

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 2.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, October 20, 1936

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson went to South Bend, Ind., Friday, to attend a meeting of the Association of American Colleges. She has been busy for the past week having freshmen conferences. Dr. Gipson reports that as a general rule she is pleased with the way the freshmen have taken hold and settled themselves in their new life.

Notices have been given to members of the faculty that grades are due, Nov. 2.

Dr. Gipson made announcement in chapel of a new service offered the girls this year. Each student can now ascertain the number of cuts she has taken during the week by looking at her card in the Dean's office. The lists will be made out the first of each week. This enables girls to know exactly how many cuts they have at the exact moment they wish.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Oct. 20:

5:00 p. m., German Club.

Wednesday, Oct. 21:

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

Thursday, Oct. 22:

11:00 a. m., Mr. Spamer.

5:00 p. m., Delta Phi Delta.

6:00 p. m., Sigma Tau Delta.

Saturday, Oct. 24:

8:00 p. m., Date Dance.

Sunday, Oct. 25:

6:30 p. m., Vesper Service.

Rev. W. L. McColgan.

Monday, Oct. 26:

5:00 p. m., Beta Phi Theta.

Wednesday, Oct. 28:

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

Thursday, Oct. 29:

Founders' Day
11:00 a. m., Dr. H. M. Gage, President of Coe College.

2:30 p. m., Physical Ed. program.

8:00 p. m., Recital—Miss Walker, and Miss Shrimpton.

Thursday, Nov. 5:

11:00 a. m., Music Recital.

Unusual Collection

Miss Stookey has on display a most interesting group of dolls of all nations. We are all past the age of playing dolls (I hope), but they will never lose their appeal to us. If you haven't been over to the library to see the collection you will still have a chance, because Miss Stookey has been requested to continue it over a longer period of time. The costumes are nationally authentic, collected in her tour abroad. Mrs. Roemer's guests last Friday, at a party which she gave for her club, viewed the display. The collection has been somewhat added to by various girls who have given Miss Stookey dolls. Outstanding among these contributions are four Indian dolls presented her by Shirley Spaulding, of Lima, Peru.

Lindenwood at Harvard

Dr. Eleanor Tupper, well remembered as a former head of Lindenwood's history department, was Lindenwood's representative at the tercentenary ceremonies of Harvard University. Thanking Dr. Roemer and Dean Gipson for giving her this honor, Dean Tupper (she is now Dean of Stoneleigh College, Rye, N. Hamp.) sends back to Lindenwood stories of tercentenary events which particularly interested her. In the reception of delegates, Wednesday afternoon, September 16, Lindenwood's processional number, upheld by Dr. Tupper, was 133, well up in the rank, based on seniority. Lindenwood's date of founding, "1827", was shown, in this long, honored list at Harvard. In point of time it was almost in the same class as the General Theological Seminary, 1817, but it couldn't compete in age with Dartmouth College, 1769, or Brown University, 1764.

"Few of us realized", Dr. Tupper says, "until the program had begun, the greatness of the occasion. Perfection of every detail was the predominant note of the celebration."

When the programs all ended, Dr. Tupper says, "a motion was made to adjourn to until 2036."

New Social Science Honors

Several new members have been announced for Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social science sorority. Kathryn Ackerman, of Kansas City, who won the gold medal of Pi Gamma Mu last year for best social science work, is now a member of Lindenwood's chapter.

Two new faculty members are also added. Dr. Pugh has transferred from another chapter to Pi Gamma Mu. Dr. Garnett is made a new member here.

Lindenwood's Air-Minded Girls

Two air-minded girls are attending Lindenwood this year. Both Grace Stevenson and Ruth Rush are interested in flying airplanes.

Grace, who is taking lessons twice a week at Lambert field, has already done five minutes of solo flying.

"I intend to have my private license by June," said Grace, "which takes 50 hours of solo flying."

She doesn't own a plane, but thinks she might get one if she can prove to her family that she is a competent flyer.

Ruth Rush has never had any flying lessons, but has handled the control stick of her father's plane while it was flying.

"I intend to be a housewife," said Ruth, "although I may become a pilot when I get out of school." Her father, a Texas oil man, uses his plane to get more quickly to his different points of business.

It took only four hours for them to come from Dallas to Lambert field.

Singing in Light Opera And Playing Shakespeare

Those who remember how charmingly Val Jean Aldred sang at Lindenwood when she was a student here last year, will say, "I told you so" as the news comes of Miss Aldred being selected as a member of a light opera company in Texas. She will sing the leading feminine role, that of Arline, in Balfe's Bohemian Girl. She was a voice student of Miss Walker in Lindenwood's music department.

Miss Betty Woodson Forbes, at Lindenwood 1934-35, has become a member of a Shakespearian repertoire company of New York City. With the stage name, Elizabeth Woodson, she will do small parts in such plays as Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, and Merchant of Venice, and will sing such parts as required. She also studied voice under Miss Walker at Lindenwood.

Spain's Bitter Combat Inman's Vesper Theme

Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, Secretary of the committee on Cooperation of Latin American Countries, was the speaker at vespers, Sunday evening, October 11. Dr. Inman is just back from Washington.

"In Spain", said the speaker, "people have to like Spain or be a part of it."

"Most people think of Spain as an old grandmother. The struggle in Spain is very important. It is not simply two armies struggling. It is Communism and Fascism attacking democracy. It is the struggle of the rich and the poor, fighting for their rights. There are two Spains. One is political, the other spiritual. We would be better off in this country if we were not always so practical, but Spain has been a little too idealistic."

Literary Lights of One Hundred Years

Mr. Cyril Clemens, president of the International Mark Twain Society, and a cousin of Mark Twain, gave a lecture before the Thursday assembly, October 1.

Mr. Clemens, who had just returned from Bermuda, spoke on the Literature of Missouri from 1836 to 1936. He included the names of known authors who were born in Missouri or spent a great deal of time here. Some of the more outstanding names he mentioned were those of Eugene Field; Mark Twain; Fannie Hurst, Sara Teasdale and Josephine Johnson.

