write to us. We owe them everything.

I don't exactly regret this condition of self-subsistence which exists in our family, but I do feel keenly that something is lacking when, for instance, I hear of a friend's uncle's dying and seeing her in tears about it yet fail to be able to sympathize with her because the same incident in my life leaves me unperturbed.

Still I have some defense of our seeming cold-heartedness. Our family has never lived near or with relatives but has always moved about, never settling near any of our kinfolk for even a short while. Yes, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," but only when you have known a person long enough and well enough to grow fond of him in the first place. When a person is far away from you and has had no association with you, you can't love him, feel for him, and be interested in him even though he be close in blood. I hate to appear indifferent, but it is something I have had no control over.

#### RHYTHM

By LaVerne Langdon, '39

There is rhythm in softly rising smoke

Slipping up, flattening, floating, vanishing

When there is no blundering wind; In snow settling lightly, quietly

Over a raw and jagged woodpile Late on a dark and heavy winter afternoon.

There is rhythm in so many things that curve,

In leaves, in tendrils, in the moon.— But if you should turn to me and say

"Define rhythm", I should stare blankly.

#### IN DEFENCE OF LAZINESS

By Patricia Phillips, '40

I am offended, deeply offended. I have been called lazy. Not that I mind being called lazy, for I freely admit being disinclined toward excessive action, but what offends me is the connotation behind the words—as though laziness were something to be accused of. Laziness is no fault or vice, but a virtue, something to be attained. It is philosophy. The successful lazy person is the happiest in the world and happiness, after all, may be the criterion of all philosophies of life.

The greatest joy of laziness comes from having nothing to do and doing it. And therein lies what I consider the crowning tragedy of my life. I never can get nothing to do. I say to myself, "Now you have nothing to do; do it; relax; be lazy; enjoy yourself," and I try to relax into that semi-comatose condition that is the pinnacle of all achievement in successful laziness. But here enters that insidious thing which all true lazy people lack and abhor, and which I, unhappily, have—a conscience, the greatest enemy there is to laziness; even a tiny, weak, anemic conscience can ruin the enjoyment of laziness. Worse yet, mine is one of those consciences which cannot be suppressed without constant labor. Labor is another great enemy to the true enjoyment of being lazy; and so, when by hard work I have downed my conscience, I find that the constant labor required to keep it down keeps me from any enjoyment I may derive from being lazy.

Therefore, it will be seen that the truly lazy person has no conscience and that to become as happy as he, I must discard mine. The only way for me to get around this is to go from the semi-comatose to the completely comatose condition and remain there; in other words, sleep. But this has its drawbacks; if I am asleep how do I know whether or not I am enjoying being lazy? Then, too, my conscience will conjure up dreams of pitiable catastrophes that will occur because of my procrastination of something I should have done before my lazy attempts to attain the true state of happiness.

But there is still hope. If you, like me, fail to be a success in the

pursuit of the greatest happiness on earth, there is one path left. Derive what little satisfaction you can from work. After all, it is failures like you and me who keep this world going.

#### LOOKING BACK

By Marion Stumberg, '40

Some of my earliest childhood notions were very queer. I used to think that silos were the little balls on lightning rods, and I couldn't, for the life of me, understand how very much grain could be stored in that small amount of space. I envied the two little girls who played with me because they had big straw hats with black velvet streamers which I longed to possess. Another thing I wanted was to be a boy so that I could go camping with my brothers. In hopes that I might change to a boy some day, I wore coveralls and a great big cap of my brother's which came down over my eyes.

There are several incidents which stand out very clearly in my memory. One evening, for instance, I fell off my tricycle onto some toadstools. I ran screaming to my mother, sure that I would die soon because I had touched something poisonous. One of our neighbors had a high terrace down which I was forbidden to slide. One day just as I was preparing to descend it, the lady who owned the place passed by in her car, and the sight of her frightened me so badly that I tumbled down the hill as fast as I could and ran home and told mother that I never wanted to go outside of the house again. All that day I lived in horror of the moment when either the lady on whose terrace I had slid or a policeman would come to the front door and tell my mother how bad I had been. I was bad more often than not. Sometimes after I had gone to bed and when I had been especially wicked, my various sins would overwhelm me, and I would weep copiously and promise God I wouldn't be bad again. Of course, by the next morning I would have forgotten my wickedness. Once I ran home crying to my mother and told her that the "gypsies" were after me. She thought I meant the chippies, the little sparrows which are so plentiful around here, and couldn't understand why I was so perturbed. It was a long time before she realized that I was talking about the gypsies and could quiet me. My childhood seems to have been a hodge podge of mistaken notions.

