

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 4. Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 17, 1936 \$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson attended a meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Kansas City last week, Nov. 12-15. While there she attended the breakfast meeting of Guidance Councilors on Friday, a breakfast on Saturday of women deans and advisors of girls, and a luncheon in the interests of the American Association of University Women the same day. Dr. Gipson also attended the Lindenwood luncheon on Thursday. She reports a very interesting and profitable time.

Mr. Motley and Dr. Garnett also attended the State Educational Association meetings in Kansas City on Nov. 11-15. While there they also attended the Lindenwood luncheon for alumnae and some present students of the college as well as prospective ones.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Monday, Nov. 16:**
6:30 p. m. Kentucky Club in Y. W. C. A. parlors.
- Tuesday, Nov. 17:**
5 p. m., Student Music recital
- Wednesday, Nov. 18:**
4:45 p. m., Opening Play, Little Theatre
5 p. m., Home Economics Club
6:30 p. m., Y.W.C.A.
7:30 p. m., Alpha Sigma Tau
- Thursday, Nov. 19:**
11 a. m., Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings.
5 p. m., Delta Phi Delta in Y.W.C.A. parlors
5 p. m., Kappa Pi
7 p. m. Mu Phi Epsilon
- Friday, Nov. 20:**
6:30 p. m., Formal Dinner Dance—Seniors Hostesses
- Monday, Nov. 23:**
6:30 p. m., Student Board meeting
- Tuesday, Nov. 24:**
5 p. m. Recital, Paul Friess in Sibley Chapel
6:30 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega in Dept.
7:30 p. m., Faculty Meeting
- Wednesday, Nov. 25:**
12 Noon, Thanksgiving recess
- Monday, Nov. 30:**
6:30 p. m., Student Board Meeting.

Large Orchestra This Year

Lindenwood's orchestra, under the direction of Miss Isidor, will be a large one this year. The following girls and instruments compose the orchestra: Virginia Buff—piano; Suzanne Eby, Anna Marie Kistner, Mary Ann Lee, Margaret Behrens, Katherine Mayer, Christine McDonald, Margaret Ann McCoid, Patricia Boomis, and Sara Hurdis—violin; Ruth Stephens, Francilene Phillips, and Lorraine Pyle—cello; Ruth Denton and Virginia Lupfer—flute; Lola Prather—trumpet; Katherine Craig and Elizabeth Slegismund—clarinet; and Martha Norris—saxophone.

Mrs. Roberts Seriously Ill

Mrs. Roberts, housemother at Ayres Hall, is seriously ill in the infirmary. Her daughter, Mrs. Roberta Sturgis, has been summoned from her home in Philadelphia. The inquiries about Mrs. Roberts have really kept "Nursie" on the go. One glance at the flowers in her room serves to convey just how popular Mrs. Roberts is. Her girls from Ayres are more than anxious for her to be back soon.

Queen Doris Reigns

How They All Looked at the Hallowe'en Party.

The Hallowe'en party Friday night, Oct. 30, was a big success. There was a grand orchestra, and everybody had a big time. But the main event of the evening was the crowning of the queen.

As the trumpets blew, announcing the arrival of the Queen and her court, Doris Reynolds, of Clinton, Iowa, appeared to take her place on the throne as the reigning Queen of 1936-37. Her coronation gown was of gold slipper satin with an American Beauty corsage on her shoulder and red sandals to match the roses. She was crowned by Conchita Sutton, of Tampico, Mexico, the retiring queen, who wore a black taffeta dress with large puffed sleeves and a full skirt trimmed in purple. A rhinestone clip was clasped at the neck and she wore black sandals.

The two maids of honor preceded the queen. The first to appear was Martha Jane Reubelt, of Eufaula, Okla., who wore a black taffeta dress with butterfly bows of rhinestone all down the front. She wore a rhinestone bracelet to match the bows and silver sandals.

Mary Ann Myers, of Amarillo, Texas, the second maid of honor, wore a becoming black velvet dress with large puffed sleeves and silver sandals. She wore a rhinestone clip in her hair with a clip at her neck and a bracelet to match.

The other maids of the court were Catherine Page Donnell, of Crystal City, Mo.; Harriet Lou Ellen Hall, of Michigan City, Ind.; Marguerite Dearmont, of Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Beverly Houston Mayhall, of Harlan, Ky.; Virginia Ann Aylesworth, of Chicago, Ill.; Phyllis Muratet Lyons, of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mary Jane Rabon, of Tulsa, Okla.; and Corinne Zarth, of Hammond, Ind.