Mr. Clemens took the rise of literature step by step and explained something about the life of each person who had contributed greatly to Missouri's fame as a literary state. The lecture was very interesting and Mr. Clemens was more entertaining than usual.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

Lindenwood's Speaker From Preaching Mission

Good Advice for Girls at College

Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, a member of the National Preaching Mission that is touring the United States at the present, spoke at Lindenwood Tuesday, October 13. Choosing as her subject, "Marriage and the Home" she developed the thought that girls are not as "mere" as they used to be.

"What is to be women's place in society in the future?" asked Mrs. Overton. "The major conflict in Spain will do a great deal to determine what women will do. I spent 5 months last summer in Europe: Germany and Russia in particular. Russia has no feminine setting. The women are almost like males, but we need a feminine touch to give something to the world. There is no difference in woman's and man's work in Russia. Either may be a mechanic, street sweeper, or aviator."

"In Berlin there is no more romantic love. The state is superior to everything. Women are herded into the home and child-bearing becomes of prime importance. The contest in Madrid, with women taking their places in the line of fighting with the men, makes something for every woman to think about."

"Fascism and Communism are headed for world control. Their patterns are filtering through democracy. But yet I do not say democracy will be replaced, because it alone can give man and woman a chance and this is a man-and-woman world. There is no isolation from European problems, nor is there an isolation of women's problems. Men and women face life together."

The problems women have to face today were next considered by Mrs. Overton. "First, women have to be more inclusive in their thinking. We think too much in little pieces and don't drive straight to the heart of things. We treat problems at our nerves' ends. Many girls think that they are not popular when they don't allow liberties or because they are smarter than others of their classmates when they are merely alibi-ing and not looking straight at the heart of the problem. To have love, romance, and to build a home a girl must have general knowledge of the world around her. A young medical student once told me that love is an instrument designed to aid the ends of lots of other things. I believe it is so", said Mrs. Overton.

"Freedom is the next problem. This is the birth of a new generation. College girls have not yet found entire poise in this new emancipation. It has been abused because thought is not broad enough."

Outlining the things men want in women, Mrs. Overton pointed out these things: "They want women who are well balanced and don't go to pieces every time they are spoken to sharply. They say women today don't see facts nor life straight. We need emotional poise, not to get too distraught over mere trifles. Social

(Continued on page 4)

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1936.

The Linden Bark:

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.
"Indian Summer"—Emily Dickinson

FOUNDERS' DAY

For more than one hundred years Lindenwood has been carrying on the education of young women, having begun the cause in 1827. Major George C. Sibley and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley, realized the Southwest's need for a women's college; thus Lindenwood was founded—and quite appropriately named, since it nestled in a veritable forest of linden trees.

Mrs. Sibley directed the school for many years. In 1831 Major Sibley and his wife had a Board of Directors in St. Louis and St. Charles, appointed to manage the school. Although the Sibleys were Presbyterians, the college was to be non-sectarian.

Always many friends have made gifts to the college—establishing it more firmly. Judge Watson and his wife, of St. Charles, were great aids in furthering the development of Lindenwood in the middle of its career. Recently some friends of the Watsons presented the college with an old oil painting of the Watson home, a beautiful antique which is now in the college museum.

The large fortunes of Col. James Gay Butler and his wife, Mrs. Margaret Leggat Butler, were given to Lindenwood. Col. Butler, who was President of the Board of Directors, was instrumental in persuading Dr. Roemer, at that time a St. Louis pastor, to come to Lindenwood as its president. In May, 1914, Dr. Roemer came out to the college and has been serving as its president ever since—longer than any past president.

Now comes the last Thursday in October, set aside for the observance of Founders' Day. Lindenwood has been observing this day for many years. A special speaker is obtained for the morning service, and a program presented by the Physical Education Department in the afternoon. A procession of the faculty, classes, and visitors (who number many) take flowers down to the Sibley graves, behind Sibley Hall. An evening musical concludes the day's festivities.

Another year has passed in the history of Lindenwood—a brilliant, successful year.

Sacred Solemn, and Spooky Anniversary

Halloween! What a lovely feeling that word brings to Lindenwood girls. First there is the delicious dinner in the dining room eaten by candlelight. Then we all congregate in the gym for a dance preceding the crowning of the freshman class Hallowe'en queen.

How different today's celebration of the holiday is than in medieval times. The origin of Hallowe'en was that of a church festival. Hallowe'en is the eve of the festivals of All Saints and All Souls Days. The name originally meant All Hallowed Eve. Of course it is an age old assumption that ghosts and spooks walk on this night. Lindenwood has its own ghost. Every Hallowe'en at midnight Mrs. Sibley's ghost returns to play on the organ in old Sibley chapel. Is there ever a girl who doesn't await her coming with a rather quaky feeling around her throat and who doesn't get a lump in that same throat when the strains of "Nearer My God to Thee", float out over the campus?

All in all, Hallowe'en means a great deal to Lindenwood. Lots of fun and frolic and over it all the feeling of the super-natural though next morning everyone says, "Ah, I wasn't scared!"

Rendezvous "With Death" Or "With Life?"

Dr. Case presided at the vesper services Sunday evening, Sept. 27. The choir sang "Shepherd of Israel". After the responsive reading, Ruth Pinnell sang "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace."

Rev. John C. Inglis spoke of the feeling of people toward life and death. He gave, as an example, the world war period when the youth of the nation became death-conscious and felt in accordance with the poet who said, "I have a rendezvous with death."

Dr. Inglis then explained the change of sentiment which occurred, upholding the brave words of another poet who had a "rendezvous with life."

So should we also face the difficulties which arise, the walls which we come upon and must sometime surmount, and then each new day will hold for us a rendezvous with life—a life filled with faith, courage and strength.

The Silent Melody of Beauty

By Sue Kellams, '38

An overture tonight, I thought
If lovely music can be cold;
Snow-covered houses silver-fraught
Lay glistening in the sun's last gold.
The orchestra of winter eve
Lay palpitating in my brain
Hush, I knew I did perceive
Friendly windows in the lane.
Then as the sense became more clear
Warm music sang within my soul
And beauty filled my straining ear
With peace and love—man's highest goal.
A symphony of life, I thought,
A melody that's warm with giving—
Snow houses may be silver-fraught
They're warm inside with living

Students in Art Elect for Two Clubs

Monday night, October 5, the Art Club held an election of officers for the ensuing year. Betty Boles was chosen president of the Art Club. Betty is also vice-president of the sophomore class and one of the most popular girls on campus. Edna Jean Johnson, freshman, was elected vice-president; Adele Muehlenpfordt, recording secretary; Marjorie Skinner, secretary; and Margaret Stookey, treasurer.