#### HOW TO APPROACH A DOG

By Patricia Mulligan, '40

Look as innocent as possible when approaching a strange dog, especially if you are a salesman. If you want to impress him, get out your periscope and try to read the name on his collar, then call him by that name. Nine times out of ten he will recognize it and have visions of dinner. Note: This is not always wise in the case of English Bulls. They are especially fond of raw beef. How unfortunate, should the dog in question seize upon the notion to seize upon your calves.

It is advisable to be prepared for the worst. One fortification is to spend a nickle on some mints. Leave them open in your overcoat pocket and be broadminded when they fall out of the package and perfume you loudly. That very odor, so distasteful to the Boss, will fascinate friend dog, and the first thing you know, you'll have the dog at your feet begging for a taste.

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walk and talk in their sleep? I heard one girl's heart was in her mouth at that piece of information. Tsk! Tsk! Let that be a lesson to you.

These fortunes do reveal startling things. Suzie thinks it's safer to study the stars. And what young electrician had the grace to blush?

Clyde is interested in the "Youth Movement" of St. Charles. In fact she bids fair to become one of its many champions. Another thing to note is her sudden interest in radio broadcasting devices. The latter is hard on bridge games.

Speaking of bridge, there is a lovely place in this vicinity to learn all the newest "terms" of the game. Hearts may be studied here too, so I'm told.

It pays to advertise and a young adviser proves it by having his change of address printed in the paper.

Sorry Mortimer, but you will have to suffer because the invincible Fritz has spoken. You should watch your company more closely, so it would be all right for sweet innocents to attend your meetings!

## A New Year Sermon

Episcopal Minister Presents Responsibility of the Season.

The Rev. Robert W. Fay was the speaker in Sunday chapel, Jan. 10. The choir sang the processional, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and led the congregation in singing several hymns. The members also sang the anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountain", with a duet by Ruth Pinnell and Alice Jones.

Rev. Mr. Fay chose as his subject, "The New Year". "When we tear the cover from the calendar," he said, "we say to ourselves, This is going to be a new year. Even the old overcoat that has kept us warm for so long has a new look about it. What is this power that makes old things new? We shall have the same old things this year that we had last.

"At different times we receive invitations to be at a certain place at a certain time. At the bottom of this card we see the letters R. S. V. P. The success of the party depends upon our answering this invitation. What will be our response to the calling of the new year? Why do the Byrds and the Peerys go year after year into the most dangerous parts of the country? Something inside of them keeps calling—calling—calling. The New Year is calling and everything depends upon our response. We are never too tired to respond if we will. Jesus responded to the calling of need, adventure and hope. We never know what the calling is for, but our response is the only assurance we have that there will be something new for us this year. Because we have pledged to follow Him who said, 'behold I make all things new'. God told us to go teach—help—lift—serve—obey. Life will become thrilling if we respond to this calling. Outside there are always many things beckoning to us to follow them, for a 'good time.' In spite of these overwhelming odds our soul will always hear out there something calling—calling—calling. This can be a happy new year."

The recessional, sung by the choir and the congregation was, "On Our Way Rejoicing."

## Impressions of Mexico

Midwinter Vacation of Physical Education Instructor.

During the Christmas holidays Miss Stookey made a very interesting tour of Old Mexico. There she added to her already famous collection of dolls, saw many interesting dances and visited many places of historical fame.

"We spent two days and two nights on the train," said Miss Stookey, "getting to Mexico City. The first day we rode through the famous East Texas oil fields which have become one of the greatest oil producing sections in the country. That night we sat up until two in the morning waiting for the custom officers at Nuevo Laredo! When they did arrive they just took one look at our bags and said, 'Cloths you just got cloths?' then they put an unintelligible brown chalk mark on the bag and that was all. The second day the scenery was very different—desert plains, cactus and stunted palms, a few Indian villages with low, square, bare huts—a few sheep and goats in a pen, oxen and burros. Late that night we arrived in Mexico City and went to the very modern hotel, Geneve (pronounced Henova) My room was across the patio and was furnished with beautifully carved Mexican furniture.