After the crowning of the queen, the dance continued and prizes were awarded for the most original and the funniest costume. Betty Faxon and Lois Ward took one prize with their clothes-line idea. Lucille Ericson, dressed in a soap box, took the other. But there were many other clever costumes. The lady in black had everyone wondering who she was. Ladies of the bath seemed to be popular and several Indian squaws were around. Dr. Betts came as a sheik escorting Dr. Terhune who was a Spanish senorita. In her hair Dr. Terhune wore a peineta, the tall comb of Spain, and

Kansas Girls Here At Lunch With Peggy Ann

Saturday, Oct. 31, was a gala day for approximately 20 Lindenwood girls. They all met for a 1 o'clock luncheon at the Hotel Jefferson which was given for Peggy Ann and Mrs. Landon. The large crowd assembled in the Ivory Room caused the girls to move out into the Gold Room to have lunch with Peggy Ann. It was much more fun to be there with so few girls than in company with 1,000 women in the other room. Peggy Ann was charmingly dressed in a black wool suit with an adorable black toque perched at just the right angle on her head.

During the course of the delicious luncheon, Paul Specht, composer of the "Win with Landon" and other campaign songs, presented Peggy Ann with the original copy of the song written for her, entitled, of course, "Peggy Ann". A men's chorus sang both Miss Landon's song and the campaign tune. At the close of the luncheon Governor Landon came in and gave a short speech. Never before, it seemed, had the Jefferson echoed with such cheering and such delighted enthusiasm. As soon as the Governor left for another engagement, Mrs. Landon came in from her luncheon to thank the Lindenwood girls for the lovely spray of tea roses that Sally Wilson had presented in behalf of the Kansas girls here at school. She was charmingly attired and wore a gorgeous corsage of orchids presented to her by the St. Louis organization of Republican women.

After the luncheon, the girls either went to the movies or to Gerhard Sisters, but 3 enterprising girls decided Landon knew them well enough to speak to them. They hurried and scurried around and pulled enough ropes and he actually saw them! Fortune shined upon them for he recognized one girl immediately and as he knew all three of the girls' families they had a nice visit with him. As one of them said—"To think, I may have shaken hands with the future president 3 days before election." Of course we all had our hopes and will say Landon is one fine gentleman.

The Kansas girls wish to express their appreciation to Mr. Motley and Dr. Roemer for making it possible for them to attend and providing the luncheon tickets and the beautiful spray of flowers to be presented to Mrs. Landon.

Those attending the luncheon were: Rachele Bartlett, Pat Boomis, Louise Bowen, Eleanor Cavert, Florence Marie Columbia, Elizabeth Deming, Anita Warden, Suzanne Eby, Arlounie Goodjohn, Carolyn Humphrye, Mary Ingalls, Rene Kiskadden, Mary May Schull, Lorraine Pyle, Sally Wilson, Margaret Stookey, Mary Alice Livingston, and Marjorie Peabody.

over it and draped gracefully about her shoulders she wore a mantilla, of regular court size. She carried a Goyesco fan with figures of a church and several people on it.

ARMISTICE DAY

Last Wednesday in chapel, the students observed Armistice Day by one minute's silence in memory of those died for the cause of war. Dr. Case gave an Armistice prayer, and the students joined in singing "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Poets To Meet A Poet

Miss Dawson, of the English Department, advisor of the Poetry Society, and Harriett Bruce, are the chosen representatives of Lindenwood's chapter of the Poetry Society who will go to William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo., for a meeting of this organization.

Miss Dawson and Miss Harriett are leaving Friday afternoon, November 20, and will remain for the weekend. Louis Mertin, a well known poet who is visiting at William Jewell College, has offered to read and criticize any poetical works that the Poetry Society may wish to send. This is an excellent opportunity to receive professional opinion, therefore Lindenwood is sending representatives to attend the meetings and report Mr. Mertin's comments.

The main purpose of this conference is to discuss poems contributed by college students. The conference will take in students and instructors from colleges and universities in Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa. Station WDAF, the Kansas City star, will broadcast an interview with Mr. Mertin, and Ted Malore will devote one of his broadcasts to the reading of selected student poems.