Kappa Pi, honorary Art sorority also elected officers at the same time. Marguerite Raymer was chosen president and Gracia Lou Arnold was elected treasurer. The remaining two officers will be elected at a later date.

It looks as though the Art department will have a very successful year under the leadership of such able girls.

Fourteen Poets, and One Prize-Winner

June Robinson won Lindenwood's poetry contest prize of a paid membership into the Poetry Society, with her poem, "A Vision".

Thirteen other girls admitted on the merit of their work were: Eva Aldred, Frances Alexander, Helen Bandy, Martha Emerson, Betty Faxon, LaVerne Langdon, Bettie Jeanne McClelland, Virginia Morsey, Patricia Mulligan, Martha Lee Munday, Barbara Scott, Sue Sonnen-day, and Dorothy Wagner.

The judges were Miss Dawson, Harriet Bruce, Kathryn Morton, Eleanor Hibbard, and Lois Null.

The poem appears in another column.

HIT OF THE WEEK

S. Smith—"Military Man"
Rowe—"There's a Small Hotel"
Finley—"Am I Asking Too Much"
Mary R.—"I'm Just Beginning to Care"
Crutch—"Because She Reminds Me of You"
Weary—"I've Got a Heavy Date—
—Every Once in a While"
Bub—"Baby's Birthday Party Day"
Freddy, Ottsy—"Yours and Mine"
Parrott—"I've Got Trouble, Double Trouble"
Keck—"When a Lady Meets a Gentleman Down South"
Nancy—"Old Playmate"
George K.—"I've Got the St. Louis Blues"
Judge—"There's Two Sides to Every Story"
Joe—"Joe, the Dog-faced Boy"
D. Green—"Where There's You There's Me"
Betty B.—"Did You Ever Hear Pete Go Tweet, Tweet, Tweet"
Pete—"Love Is Like a Cigarette"
Zora—"Writing Love Letters in the SAND"
Elmer—"Take My Heart"
Teddy—"I'm a Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas"
G. Rose—"I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown"
Sempres—"Baby Face"
Hop—"I Love Me"
Keningsdorf—"Every Street I Walk On"
Mortimer—"Cross Patch"
Marnie—"River Stay Way from My Door"
Art—"I'm an Old Cow Hand"
Corey—"You Hit the Spot"
Irwin—"Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze"
Nance—"I Love You Truly"
Margaret—"Truly I Love You"
Joliet—"Everybody's Swinging It"
Molly—"Until the Real Thing Comes Along"
Hibbard—"The Hills of Old Wyoming"
Bertha—"A Star Fell Out of Heaven"
Chandler—"I'm Playing With Fire"
Lutz—"Old Fashioned Papa"
Mary Alice—"I'm Grateful to You"
Gus—"I'm Getting Sentimental Over You"
Ray Z.—"Cheatin' on Me"
Suzy—"Do You or Don't You Love Me"
Nape—"Out in the Cold Again"
Birthday Party Boys—"After the Ball"

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR LINDEN LEAVES
TAKEN NEXT WEEK

GET YOUR ANNUAL
EARLY

"Bits From Miss Stookey's European Diary"

When we first planned to go to Europe, I resolved, if possible, to study the dance and also to collect folk costume dolls in every city that we visited.

I was successful in starting my collection of costume dolls in Munich. Under the guidance of a well satisfied little hausfrau, blond, and roly-poly, we shopped in the rain, first looking at Bavarian China far beyond our tourist purses, next visiting a woodcarving shop where I purchased two madonnas very simply and beautifully done, and finally arrived at a toy shop which offered many beautiful dolls in Bavarian costume. We had already seen the Bavarian regalia on the street—leather shorts, elaborately decorated suspender harness, the green velour hat with the jaunty feather or a small broom affair stuck up in the back, so it was easy to pick out the dolls that were typical of that region.

Our ride through the Tyrolean Alps brought us to Cetz where in the evening we went to the "Cafe Tirol" to see the villagers do the Schuhplattler (shoe slapping) Dance. Six or eight youths in veritable Tyrolean costumes entered a tiny space at the end of the crowded cafe and in three or four successive appearances put on the most intricate and most wonderful Folk Dance that we saw all summer. It begins slowly and mysteriously building up a deep quiet then all at once an electrifying mountain yell from one of the dancers—the others answer in quick succession—the music suddenly quickens and the whole group slips into a leather slapping of shoes and shorts breath taking to behold. Swedish, Danish, Finnish, or German—none of them have a folk dance to compare with it in vivacity and dramatic content.

In Vienna we visited Rosalia Chladek at the Hellerau-Laxemburg School in the castle Laxemburg. She, you will remember, in 1932 won a silver medal in the International Choreographic Competition in Paris; in 1933—a silver medal in the International Solo Dancing Competition in Warsaw; and in 1934 she was awarded another one in Vienna in the International Solo and Group Dancing Competition. When we first stepped in the door we met two girls from the United States, who seemed very glad to find someone to whom they could speak English. They sat with us and explained the lesson, a dance composition with percussion instruments. Rosalia is a very attractive personality—slender, tanned and dynamic. She was dressed in navy blue slacks, white blouse and a navy blue jumper.

Next hour we visited a class in rhythmic for children, taught by Melita Kosterlitz. All the exercises were done with a small rubber ball. I never dreamed so many uses could be found for a ball without throwing and catching it. Next we saw another class learning the use of percussion instruments. Just before leaving, we bought a copy of Rosalia Chladek's book on the dance, called "Die Tanzerin" which she autographed for us.

At Budapest where we stayed at the Royal Hungarian School of Physical Education in the girls' Dormitory—four in a room and only one tiny mirror in the entire building, we found a peasant shop in connection with the college and before my breakfast next morning I had acquired six dolls—the typical Hungarian style with large flowing sleeves and pantaloons and beautifully embroidered aprons.