"The next morning I got up early and went shopping alone for my dolls. One peso took me down town in a taxi to Weston's. They had several sizes of dolls rather expensive and poorly made. I also looked at the silver, baskets, rugs and carapes but decided that they were all too highly priced. Then I went across the street to Sandborn's and found a wonderful array of hand-craft but no dolls. The clerk showed me some small wax figures, cleverly dressed, showing all phases of the Indian and Mexican life. Although they were works of art, I felt at two and a half pesos apiece they were still too high. Then I went out and walked all the way up Madero street to the Plaza—(Constitutional Square, commonly called the "Zocalo"), stopping at all the quaint little shops and came back down the 5 de Mayo. They have the queerest names for streets in Mexico—the fifth of May and the 16th of September—also the name of the street changes every few blocks. It was really quite thrilling to be roaming around this strangely foreign city alone for

very few minutes I saw a new sight—Mexican peons bent over carrying loads of wooden crates full of geese, so heavy that it hurt to watch them—Indian women bare-foot dressed in bright colored but faded cotton dresses carrying the babies on their backs wrapped in a dark shawl, selling lace or flowers. The Indian men were dressed in light trousers, a big woolen shawl around the shoulders and across the mouth and a big sombrero on their heads, lolling against the side of the building. By the time I got back to Sandborn's I decided that the little wax figures were the best dolls I could find and were really more typical than the others so I got fourteen.—A Matador and a Bandillero—A Mexican couple doing the Jarabe-Tapatío—An Indian dancing couple from Tucatan—A man and woman in Tehuana costume from Tehuantepec—A fruit vendor from the central states—An Indian woman with a baby on her back—A Mexican Indian woman making "tortillas" or corn cakes—A Mexican Indian taking the pulque out of the Maguey (century plant) to make the favorite Mexican drink "pulque"—A Charro (Mexican Cow-boy)—A girl dressed in the "China Poblana"

typical costume of central Mexico—A Mexican Indian with a crate of geese for the market and a pottery vendor from Toluca. Then I went back to the hotel for dinner which much to my disgust was a typical American dinner, not even a suggestion of tropical fruits or hot, Mexican tortillas.

"That afternoon we toured Mexico City. First we went to the Cathedral, the largest church building on the continent built in 1573—then to the National Palace where the murals of the famous Diego Rivera are to be seen. He you will remember started the murals for Radio City and was asked to leave. Then we went to the National Museum where the famous Aztec Calendar stone and the sacrificial stone are to be seen. Then to the Palace of fine arts or National Theater where the million dollar glass curtain made by Tiffany's is hung. Then we drove through the flower market to Chapultepec park and went through the castle where Maximilian and Carlotta lived and saw the Empress's private living quarters. On the way back we stopped at a silver factory, then drove through the beautiful residence district of Mexico city where there are Spanish homes and gardens of unbelievable beauty.

## Pueblo and Cholula

"The next day we drove 85 miles to Pueblo, over a magnificent highway across the mountains in full view of the two volcanoes, Ixtaccihuatl (sleeping lady) and Popocatepetl (Old Popo). Both these mountains are snow capped the year round. Old Popo is 3,600 feet higher than Pike's Peak. In Pueblo we first visited the Cathedral—in fact every place we went there was a Cathedral to see—all of them with onyx floors or dazzling tiles on floors, walls, and roofs. The inside was literally lined with 14 and 18 karat gold and solid stone carved in lacy patterns. The extravagant use of gold was in painful contrast to the sad-eyed, barefoot, ragged peons kneeling in prayer—many of them crawling on their knees the full length of the cathedral. Next we visited the Talavera tile factory where polychrome glazed tile are made and are seen on all the finest pieces of architecture. Then to the pottery works and Onyx markets. There one finds onyx made into all sorts of fascinating things from ash trays and candlesticks to ear-rings. The earrings are pretty but heavy enough to drag one's ears down to one's collar.

"On the way back we stopped at Cholula a former kingdom of the Toltecs which boasts a church for every day in the year. The shining tile domes of these churches can be seen at a great distance. Here is also a giant Toltec pyramid on top of which stands a church built in the 15th century.