Speaker From Peru

Y. W. meeting Wednesday night, November 11, was very interesting and a trifle unusual. Shirley Spalding of Lima, Peru, spoke on the customs of South America and the habits and traditions of the people. Shirley was not at all frightened and informed her hearers vividly enough about the revolution in South America and conditions in Peru as they are today.

Oklahoma Officers

The Oklahoma girls met last week and formed an Oklahoma Lindenwood Club. They elected the following officers: Charlotte York of Oklahoma City, president; Mary Beth Baptist, of Shawnee, vice-president; and Betty Boles, of Fort Sill, secretary and treasurer. They are making plans for a wiener roast to be held at some future date.

Discuss Concerts

Alpha Mu Mu had a meeting Monday evening. Ruth Pinnell, Suzanne Eby, and Mary Ahmann discussed the concerts which are to be held in St. Louis this season and also the lives of some of the artists.

Read the Linden Bark

Linden Bark

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

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

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Dorothy Randall, '37
Elizabeth Deming, '39

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Harriett Judge, '37
Clara Weary, '37

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1936.

The Linden Bark:

"Thanksgiving stirs her ruddy fire
The glow illuminates November:
She sees new glimmerings of desire
Flash up from every fading ember."
Lucy Larcom—"Two Festivals."

"Many More Happy Birthdays!"

"Mother Roemer's" recent birthday gives rise to reflections on the value of our important foster-mother. Mrs. Roemer proves each day her worthiness of being the "First first mate of the land."

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

Not only the present students admire and love her but the alumnae send their love and regards to her. No girl will ever forget her interest and mother love that has helped countless girls over the rough spots in school life.

If ever Mrs. Roemer is ill the entire student body misses her and wishes for her speedy recovery. When Dr. and Mrs. Roemer leave the campus for any length of time they always send us a message of their love and thoughts of us. Never were there two people more suited to guide this ship Lindenwood than the Roemers.

May we all express our appreciation and love of Mrs. Roemer and wish her many more happy birthdays.

What We Are Thankful For In 1936

November brings to us thoughts of Thanksgiving and what it means to us. Of course, we usually think first of all of our personal pleasures, especially if we are away and return home to old friends, the entire family and all its relatives, good things to eat and pleasant things to do.

If we don't do those things, however, we may still be everlastingly thankful and grateful for the enjoyable way in which we live our lives today. We might even be thankful for the opportunity which is keeping us away from home.

The beauty of the month should fill our hearts with love and gratitude colored with and warmed by the glowing shades of autumn. There is a certain pleasure and forgetfulness to be found in the soft yellow, orange, brown and red of the leaves piled against a sky of hazy blue or smoky sun dimmed-grey.

November presents so many delightfully contrasted days that we can not help but look forward to them. The week may have long gloomy days, grey and rain-filled, dimmed with foggy mists and biting winds. The same week may offer us days of pleasant sharpness and a suggestion of winter and snow in an occasional wind that shakes down a few more glorious leaves to provide a crisp carpet beneath our feet. Then too, Indian summer returns to haunt us with its last days of drowsy weather, an almost hot sun lighting sky to brilliant blue and splashing the trees with added color.

This sounds like philosophy and preaching to you? Perhaps, but you are truly hard and utterly lacking in appreciation if you cannot derive an even minor sense of satisfaction and thankfulness from this glamorous and dramatic gesture on the part of nature who extends November as a compensation for the long cold months of winter which are to follow, and are all too often harsh and colorless.

How Lindenwood Voted Staunch Arguments On Both Sides

Even if Governor Landon lost the election he carried Lindenwood by a good margin; 313 votes were cast out of which Landon received 185, Roosevelt 135, and Thomas 3. Election day was pretty quiet around here but there were 185 very disappointed girls. For the first time in four years the lights were left on until after midnight and the girls appreciated it for it gave them an opportunity to listen to the latest election returns.

Speaker at Little Theatre

Mrs. George Conant, former instructor at Lindenwood, was a guest speaker at Lindenwood's Little Theatre recently. She is connected with St. Louis' Little Theatre. The five plays to be presented this year at that theatre were described by Mrs. Conant.