After sight-seeing in Praha

(Prague) I went shopping for dolls and garnets. Garnets were easy to find, but I went to several toy shops before I found any costume dolls. It is strange how many of the shops in Europe show mostly American Dolls—Cowboys, Indians, Mexicans, Bylo babies and Shirley Temple dolls. American dolls seem to be as popular over there as are the American films. Finally we come to a peasant shop "Zadruha", where I got some Slavic peasant dolls as well as some of the more elaborate Czech type.

In Prague we visited Irena Lexova's School of the dance. She had just published a book entitled "Ancient Egyptian Dances", the research for which had been done by her father, Professor Lex of the University of Prague assisted by our guide Valerie Hazmukova—and illustrated with drawings from Ancient Egyptian Originals by her sister, Milada.

There is entirely too much to tell about Berlin to put in one short article. The opening of the Olympic Games, Hitler passing by us just a few feet away, French athletes giving the Hitler Salute, and the thousands of hands held out motionless during the singing of the German Songs. The dance festival in the evening, "Olympische Jugend Festspiel" with ten thousand dancers was the high spot of the whole trip. Girls, thousands of them all in rose or white, came in, some with balls, some with one Indian club and some with hoops. With these were hundreds of dancers with long, circular skirts. Of all the hundreds of balls not one ball was dropped and the movements were no mere tossing and catching—but very intricate rolls and maneuvers that would have tried the skill of any varsity basketball player.

The first studio of the dance we visited in Berlin was the Guntherschule. We arrived just in time for the eleven o'clock lesson taught by Berthe Trumpy. She was a most charming slender brown type—close cut brown hair, brown skin and brown slacks. When she gave us folders of the school, I soon discovered much to my surprise the Maja Lex was teaching there also. We at once made arrangements for lessons with her the next day.

Another school we visited in Berlin was the Medau School of Gymnastics. Our idea of gymnastics was the old, very formal, stiff uninteresting set of exercises given to a very sharp command, but the European idea seems to be much broader. The word, "gymnastics", there is really very closely related to sports and the dance. The girls did the movements which we had seen at the Dance Festival the night before. First they used one Indian club with a swinging movement—all the movements starting from the hips and the shoulders. Then balls were used with the same rhythmic elastic, swinging movement. It was most interesting to see these movements with the balls, at close range after having seen them at the stadium. They appeared much more difficult and the ease with which they rolled and turned and caught the balls with a slight shift in the center of gravity was remarkable.

After an all day bus ride and several ferry trips, we arrived in Svendborg, Denmark, the land of bicycles, and such queer-looking bicycles as they were—all black with old-fashioned, tall handle bars that made the riders sit very erect so that it looked as if they were going to fall over backwards. It looked so out of place to see older men wearing derbies, riding bicycles and women all dressed up in picture hats and long fox furs sitting very stiffly erect, peddling away to a party.

Every day we rode out to Ollerup

to visit the famous Niels Bukh's school of Dance Gymnastics.

We had been in Stockholm only a few hours when several members of the party came in and said they had seen some dolls in a store window down the street and the men reported that the girls in Sweden were the best looking they had seen. The next day after our sight-seeing tour, a group of us started out to shop. We passed many curious shops—the most interesting one being "The Pub", the department store where Greta Garbo worked.

As soon as we arrived in Copenhagen, I obtained the name of a doll shop, "Theodor Thorigen", from Ellen Thomsen, our Danish Guide, who by the way was coming to America on our boat to teach the Bertram System of Danish Gymnastics. I bought five Danish peasant dolls and four with poke bonnets and high silk hats.

We arrived in London, the city of many chimney pots, not in a fog, but in a cloud of smoke and dirt. The next morning we saw the changing of the guards in front of Buckingham Palace. It was a most thrilling sight. The Irish guards were also parading that day in their colorful brown and green, but none of them as stunning as the officers in scarlet.

In the afternoon I started from Piccadilly Circus to shop for costume dolls. First we went up Regent Street to Liberty's, which is the "Marshall Field's" of London. I failed to find any miniatures in tweed so I bought a set of Japanese, bamboo dolls. That evening we went to Madame Tussaud's wax works, where I obtained two small models of Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII. There I had my most embarrassing moment, even as O. O. McIntyre—I spoke to a guard only to discover that he was wax!

On the way home on the boat, many people said that I would never get through the customs with all my hundred dolls. I was rather worried. I listed some as "Trachtenpuppen" and some as folk costume dolls hoping that the customs officer couldn't read German. He poked in a few corners of my bags and said "Shut them up!" What a relief! I was ready to shout—run around and tell everyone of my good luck, but I had to keep my face straight and pretend that nothing had happened. The last addition to the doll collection came in the mail from one of the men in the party who had gone on a side trip to Scotland. The "brau" little lassie in her full Scotch plaid brought a whiff of the lakes, the hills, and the heather.

The Classical Corner

This poem was written for the mythology class.

A RHYTHM OF LIFE

Fair Persephone is coming back to earth
From Pluto's dark and dreary underworld.
She comes that all of nature may give birth
To grass and trees with bright new leaves unfurled.

The smooth, green carpet, splashed with gay spring flowers
Becomes a paradise of living things
Where man may while away his happy hours
Till dusk when birds fly home on hovering wings.

And all too soon the beautiful must fade,
When wealthy Pluto comes to claim his own;
Then silence reigns o'er every hill and glade
And all the world is desolate, alone.

Leona Blackhurst.

WHO'S WHO?

Taking honors in athletics seems to be this senior's pet hobby. She's president of A. A., and throws a wicked curve as pitcher in the spring baseball games. She's tall and lanky and has that nonchalant air toward studies that drives her friends to distraction. Her peculiar dry sense of humor, which includes a vivid account of Paul Revere's Ride, sets her apart as another Irvin S. Cobb. Nuf said, now you guess!

Yearbook Staff Meets

The staff of the yearbook, Linden Leaves, met Tuesday, October 6, to discuss general business matters. Dr. Gipson, adviser to the staff, explained the various steps to be taken to begin the outlining of the material for the annual. Each member was told the specific duties of her office. Later on the staff will hold more detailed meetings as the contents of the book takes shape.