"That evening we took the train and rode all night to get to Orizaba and Cordoba which are set amid luxuriant tropical vegetation in the heart of Mexico's coffee growing region. There we walked all day through a tropical plantation—through coffee, banana, orange, lemon, tobacco, pineapple, mango and pappuya groves. We picked gardenias, orchids, japonicas, camelias, and many tropical flowers I did not know the names of. It was the most thrilling day of all the trip; to actually have all the gardenias one wanted for once and to be able to pick them was an experience new and real. The natives hollowed out pieces of banana trunks and filled them with gardenias so we could carry them home.

(To Be Continued)

## WHO'S WHO?

She is Lindenwood's tallest senior. She has very dark hair and was the maid of honor to the May Queen last year. Every time we have an annual sale she is sitting behind that little desk outside the Dean's office. Néed I say more?

## Lynn Wood Dictates

If there are to be fads and crazy fashions you may be sure you'll find them in a college for women!

These cute boots that many of the girls are wearing are quite the thing for the weather we've been having. They come in all shades. Susie Martin's light tan ones look nice on her feet.

Heads done up in scarfs and bandanas present quite a picture. There's method in this madness though, for they do prevent chilling winds from getting in. Molly Ellis looked like Elizabeth Arden in hers the other day with her clear-cut features, while Helen Sempres looked more like a Turk—although that cherubic face of hers rather spoiled the effect. Even the gypsy effect is achieved by the gay bandanas which add much zest and color to a dull winter's day.

Shades of our grandfathers! Or I should say "earmuffs of our grandfathers!" Before college days who would have thought of wearing such monstrosities—rather let our ears freeze. Now they are the thing. Weary's look nice on her because they fit right in to that mass of blond curls.

In a more expensive line come pearls, although a goodly share of them come from Woolworth's (with apologies to Wentworth, Bertha). Virginia Douthat has some lovely ones.

Joyce Davis wears the sweater—chiffon handkerchief—rhinestone clip effect nicely. Some people should steer clear of fads because they have a difficult enough time wearing even the conservative things.

## NO BED OF ROSES

These men who take the air waves for transmitting their love messages! Just so they don't get their lines mixed up. It keeps them jumping thinking up new ones. Too bad if all the admirers tuned in at one time—there might be some hair-pulling.

Imagine quitting your job in order to devote more time to love and all that stuff. They'll live on "pennies from heaven"—maybe?

The name is Boardmann, not Broadmoon, Charlie! But either name means nothing to Miss Corey—may she keep up the good work. His imitation of a cross-eyed calf is most convincing.

Ask Susie the miseries of love when the object of her affection travels hither and non.

Columbia and Utopia are synonymous to Weary.

Orchard Farm is in the background while Bertha builds "castles" in the air.

I'm your date, Charlie, remember me? Why of course, it's little Molla from sway back.

No names—no questions asked!!!

"I go for you, do you go for me?" is a new rumba number composed by our erstwhile engineer—the ladies' choice. He's full of clever ideas, but not when he plays "Star Dust" for ten minutes and people think it is "Easy to Love."

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## Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent a week in the "windy city" during Christmas vacation. As usual they stayed at the Palmer House, which was the scene of much activity during the holidays. Their vacation in Chicago extended over Christmas day. Most of their time was spent resting and attending the theatres.

Dr. Roemer officiated at the installation of the Eastern Star officers on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 6, at the Masonic Temple, Lindell boulevard, St. Louis.

Dr. Gipson remained here on the campus for a few days after vacation began, and then spent the rest of her vacation visiting in Illinois with friends and relatives. She spent a leisurely vacation resting and renewing old friendships.

Following his annual custom, Mr. Motley spent the afternoon of Christmas Eve delivering gifts of potted plants to all the elderly ladies of his acquaintance. This has been his custom for several years and needless to say it provides much cheer and happiness for those fortunate who receive the plants. It is a lovely custom and we think Mr. Motley deserves a tribute from Lindenwood.

### Classical Students Entertain

Miss Hankins, assisted by Pi Alpha Delta, gave a formal tea just before the Christmas holidays, in honor of the students in her department.

Melba Combs and Margaret McCoid furnished the music while the guests visited, and enjoyed the delicious chocolate cake topped with whipped cream, home-made divinity, peppermints, nuts, tea and coffee. The table, at which Betty Jane Burton, president of Pi Alpha Delta, and Josephine Miles poured, was attractive with its Christmas decorations of Jerusalem cherries and red candles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lohr of Kirksville visited their daughter Sunny Wednesday night.