The League of Women Voters sponsored a meeting Monday afternoon, November 2, at 5 o'clock in the Library club rooms to acquaint the students with the seven major issues of the platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties. The girls spoke briefly but concisely on the various phases. Each student taking part was well acquainted with her subject and quite loyal to her party. The entire meeting was quite worthwhile and was attended by a large number.

The Democratic side was upheld by:

Edna Martin, Introduction to the party; Emily Jane Buxton, The Constitution; Gwen Payne, Agriculture; Kay Ackerman, Social Security; Bettie Hurwich, Finance; Rene Kiskadden, Labor; Sara Lee Auerbach, Unemployment; Winifred Travis,

Foreign Policy; and Gwen Payne, who gave the conclusion.

The Republican girls taking part were:

Eleanor Blair, Introduction; Virginia Douthat, the Constitution; Mary Brittin, Agriculture; Sally Wilson, Social Security; Betty Cragin, Finance; Kathryn Wagner, Labor; Betty Breck, Unemployment; Mary Louis Wetzel, the Tariff; and Virginia Morsey who gave the conclusion of the ideals of the Republican party.

At the close of the speeches, tomato juice and cheese crackers were served.

Plea For Cooperation

Cooperation is important in anything if it is to be successful. There are only two week-ends left in which pictures may be taken for the annual. An annual without pictures is like bread without butter—so let's get busy and make appointments for the next two weeks.

In general the annual is coming along splendidly, due to a very competent staff. Alma Reitz heads the staff as editor; Lois Null, associate editor; Josephine Miles, business manager; Miriam McCormick, associate business manager; Eleanor Hibbard and Virginia Morsey, literary editors; Constance Osgood, organization editor; and the following girls associate organization editors: seniors—Virginia Wilkerson and Kathryn Ackerman; juniors—Betty White, Melba Deets, and LaVerne Rowe; sophomores—Harriett Bruce, Eleanor Roodhouse, Marian Hull, Jane Montgomery, and Jane Buxton; freshmen—Kathryn Mayer, Martha Jane Reubelt, Joyce Works, Harriet Pipkin, Marion Stumberg, Virginia Horner, Harriet Hall, and Adele Muehlenpfordt. The humor editor is Sue Sonnenday; art editors—Rene Kiskadden and Gracia Lou Arnold; and snapshot editor—Betty Jean Lohr.

VINCHELL

Is the famous triangle going to be definitely broken up into a plain unexciting and unromantic two-some at last? That is the current question now. Washington, you had better look to your jewels!

Election is over and Bertha is the one that knows it! Orchard Farm has stirred into activity again. So active, in fact, that football games are being discussed.

Who was it said "O, I've never been so insulted in my life!" Ummmmmmmm interesting.

There is nothing like picketing, with five balloons, before the store giving them out, I understand, to gain one's point.

The fascinating "play boy" is fast becoming a dull, uninteresting "true blue boy". Congratulations, D.P.

"Boardeeeeeee"; that was certainly revealing, wasn't it?

All of our playboys are settling down. T. W. is the eighth wonder of this fast-moving town. I guess his fickle heart has met its match.

Wedding bells are tolling in the distance (around Christmas time). It seems sort of a shame that such a "Heavenly Thing" is going to be taken out of circulation. I do think that when you get yourself engaged though, you could attend a dinner given by the fiancée's mother without getting sick—look at the reflection, or something!

Flash!!!! Notice to a young merchant; beware of girls, telegrams, and telephone calls. Remember the trouble that the latter combination caused you last time. You might have to go dancing again on a Saturday night to get yourself in the good graces of another party. (Or is that fun?)

CAMPUS DIARY

By E. B.

Monday, Nov. 2. The day before election and a general atmosphere of wondering who'll do what. A most interesting and informative meeting under the auspices of the League of Women Voters.

Tuesday, Nov. 3. Election day. Polls open from eight to five. Mr. Motley and Dr. Roemer had some fun. So did the voters—marking ballots and feeling grown-up. Lights on till 12!

Wednesday, Nov. 4. More gloomy looking people. Republicans probably. And staying up to listen to the returns didn't help some people. That girl in Irwin who made a bet with a Democrat. Y. W. was very clever and entertaining to say the least. Where do some people get some of their ideas?

Thursday, Nov. 5. The Beta Pi Theta tea. Where were some of the French students who were invited? Out hiding because of grade-disgust! No Thursday chapel. Some people studied in the free hour, O yes!

Friday, Nov. 6. People going home for weekends and looking awfully happy about something.