Community Leadership

Last night, in room 211 Roemer Hall, began the annual fall community leadership school, carried on as extension work from Lindenwood College in the interest of religious education. Dr. Case is giving the course of study, which is entitled, "The Church Through the Centuries." The class will study the growth of the Christian church from the time of its early beginnings, going on to a study of contributions which the church can make in the world of today. The school meets Monday nights at 7:30 o'clock and will continue to November 23.

TALENT AT Y. W.

Catherine Clifford, clever tap dancer, presented two novel dances at Y. W. the other night. Catherine is skilled with her feet and Mary Alice Hornish is very adept with her voice and the piano keyboard. She has a grand blues voice, but she can quite suddenly and equally as well go into a bit of opera. "Gloomy Sunday" was rendered with true pathos. Then going to the other extreme, Mary Alice gave some hilarious impersonations of Mae West, Greta Garbo, and Grace Moore, singing, "The Music Goes Round and Round". Martha Norris, Virginia McQuenter, and Melba Combs made up a fine musical trio—piano, sax, and voice.

Veiled Prophet Parade

On the night of the Veiled Prophet Parade, two hundred Lindenwood girls, in buses and taxis, journeyed to St. Louis to watch the Parade of the Veiled Prophet. The floats were brightly colored and attractive. Foreign countries was the theme for the parade this year. Such countries as Japan, China, Syria, Germany, Holland, England, Mexico, Russia, were the ones used. And of course, last but not least, came the float of the United States, with Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty.

After viewing the parade the girls went to the shows after which they met at their buses and again started out, but this time for home. Every one enjoyed themselves, but just the same, everyone was glad to get back to Lindenwood.

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(Continued from page 1)

poise would do away with prudes and snobs. As many of the snobs and prude are too uncertain socially, they dare not expose themselves to people of other kinds because they aren't self adequate. The socially poised woman never kowtows to the superior nor struts before the inferior. They just are. Europe is not socially poised; political campaign, race prejudices, and labor and capital difficulties are not socially poised."

"Every one needs inner or spiritual poise. The only thing that can save us is the comprehensiveness of life until we reach that inner poise. I have been on 22 campuses recently, and there seems to be a wistfulness, a feeling of being left out, like water bubbling high only to fall in stagnant pool with no outlet to the sea, felt on these campuses.

"This is a scientific world. Never was it as true as now that a generation needed focal points. What ever happens to our dreams and our bank accounts life goes on, and always there will be God. Find a God that you can hang on to; one who is intelligent. The great heroes of our world, have been those who have had emotional poise, and those who have had a great love for God.

In conclusion, Mrs. Overton, said: "You here to-day are in the half-woman half-girl age. Most of your building lies in dreams, books, and ideals, but out there lies a world of brick and mortar. Take a lantern in your hands and try to conquer an uncertain world."

How Unusual Or Common Is Your Name?

Out of the Lindenwood students this year, there are not many girls here who have the same family name.

The two names which occurred most frequently in the list are Davis and Williams. These are repeated four times. There are just three sets of girls here who answer to the names of Anderson, Roberts, and Scott.

Some of the most unusual names in the list are Clyde LaBell Atha, Lyril Austin, Aline Day, Sylvia Dubiel, Carol Lee Dycus, Elizabeth Faxon, Lucille Gocio, Arloline Goodjohn, Belva Goff, Dana Lee Harnagel, Amy Hettelsater, Eleanor Dee Kaps, Elaine Katzoff, Jeannette Klitzke, David Land, Lorisdene Langstaff, Virginia Lupfer, Phyllis Muratet Lyons, Leslie Ann McCol-Merrifield, Adele Muehlenpfordt, Martha Louise Munday, Cleo Ochcenbein, Francelen Phillips, Susan Sandusky, Mardell Seeley, Jane Sidebottom, Robinette Sutherland, Mary Spain Usrey, Bertha Von Unwerth.

Charming Entertainer

Ethel Sikes Peters, reader, entertained the student body at Chapel Thursday, October 15. Miss Peters read the play, *Once In A Lifetime*. There are forty characters in the play, and she portrayed ten of them. The main ones were Helen Hobart, Susan Walker, George and Jerry.

"Once in A Lifetime is a comedy satire", said Miss Peters, "and a satire is built around a familiar truth."

Miss Peters was very interesting, portraying her characters very vividly, making the audience feel that the play was being enacted right before their eyes. Particularly funny was her interpretation of George and Susan.

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I think I have done remarkably well in holding a big "butter and CHEESE" man's affection (he also handles milk and ice-cream). Yet there has been a rumor going about that a transition period has arrived. Night and day the fear of losing his interest has been haunting me. I don't know whether it's true love or merely pride on my part. Do you think there's much need to worry? I don't think "he's the kind of a boy who would do a thing like that."

Miserably,

"G. R."

Dear G. R.:

If it's the boy I'm thinking of, I believe you forgot to mention—he also deal in "salve", and the song, "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie", leaves him unmoved. Yearly such rumors have made miserable the various and many "objects of his affection". You say, "he's not the kind of a boy who would do a thing like that." Yet, "He's just the kind of a boy who would drop you flat. It's so hard for you to let him go, but it's all for the best I know; cause I'll bet he tells that to all the girls—"

Knowingly,

Trixie.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

We, the undersigned, as suitors of Lindenwood girls, strenuously object to the publicity we're rating. It has such a ridiculous tone that we're rapidly losing our dignity among our fellow beings. Why must they pick on us?

Vexedly,

A.M., A.W., T.W., N.S., H.H., B.C., E.S., F.M., J.W.

Dear Undersigned:

May I ask, "What dignity?" Surely you're not admitting what I've thought all along—YOU CAN'T TAKE IT! I suppose as long as you continue to be outstanding as "play-boys", you'll be in print. Remember—it isn't everyone who rates the "Bark"—you lucky things!!! Personally, I think you eat it up.

Amusedly,

Trixie.

Dr. Fay at Vespers

Evaluates Faith in Life

Rev. Robert W. Fay of the Overland Episcopal Church spoke at vespers Sunday night, October 4. Using as a processional, "Onward Christian Soldiers," the choir filed in. They sang "Now Let Every Voice" by Bach.