Sue Smith returned from home later than Monday after vacation, due to her sister's wedding, where she was an attendant.

Irwin Hall and Lindenwood are glad to welcome Jean Sims back after her recent bereavement and long absence.

Betty Lew Lisher attended a dance at Jefferson Barracks recently.

Clara Weary spent Friday night with Vi Wipke in Kirkwood.

Bertha Von Unwerth, Mary Louise Spaulding, and Dorothy Parrott spent the week-end with Jean Cory at her home in Fulton, Mo.

Eloise Schrader, Jane Bailey, and Pauline Sturgis spent the week-end with friends in St. Louis.

### League of Women Voters

Recently the League of Women Voters met in the library club rooms. Jane Montgomery presided over the meeting. Gwendolyn Payne, Virginia Morsey, and Eleanor Blair gave short talks. Mary Ruth Tyler, the state president, outlined and discussed plans for the convention to be held here Feb. 12-14.

### His Vote Was Important

Mr. Guy C. Motley was one of the twenty-two St. Charlesians who recently journeyed officially to Jefferson City, on post-election business. Of course, the fact that Mr. Motley was the person who was honored should be mentioned for he had the responsibility of casting an electoral vote for President Roosevelt.

The St. Charles group held a banquet in Mr. Motley's honor at the Missouri Hotel, and Mr. Motley brought back, in appreciation, an official certificate signed by numerous state dignitaries.

### Full Tabulation

The results of the Style Show which were given in the last Bark were not completely correct. After a second tabulation of the notes, Miss Tucker gave the following final results.

Martha Jane Tesche received first place as mentioned before, LaVerne Rowe, second place, Mary Frances Bradley, third, Judith Wade, fourth place, Virginia Horner, fifth place, Jeannette Klitzke, sixth place, and Roberta McEwen, seventh place.

### Around The World With Heluiz Washburne

Lindenwood students were carried across the ocean into the far-eastern countries at vesper service, Sunday, Dec. 6, when Heluiz Washburne, noted traveller, author, and lecturer, visited Lindenwood as its guest speaker. The costumes she displayed added much to her lecture.

Her trip consumed most of a year's time. She was accompanied by her husband, both of her daughters, a niece, and a family friend. Chandler, her son, was left behind; however, she wrote him letters which were published as the book, "Letters to Channey".

The first country they visited was Japan, the "small island country" as she called it. Here she gave a very vivid and amusing description of a bath taken in Japan.

Korea was visited next. The home life was of the most simple type. An interesting fact was that the floors were made of highly polished paper, and were also heated. The married men in this country wore their queues with a silk cap over them, but the single men allowed their queues to hang down.

China came next in their route of travel. A country whose city streets were lively, and gaily lighted. Many queer people were seen on the crowded streets.

The dress of the people in India was particularly peculiar. But the visit with Ghandi was most impressive. He shook hands with them and later allowed an interview. They watched him at the evening worship—where he sat on a white cushion. His throne was made entirely of white cushions, and he would squat on these. Ugly and withered as he is, his face took on a handsome appearance when he smiled. After leaving Ghandi they went to a little shop and purchased Ghandi caps. These they wore—the first Americans ever to do so. The people followed them shouting and cheering. They were guests at dinner in an Indian home. A little girl in the household sprinkled rose water on them as they entered. This is symbolic of marriage, but evidently she sensed the union between the Americans and the Indians.

Iraq was the country which contained the fascinating sheiks, who are constantly being written about

in romantic stories. They were very courteous and attentive. One fell in love with one of her daughters. When they ate in Iraq, Mrs. Washburne almost made a "faux-pas". She started to kneel on what she thought was a little brown cushion—it turned out to be a loaf of bread. Only four sips of coffee accompanied the dinner, one sip poured in the cup at a time. The Arabs who came as guests the same evening gathered in front of the house, and they ate in order of their rank. They had just so much time to eat whatever they could before the next man's turn came.

(Continued from Page 4)

Don't be hasty in your judgement of dogs. You'll regret every kick you unconsciously send forth. Dogs have a way of getting even. At such a time, do something with your hands besides letting them dangle aimlessly at a dangerous proximity to the snapping front teeth.