Saturday, Nov. 7. Who's that Freshmen who weekended in St. Louis and had so much fun and so many dates, football game and all? She's cute, too!

Sunday, Nov. 8. Well, what could you expect? Some people come back from the football game with a cold and a breakfast guest.

Monday, Nov. 9. We hope everybody went to class. Remember the grades came out last week. Triangle Club had a meeting, you know that select and scientific group. (?) So did the Spanish Club.

Tuesday, Nov. 10. Student Control of Chapel. Did Alma make an announcement?

Tuesday, Nov. 10. The Sigma Tau Delta had a 6:30 meeting. All these meetings are going to lead to something.

Wednesday, Nov. 11. Just another day. If people don't quit going out to dinner so early and grabbing all the tables and cabs!

Thursday, Nov. 12. Dr. Rowena M. Mann gave a most interesting lecture. Seems like home (almost) to get ready around 8 o'clock.

Friday, Nov. 13. The big, big day. All the dramatic department breathed deeply and thank you Miss Lemen for the clever and splendid play. It had a certain touch! Those boys were cute, but we liked the maid.

Saturday, Nov. 14. Some people went to see "Boy Meets Girl." Did they have a good time, matinee of course.

Sunday, Nov. 15. Sundays are prone to be a trifle alike. Of course, if you can go into the city or home it's nice, isn't it, L.L.?

Monday, Nov. 16. Well, well, Dean, how was the Kentucky Club meeting? Was the Y. W. parlor large enough?

Tuesday, Nov. 17. The Student Music Recital and all went well. It's too bad a certain blonde likes to giggle, but she was good this time.

Percentage Charts

Each week Dr. Schaper is placing percentage charts on the bulletin board across from her office. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor has been issuing these charts which deal in percentages regarding types of jobs, salaries, working days, and other data. Girls who plan to do office work will find the charts especially interesting.

College Poetry

We are pleased to present the following poems. They are those contributions submitted to the poetry contest which entitled the writers to become new members of the College Poetry Society. The winning poem, "A Vision", by June Robinson, was published in the last issue.

HOW DOES HE THINK?

By Virginia Morsey, '39

A pebble dropped into a silent stream
Makes ripples spreading outward towards the banks.
If one can make what seems a passing dream
Into some useful thought, he'll gain the thanks
Of men, for men are fickle, and they see
What others see, and say, "It's right, of course."
Their minds are like the stream which cannot be
Dissuaded from its path except by force;
And so a man will think a thing is true
And take it as a truth without a thought.
If e'er he finds his neighbor thinks it too,
He'll know it's right—the facts can go for naught.
A thought can often like a pebble be
And sweep mankind like ripples towards the sea.

NIGHT NOISES

By Martha Emerson, '39

There are
So many strange things heard at night;
The low deep rumblings of a train,
The roar of trucks upon the distant highway,
The low of cattle on their way to market
Ignorant of the fate which is to come,
The creak of insects as they call to one another,
The chirp of birds calling to their mates on high,
The drone of voices underneath my window,
And your breathing soft and slow and deep.

THE SCREECH OWL'S CRY

By LaVerne Langdon, '39

The screech owl's cry is a far off sound,
Even when it's near.
A rather vague sound
Even when it's clear—
It's a sound of a million fears
That go trailing through the night.
It's the sound of a ghost's voice
When the thing is out of sight—
The foreboding, bubbly whimper
Of a spirit numb with fright.

BECAUSE I AM GROWN

By Dorothy Wagner, '39

It's strange to know that I am grown and find
That once I really knew not what was pain
And can laugh now at tears, which as the rain
Of spring, were stormy, frequent—not unkind.
The hurts and hazy fears in my own mind
That now because of age I would be fain
To speak aloud—would then have seemed so plain
To solve—for children speak to ease their pain.

SONNET

By Frances Lane Alexander, '40

The night swirled round us with a lacy sheen
And filled our eyes with stardust as it fell.
I held my breath and feared it all a dream
And dared not say a word to break the spell.
While in the narrow place between the hills
We saw a river flowing swiftly by;
And fields of corn that in the moonlight still
Were lifting swaying arms up to the sky.
Tonight I try to catch that spell and find
The river flows no more; where corn grew tall
Is nothingness; the very night seems blind.
I thought the night alone did me enthrall,
But now that you are gone I find it true,
I only thrill to night when I'm with you.