Choosing as his topic, "Faith", Rev. Mr. Fay said, "Our thoughts, our life, everything is a matter of faith. So much of our lives is governed by faith. Huxley in his essay, 'Wanted: A New Pleasure', asks for the invention of a more harmless drug, the ideal intoxicant. Some people find this drug as he calls it, in their faith. God is and God cares. He abolishes our solitude because there is nothing like faith to make us all as one with our fellow men. The person who possesses faith goes through life in glowing exaltation. Faith abolishes fear. It is the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not seen."

Rev. Mr. Fay next defined the three types of faith. The intellectual assent kind of faith which knows but does not understand, is the first. The second is credulity, or that which believes everything everyone says without questioning or criticizing their beliefs. The third and most important type of faith is the faith of Jesus. This type experimented and based their faith on the scientific method of testing."

Closing his extremely interesting talk, Mr. Fay made a plea for all to look unto Jesus, "the author of our faith." The choir marched out to the processional of "Work For the Night Is Coming."

Lynn Wood Dictates

H. J.

Clara Weary has a new black velvet suit trimmed in gray fur. She wears a white satin blouse with this and black accessories. Maybe Johnnie was unusually accommodating Wednesday night because he liked the outfit—we still have an eleven o'clock curfew Miss Weary.

Gracie flitted down stairs last Saturday and she and Alton took the Steeplechase. She wore a three-piece sport suit, a combination of gray and rust tweed with a swagger coat of solid rust and accessories to match. Gracie thought they had an awfully good time but he has never called again.

Bricky Casey left for Fulton Friday—where by the way she was the lady of the moment—in a brown silk suit trimmed in brown and yellow checked silk. The hat was also brown with a big brown felt bow right in front. Hold your hats Fulton, here we go!

Margaret Love is wearing a three-piece suit, skirt and top coat of gray-blue tweed (coat topped with a mannish collar of velvet). The jacket is a plaid in various shades of blue. Just the thing, Marnie, to visit Little Nell in.

RUMOR

What's this rumor we've heard about the campus? Are we or aren't we going to have an organ in Chapel? Everyone thinks that it would be very nice, and it wouldn't disappoint us at all if we walked into Chapel one day and found an organ installed. We're holding our breath.

POPULAR SING SONG

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held in the Y. W. parlor in Sibley Hall, Wednesday evening, September 23, at 6:45. The meeting was in the form of a Sing-Song. Marjorie Hickman played the piano while Ruth Pinnell led the group in the singing of school songs and popular songs.

What Is Your Christian Name?

So many girls at Lindenwood this year rate a similarity of names. But, though variety is the spice of life, there still is plenty of life in college.

Mary is the most popular or, shall we say, overused name here. With its companions Mary Elizabeth and Mary Frances, the Marys run the campus. But Margaret has her fling too. Coupled with Margaret Elizabeth she is second winner. Katherine comes in with fourth honors while Elizabeth steps up to claim her due with second place.

Perhaps the oddest name on campus today is that of Clyde La Belle Atha. Is that fatherly love Clyde? or is it? Anyway its unusual and who doesn't like "unusuality"?

But nevertheless Lindenwood has a great variety of names and the repetition isn't nerveracking as it might be in the case of teachers calling everyone by her first name.

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KATHRYN MORTON,
Head of Student Council

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to
LINDENWOOD
Means
PARTICIPATION
in
SPORTS
TOURNAMENT
TENNIS,
GOLF,
ARCHERY,
or
WHAT
HAVE
YOU?

Sports Tournaments Up to Thanksgiving

A number of girls have entered the sports tournament, the finals of which will be held the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Contests will be held in tennis, golf, and archery. The various matches will be played off at times convenient to the players. There will probably be games going on all day so if you would like to watch them just come around. Twenty-five points to each girl who reaches the finals. These points will help these girls in getting into the Lindenwood College Athletic Association.

VINCHELL

Now, now all my little lads and lasses dry your tears because here your old friend Vinchell is back, same as last year, bubbling over with choicy bits from here and there. Speaking of bubbling we hear that the famous song, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" is following the lead, as usual, of "Heavenly Thing." Tsk! Tsk! Is there never any originality?

The K. A.'s must have that certain thing. Two little girls returned to Ayres with wide eyes and palpitating hearts, and we're not egotistical enough to suppose for one minute that the return to St. Charles had anything to do with it. As one dashing young man remarked, "Back in the fold again."

Rusty, let me remind you that you are a big girl now and big girls don't go around grabbing strange men's hair in shows and shaking their heads violently. I can't let your apology pass either; may I quote, "Pardon me for getting in your hair."

"Bricky—telephone" does that sound a note of familiarity to anyone on campus?

I agree with you "Miss Justice": When a reputation is established never let it die. Never let it be said that the one and only "Bailiff" ever missed an opportunity for leaving for the exciting and unusual (Although the "exciting and unusual" may prove a little boring later on!)

What is this fatal charm that a certain sophomore has that can make a St. Charles swain call up a freshman and ask, "You're not mad, are you?" That seems rather an insipid question to me.

These Westminister boys have vivid imaginations—going in swimming without any water in the pool. How was the dip, Boardman?

And then there was the groceryman who went off, after locking up for the day, and left the key in the lock. That's what being in love will do to you!

Some people are so narrow-minded. One young man missed his car for 35 (?????) minutes and had to walk home. So many people lack that certain sense of humor.

The little girl who has for her philosophy of life "Two at a time, please" is keeping it. When one out-of-town object of affection fails to make an appearance, there are always homecomings etc.

And now my children I sign off with cautions of Cupid. He's a playful chap in the few mans town. Particularly since one young merchant refuses to call on our campus for a date, and yet another one is waiting for this class to graduate so his present fickle reputation will perish with it.

"That Painted Look"

By Eleanor Blair, '39

If one sits down and reads any of the current advertisements, he finds that most of the arguments used

are based on fear. The manufacturer, possibly finding that he cannot get the desired results any other way, bends all his efforts toward scaring prospective customers into buying his products. Their main thesis is not the good derived from using the article but the evil contracted by neglecting to obtain the article.

For example, there is a well-known soap advertisement which portrays its idea through a series of cartoons. Usually the theme concerns some unfortunate individual who is very unpopular on account of a serious (according to the advertisement) social fault. The moral thus derived being that we all will be guilty of the obnoxious offense unless we use that particular soap. Now while most of us laugh at such crude publicity, nevertheless we begin to wonder about it. Do we really offend? If we used this soap, would we rid ourselves of this fault? Was that the reason so-and-so snubbed us yesterday? Probably we end by buying a bar of soap just to be sure.