Whistling irritates sensitive dogs, especially dogs belonging to old maids. But if you must whistle, it is best to forget your favorite aria and take to a merry chirp. Your chances will be better. **Yankee Doodle** seems to intrigue dogs with some success.

Oh, yes. If you have a not-too-stale-dog smell on you already, you'll find the strange dog will take interest and notice you quicker. Sometimes it is a good idea to keep a dog for this sole reason.

However, if you can't bear the smell of mints, if you are an individual with snap judgement, if your wife hates the idea of a dog, and if you are a salesman to boot, I would advise passing by and going to the next house. You will probably live longer.

### New Library Books

The following new books have been received at the library and are ready for circulation.

#### Fiction

Adamic, Louis—Cradle of Life  
 Bottome, Phyllis—Level Crossing  
 Brittain, Vera—Honourable Estate  
 Boyle, Kay—Death of a Man  
 Burlingame, Roger—Three Bags Full  
 Burnett, W. R.—King Cole.  
 Coffin, R.P.T.—John Dawn.  
 Cooper, Lettice—New House.  
 Davenport, Marcia—Of Lena Geyer.  
 De La Mare, Walter—The Wind Blows Over.  
 Dinneen, J.F.—Ward Eight.  
 Dos Passos, John—Big Money.  
 Edmonds, W.D.—Drums Along the Mohawk.  
 Erskine, John—Young Love.  
 Gray, James—Wake and Remember.  
 Grey, Zane—Lost Wagon Train.  
 Hindus, Maurice—Moscow Skies.  
 Hull, Helen—Candle Indoors.  
 Hurst, Fannie—Great Laughter.  
 Komroff, Manuel—Waterloo.  
 Lincoln, J.C.—Great-aunt Lavinia.  
 Linn, J.W.—Winds over the Campus.  
 Masfield, John—Eggs and Baker.  
 Nathan, Robert—Enchanted Voyage.  
 Norris, Kathleen—American Flags.  
 Parrish, Anne—Golden Wedding.  
 Rosman, Alice G.—Mother of the Bride.  
 Seltzer, C.A.—Kingdom in the Cactus.  
 Sinclair, Upton—Co-op.  
 Todd, Helen—So Free We Seem.  
 Van Etten, Winifred—I am the Fox.  
 Williamson, Henry—Salar the Salmon.  
 Wilson, Margaret—The Law and the McLaughlins.

**Mystery and Detective Stories**  
 Christie, Agatha—Murder in Mesopotamia.  
 Eberhart, Mignon—Danger in the Dark.  
 Oppenheim, E.P.—Magnificent Hoax.  
 Queen, Ellery—Halfway House.  
 Van Dine, S.S.—Kidnap Murder Case.  
 Wells, Carolyn—The Huddle.

#### Biography

Adams, J.T.—The Living Jefferson  
 Buck, Pearl S.—Fighting Angel.  
 Heiser, V.G.—An American Doctor's Odyssey.  
 Hoffman, Malvina—Heads and Tales.  
 Peattie, D.C.—Green Laurels.  
 Swinnerton, Frank—Swinnerton; an Autobiography.  
 Van Doren, Carl—Three Worlds.

#### General Interest

Benet, S.V.—Burning City.  
 Bowers, Claude—Jefferson in Power.  
 Brooks, Van Wyck—Flowering of New England.  
 Cather, Willa—Not under Forty.  
 Chase, Mary—This England.  
 De La Roche, Mazo—Whiteoaks; a play.  
 Eldridge, Elizabeth—Co-ediquette.  
 Jackson, J.H.—Mexican Interlude.  
 Kieran, John—Story of the Olympic Games, 776 B.C.—1936 A.D.  
 Leacock, Stephen—Funny Pieces.  
 Morley, Christopher—Streamlines  
 Oxford Book of Modern Verse.  
 Price, W.D.—Pacific Adventure.  
 Wilson, J.C.—Three-Wheeling through Africa.

### Old-Fashioned Sport

The Beta Chi fraternity had a party Tuesday evening, Jan. 12, in the recreation rooms of Sibley Hall. The chief amusement of the evening was a taffy pull and the popping of pop-corn. Some games were played while the taffy was cooling, and all those who participated in the games seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

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