A TRIO OF TRIOLETS

By Patricia Mulligan, '40

I love him so much
That it's getting quite funny.
We always go "Dutch."
I love him so much
That when we go "Dutch"
I lend him the money.
I love him so much
That it's getting quite funny.

Live life as it comes
And you'll never know sorrow.
Be carefree as drums.
Live life as it comes,
For worry just numbs.
Don't think of tomorrow
Live life as it comes
And you'll never know sorrow.

He loves me. He loves me not.
A daisy ought to tell.
To know this I would give a lot.
He loves me. He loves me not.
A daisy ought to know what's what.

It knows I love him well.
A daisy ought to tell.
He loves me. He loves me not.

TEA MOSAICS

By Eva Allred, '40

A crystal vase
On snow-white lace
On a teakwood table low.

A vermilion park
In a brown log's heart
In an ancient fireplace aglow.

A golden band
On dark Steinway grand
In a corner chameleon with light.

Small crafts of tea
In their amber sea
In a cup, blue-veined and white.

FOR, LO, THE WINTER IS PAST

By Martha Lou Munday, '40

Bleak winds
Have calmed their moans
To sighs of vagabond breezes,
Seeking budding trees to toss
In madcap glee.
Wild streams
Rush down to river and sea,
Welling with snows from frosty peaks,
And soothing into quieter pools
As they advance

The sun,
So long restrained
And veiled in gray snow-skies
Bursts forth again! For, lo,
The winter is past.

IMPRESSIONS ON AN AUTUMN DAY

By Bettie Faxon, '40

Lonely, against a gray sky
A tree stands;
A last sentinel
Of autumn.
Like weapons,
On the leafless branches,
The twigs point sharply,
Guarding against
A sudden siege
Of winter.

Snap!
Could it have been
Such a slight wind
That forced the
Last tendril to
Loosen its grip
And allow the
Leaf to leave
The bare branch
And, trembling,
Float to the ground?

SONNET

By Barbara Scott, '40

If you were here again with me, I'd find
New beauty in this dark and gloomy day.
I think of times we walked together, blind
To drabness, finding joy along the way.
We stood beneath the dripping oak tree's boughs
And laughed when raindrops pattered through the leaves.
What difference made one day of stormy clouds
To one who never doubted, but believed
That happiness would last? Ah, such a change!
The rain today is mingled with my tears;
The moaning of the wind is low and strange;
And all alone I fight disturbing fears.
I thought I liked the rain, but now I know
'Twas only that you said you loved it so.

THE QUESTION

By Sue Sonnenday, '39

Is my love so little, so mean
That I deserve you not?
Am I worthy? Is my dream
But a foolish thought?

Am I to love, and love in vain
In seeking after you?
Will I ever be torn with pain?
Must I find something new?

You have gone—dismissed me, too,
And now I know it well,
By trying to make a heaven for you,
I won for me a hell.

CAMPUS ON A MISTY NIGHT

By Martha Lou Munday, '40

The rain is falling
Softly, gently.

As I dream
In veiled seclusion,
I can but vaguely
Vision
Diamond drops
Within the grass,
Hazy haloes
'Round the lamps,
Pearly pavements
Glistening,
Reflecting bright patches
Of windows.
As I look up,
The stars become
Tiny asterisks
Twinkling hyacinth.

The rain is falling
Softly, gently.

DEATH

By Bettie Jeanne McClelland, '40

Death comes
On tiptoe through locked doors and barred windows
And lays cool ministering fingers on hot brows.
And soothes the pain twisted bodies
And wracked, wandering brains.
And with cold breath
Blows the light out of a tear-stained eye
And makes the heart numb to all feeling and all warmth.

THE MIND IS ITS OWN PLACE

By Helen Bandy, '39

I stand at the threshold of life. So much
Lies before me—
So much to see and feel and know—
I thrill at the thought
Of crowding it all into this one short existence.
"The world is so full of a number of things"—

Places not seen
But dreamed of in the wildest of my dreams,
Sophisticated centers of continents;
Dark strange corners of the world;
Quaint rustic nooks where hidden patches
Of beauty bloom,
The more beautiful for their seclusion.
Millions of books,
Each one my passport
Allowing me to stay awhile with great men
And share their thoughts.
Ideals to strain toward,
The only reason and excuse for man.
And intermingled with all this—
The sudden bits of sweetness
That sneak into one's life
Making everything seem right and clean.