Another common offense charged against the gullible public concerns care of the teeth and bad breath. We are urged and exhorted, bullied and threatened, into buying this mouth wash and that tooth paste. Everyone, says the advertisement, is potentially guilty of bad breath, and it is only through diligent application of a certain tooth paste that we can be saved presumably from a "fate worse than death." Figuratively we are frightened into buying a product which may not only be useless but more harmful.

The advertising shaft which inevitably goes home is the one employed by cosmetic companies. Their arguments hit women in their most vulnerable spot—their beauty (such as it is) and how to keep it. The threat of "paralyzed pores," "crepey throat," and "that painted look" is sufficient to send millions of anxious women to the cosmetic counters every year. The advantages of the purchased product are not nearly as important to them as its protective powers against all the manufactured evils of advertising.

This sort of advertisement, so prevalent now, illustrates a new psychological trend. Fear has taken the place of good as a weapon in the hand of the advertiser. If he cannot persuade us to use his article, he will put such fear in our minds that we dare not buy it. And the pitiful part of the whole situation is that he's getting away with it!

A Woman's Tears And Kisses

Dr. Russell Paynter, of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, spoke at Lindenwood on Thursday, October 1. The subject of his address was "A Woman's Tears and Kisses", based on Luke 7:37-38.

A woman who was a sinner came to Christ to be forgiven. She washed his feet with her tears and dried them with her hair. Then she kissed his feet—her kisses being kisses of true affection. The Pharisee, at whose home Christ was dining, found fault with Christ and the woman for such an act. But Jesus defended himself and the woman. Jesus came into this world to save people; not to condemn them. Therefore, He told the woman He did not condemn her but that she should go and sin no more.

We must remember that God will condemn; we have no right to. A popular and appropriate saying is "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Victory is the important thing in our lives; Christ will give us victory.

A VISION

(Prize-winning Poem)

By June Robinson, '40

Into the Land of Urd, the Past, trembling crossed the Viking's Ship.
A cairn of sea-weed clawed her long keel,
Her masthead gleamed with wetness.
Thorkarl, Chief of Ocean, smiled;
Frost-patterns whirled within his eyes.
Flowed the cadence of his laughter, dying with the lift and dip of
twenty oars.
Around his bright helmet the raucous winds sang the spell-song of the
warlocks.
His red cloak curled its tossing folds,
Shafts of silver pampered his pagan hair.

This is the tale of Thorkarl, the warrior;
This is the tale of the brave.
Red-winged the courage of battle through mountains to bathe in the
water beyond!
Behold! Like a pall it came,
clad in the gray clothes of Odin, the Woof of the Spear.
A blue garnet flamed in its helmet.
Glory lacquered its laky eyes. Youth guarded the sheen of it.

In the islands of Rahee the black oxen graze
beside the red volcanoes,
knowing not that death hides there.
Yonder graceful Yoldrin yokes his beamy hair
in blossoms, Yoldrin the wise and peaceful herder, seer of lace-
winged visions, writer of verses.
When the sky to the earth seemed a blue waterfall,
and mist with a rainbow had netted the trees,
Came Thorkarl in his vessel of war to the Islands,
Came to be taught lessons of fighting by Yoldrin,
wisest of Norsemen.

Oh! warrior, mighty Thorkarl, abide in you
serpent-prow'd ship. The herder instructs of
beauty in holiness, of virtue in peace, of
songs that soothe strife to rest.
Swift to the green banks the Chief of Ocean
mounted up from the waters.
Yoldrin came forth radiant with welcome.
Thus he spake:
"My brother, I greet thee. You are strong in battle.
I will teach you the strength of the soul.
Camest thou not to be taught?"
"Teach me only of battle!" cried the war-chief.
"Nay, love alone. Let men cease killing each other.
War works a hell in the world!"

Like nimble night's rapid descent, rage rolled in
the brain of the Yeoman of Fighters.
Wild rushed his topaz blood. Trembled the mighty Thorkarl in wrath.
"Shall rust feast on my gray ringmail and starve a dull sword! With
the valkyries ride I and the men in my galley. Deceiver,
damn not the creed of a Viking!"
In swift motion the flat blade was freed. It splintered
the breast of the shepherd. The naked point
floated. An illusion in gold, beautiful Yoldrin,
the good, gave blood to his mother, the earth.

Yoldrin is slain! Sin rides in the blizzard.
Wild are his eyes as winds in a tempest. He shouts to the world,
"Yoldrin is dead! Drink all of my rich wines!"
For gain, ride to battle the Sons of the Shield.
Thorkarl kills by the strength in his arm,
or in secret kills by his cunning brain.

"Thorkarl is brave!" sing the bards.
"Drinker of blood!" scream the rivers.
"Thorkarl is strong!" cry the women.
"He is depraved!" echo faintly the heavens.
This is the song of Thorkarl; this is the dirge of the world!
War howls in the wind. War wallows red
in the rivers of chance. The death planet
darkens the sky; its red glow glazes the eye.
Brother kills brother, and father his children.
Love is gone! peace destroyed!
Wisdom has changed into ignorance!
We perish! We perish! Yoldrin is slain!

This have I witnessed in the gloomy fires
Of Rahee, the eternal valley. This have I beheld
and trembled!
afraid for you who will come after me.
afraid for you who live in my likeness.

A Summer In Old Mexico

Conchita Sutton, an olive-skinned, dark haired, vivacious lass, hails from Mexico. After leaving Lindenwood in June, she went to Denver. Her father met her there and they drove from Denver to their home in Tampico, which is situated on the gulf. The drive through Mexico was most scenic. In commenting on it Conchita said, "I've never seen anything that quite compares with it." She stayed in Tampico about a month, spending a vacation as most Lindenwood girls undoubtedly spend it—having a good time.

Conchita also had an excellent bird's-eye view of the country when she flew to Mexico City for the

Black and White Ball. This is a very lavish and spectacular event put on by the Mexico Country Club. Beautiful girls are chosen from all parts of Mexico and sent to the ball. While in Mexico City, they were treated royally and entertained highly. After so long the most beautiful of the group is crowned as the princess of the ball.