Places, books, ideals, and love—
Too much, too much for me to have
Yet it is mine,
Mine, all mine alone!

I stand at the threshold of life. So much
Lies before me—
So much to see and feel and know—
I thrill at the thought
Of crowding it all into this one short existence.
"The world is so full of a number of things"—
But why—
Why is there this great emptiness in my heart?

"I"

By Ruth Rutherford, '40

I'll never be the same. I'm crushed and broken; a disillusioned freshman. A month ago I came to this school full of confidence, never doubting that I'd revolutionize Lindenwood. Naturally, I was aware of the fact that I'd be a straight "E" student as well as president of all the organizations on the campus, and the best all-round girl that Lindenwood had ever seen. I knew that my works would be held up as an example to all students, and that teachers, when they spoke of me, as they often would, would use a tone of reverence. In the years to come I knew they'd say with pride, "She went to school here", or "I knew her when—."

I was sure that I was a literary genius whose works would be cherished by my teachers. I thought that perfect English themes would drip from my pen.
Alas, it is not so. I've been here over a month, and I find I'm not by any means the most popular girl on the campus. I'm not president or

even an officer in anything. From the looks of the papers I've been getting back, I'll be doing marvelously well if I get an "M" average.

The only time teachers use my papers as examples is to show the students what happens to girls who don't pay attention in class. The only time teachers speak of me is to suggest something, and in the years to come I'm sure they'll say to students, "If you don't study you'll be like a girl I once had who—"

My literary ability—it pains me to think of it. It takes me hours to decide upon a subject I think is halfway decent, and then it never suits dear teacher. The genius I thought was in me has evaporated like ether. My work comes back with more red than blue ink on it, and my themes have even been marked "stuffy and illogical." Such disappointment—I spend hours over a theme that I think will convince the reader that I'm a child prodigy, and she sends it back marked "trite".

I'm a changed person. I realize that I don't know everything there is to know, and that my teacher is telling the truth even though it hurts. Now, I'm even aware of why my parents sent me to college. It was because they realized how ignorant I am. I hope, but I'm not sure, that I can make them proud of me.

"END PAPERS"

By Betty Jane Burton, '39

A. Edward Newton, not only the author of this and several other fine books but also an enthusiastic collector of the very best of books—especially first editions whenever he can get his hands on them—has, with *End Papers*, produced a work worthy of anybody's and everybody's reading time.

In addition to the humorous side—remarks about himself, Newton writes in such an essay, simple, and direct style that while reading this book, I fancied myself sitting face to face with the man and listening attentively as he related choice incidents concerning his literary acquaintances and friends—his favorite writers and their most outstanding works. With such intimacy and with such a flow of knowledge does he speak of Boswell, Johnson, Goldsmith, Anthony Trollope, Dickens, and others of years long since past, that one would think Newton to have been the bosom pal of each.

I never knew before that Robert Louis Stevenson began his literary career at the age of six when, trying for the prize offered by his uncle, he wrote a history of Moses, and won, too. I never knew that the great Dr. Johnson had one cat, let alone two, until Newton related his amusing telephone conversation with an unknown woman, who phoned him in the middle of the night to inquire as to the name of Dr. Johnson's cat. Newton told her the name of one of the cats but informed her that the name of the other was a secret, and added that it "was a lady and 'well behaved'." Never before had I any idea of the origin of the Christmas card. Now I know that the spirit derived from Dicken's *Christmas Carol* influenced the making of the first Christmas greeting card.

Newton greatly admires the late Mary Webb, whom he considers one of the best women writers in English literature. Mary Webb was in ill health most of her short life. Never did trouble, care, and poverty leave her doorstep. Her husband, a few years after their marriage, became ill with consumption. Mary Webb rose at three o'clock in the morning, picked her flowers, and

walked nine miles to the market where she sold them; then re-walking the nine miles, returned to her shack in the evening. Of this wretched woman—who was such a genius—yet who died so poverty stricken with no one appreciating or buying her books—Newton tells another touching incident. Ellery Sedgwick, an editor, when begged by Mary to pay her a visit, did so and later wrote Newton that he choked on the food as he ate it, for she looked as though she were worn to the bone, and he knew full well that she had scraped up her last shilling to prepare for him even that humblest of meals.