Conchita stayed in Mexico City for about two weeks; then home; packed and departed for school. On her return trip she stopped at the Texas Centennial—she thought Casa Manana superb. However, Conchita was very anxious to get back. The states do hold an attraction—Lindenwood.

Sidelights of Society

Ball-Dresses Worn By Lindenwood's Elect

It seems that Lindenwood College was well represented at the Veiled Prophet Ball. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were there, and Miss Waye also. Mrs. Roemer had on a becoming blue dress with white flowers on the shoulder. With this she wore blue slippers to match the dress and a velvet wrap of finger-tip length and carried a blue petit-point bag. Miss Waye wore French blue silk with lavender and blue flowers down the front. She had on blue sandals, a long black velvet wrap, and carried a rhinestone bag.

The students who attended were Betty Boles, Margaret Keck, Marjorie Hickman, and Margaret Love. Betty wore a blue crepe dress shot with golden threads, with cowl draped neckline and sleeves. With this she wore a long hooded evening cape of dubonnet velvet and carried a golden kid bag and long white gloves to match her gold and silver sandals.

Margaret Keck wore white printed chiffon with a flowing skirt and a gardenia corsage on the shoulder. She had on silver sandals, a black velvet floor length evening wrap, and carried white kid gloves.

Marjorie wore a black satin princess style dress with a train. Several narrow straps branched from the bodice over each shoulder terminating in a low back. She wore a shoulderette of gardenias, gold sandals, a blue velvet evening wrap with a white fur collar, and carried a gold purse and white gloves.

Margaret Love wore a blue suit trimmed with grey caracul fur. With this she wore a grey caracul hat, black shoes, and carried a black purse and black gloves.

ETHICS CLUB PARTY

Dr. Roemer's Ethics class was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Roemer and himself, with a party, Wednesday, evening, October 15, in the library club rooms.

The girls enjoyed themselves greatly by playing that distracting game "numbers". A lot of fun was also had by acting out Charades, many of which were too complicated for the other side to guess what they were doing. Those who wished to play bridge did so.

After singing several songs refreshments of ice cream, cake, and coffee were served.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Nancy Platt, president of the class, Margaret Keck, vice-president, Jo Miles, secretary; Madeleine Chandler, Emily Jane Buxton, Joan Austin, Margaret Wepfer, Gertie Lambert, Thelma Riske, Dorothy Parrott, Dorothy Fullerton, Marjorie Hickmann, Katherine Morton, Kathryn Hill, Mary Roush, Dean Crain, Dorothy Randall, Mary Wetzel, Mary Spain Usrey, Sue Sonnen-day, and Winnie Travis.

Freshmen Give Pretty Tea

The formal freshman tea sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the library club rooms Thursday, October 1, from 5 to 6 o'clock.

Among these in the receiving line were Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gregg, sponsor of the freshman class, and the class officers who are: Joyce Works, president; Marguerite Dearthmont, vice-president; Brickly Casey, secretary; and Mary Ingalls, treasurer.

Those attending the tea were entertained by songs and music and were later served dainty refreshments.

First Faculty Reception

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer gave a reception in the library club room Monday evening, October 5, for the faculty and administration staff of the college.

Dr. Roemer gave a welcoming speech to the faculty, after which he introduced all the new faculty members.

A very delightful and interesting program was given by some of the faculty members. Miss Gieselmann and Miss Walker both sang two solos; Miss Lemen of the dramatic department gave a reading; Miss Shrimpton of the music department played two piano solos. Miss Shrimpton made the statement that the first number she played was the first piece of music she studied under Mr. Thomas when a freshman at Lindenwood.

After the program, refreshments were served, and the rest of the evening was spent in getting acquainted with the new faculty members.

Dr. Terhune spent her summer vacation motoring in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Kentucky. She spent quite a time with her brother at his Wisconsin cottage. Visiting many friends and relatives, she reports a delightful summer. Dr. Terhune remarked however that she wished she had missed the mid-western heat. We agree, Dr. Terhune.

Mr. Dapron reports about 100 girls have enrolled for riding this year. With the delightful Indian summer weather many girls have been riding quite frequently and are having a fine time. Mr. Dapron thinks this will be a very successful year for the riders.

Judith Wade spent the weekend in Edwardsville, Ill., with relatives.

Mary Borum visited friends at Christian College, Columbia, Mo., during the weekend of Oct. 10.

Mary Alice Livingston left Tuesday night, Oct. 6, for her home in Kingman, Kans., to attend the wedding of her brother. Mary Alice was maid of honor. She returned to school Monday, Oct. 12.

Mary Morton Watts spent the weekend in Kirksville, Mo., visiting friends. She returned Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lohr who visited their daughter Sunny until Monday night.

Babs Lawton and Sunny Lohr are spending the weekend at Sunny's home in Kirksville, Missouri. Both are attending the big fraternity dance.

Lindenwood Takes Honors In Horse Show

The Lindenwood girls made a very creditable showing in the recent St. Louis horse show. Catherine Clifford, on Miss Lindenwood, carried off fourth place Monday night in the children's class. Thursday night in the college class Martha Roberts, on Top Hat, took the blue ribbon; Catherine Clifford, on Miss Lindenwood, took second place; Eleanor Finley, on Sir Donald, took fourth place; and Marian Stumberg took fifth. Saturday night in the champion's class Catherine Clifford won second place.

Through an unfortunate mishap Laura Fritz was eliminated from the competition, but she presented the ribbons to her fellow classmates.

Musical Attractions

Although Mr. Thomas has announced the opening of the musical season in St. Louis students should remember that the tickets for sale will have to be taken care of as rapidly as possible.

Both the St. Louis Symphony and the Civic Music League are having some of the best artists the world of music has to offer. The rates of these programs are so reasonable that anyone who is interested in music will be missing an excellent opportunity to hear and see these renowned persons if she does not attend to the matter of securing seats as soon as she can.

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"Gorgeous Hussy"

THURSDAY

LIONEL BARRYMORE

— in —
"The Devil Doll"

— also —

JOHN WAYNE

— in —
"The Lonely Trail"

FRIDAY—SATURDAY

Ginger Rogers—Fred Astaire

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