John Mytton was another interesting character of whom the author relates some most amusing happenings. The best of which was the time that Mytton was ready to hop into bed, however, although he was all prepared he decided to detain his night's rest a moment longer as he wished to scare away the hiccups, which had come upon him. So he took his burning candle and touched it to his shirt-tail which immediately blazed into flames. Result—when he finally got to bed he remained there quite some time.

These and many more are the events which take place in *End Papers*. So charming are the bits of information that Newton writes of these literary geniuses and their works that I am not in the least satisfied in reading *End Papers*—I am urged on to read the whole of the works of them whom Newton has so idolized within these pages.

DEFEAT

By Dean Crain, '39

Lyne felt proud of herself that morning. And why shouldn't she? She had attained every goal she had started out to reach. She smiled faintly at her reflection in the mirrors as she unpacked the new hats for her department. It seemed a long time since she had left her home in the middle-west and had gone to seek her fortune in the city of sky-scrapers. By a few simple changes in the spelling of her name she had removed all chances for her father to trace her.

She reviewed in memory the first few months as an ordinary salesgirl, the tiresome job of standing on her feet eight hours each day. Then she thought of her promotions, reveling in each, until the greatest of all was now in her possession. She, Lyne Edgemont, was the buyer for the exclusive hat department in Wefer's Shop.

Surveying her likeness, it was impossible to associate this glittering figure with that of the gangling, frightened creature who had first come into that store eleven years before. And now, a woman of twenty-seven, outwardly perfect in manner, dress, and looks, she had just completed her pattern for a satisfactory and charming life. She was engaged to J. Wallington Crosse, member of a wealthy family, member of numerous clubs, and one of the Four Hundred. If all went well, and as she had planned, after meeting his family that night, she would be accepted as one of them.

A sheer chiffon, black as midnight to set off her corn-colored hair and bring out the startling greyiness of those hard eyes, was the dress she had selected with such great care for her first appearance before the Crosse family. She had given infinite attention to each article of this ensemble and was well-pleased with her purchases. The one remaining thing to be bought was a hat—the work of an artist, the model of perfection—and the instant she pulled the metallic evening beret from its wrappings in the last box, she knew

she had found exactly what she wanted.

Lyne's thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a customer. It seemed that this lady was meeting somebody for the first time and wanted to make a good impression.

"Just the same as I," thought Lyne. "But she shan't get the hat I want."

But that was the only hat the lady wanted. In vain, Lyne showed her all the hats she had, tried her best sales talk, almost pleaded, but the woman wanted the metallic evening beret.

"I really think this grey one is more your type," Lyne suggested none too cordially.

"It may be, but I like the little beret better," the lady replied. "Wrap it up, please."

Lyne was irritated. The rules of Wefer's Shop did not allow the clerks to purchase any article unless it had been displayed one day. She had to have that hat and she was determined that nobody else would get it. In spite of eleven years of training, her mouth took on the ugly sullen pout of her earlier years when life had been a "survival of the fittest" for her. Viciously, she injected a final remark. "Oh, very well. Of course, the hat is much too young for you; it really shows your age to a noticeable degree, but it is not I who is going to wear it. I'll be with you in a moment, madam."

The lady's face turned white with astonishment, then red with the realization that, even though the girl spoke the truth, she was doing so for selfish motives. "On dsecon thought, I don't believe I need a hat at all," she said, and hurried away.

Lyne smiled triumphantly, and returned to her work, carefully keeping the little hat out of sight.

At eight o'clock that night, Lyne stood before the mirror in her bedroom, putting final touches here and there. She was a lovely thing and she knew it. With a little luck and a great deal of common sense, she would soon be safely through the evening and ready to hand in her resignation to her store. She had worked hard for everything she had, and she felt that she was entitled to a good position, both socially and financially, in some prominent family.

Wallington called for her at a quarter after eight, and within thirty minutes she was ready to make her entrance into the living room of the Crosse mansion.

In the dimly lighted room it was impossible to distinguish their faces but it was not hard to see Lyne's hat.

"Mother, this is my fiancee, Lyne Edgemont," J. Wallington said.

Mrs. Crosse looked and saw what her son had not. She saw a greedy, ambitious girl in a metallic evening beret. "Oh, really," she purred, wishing she did not have to be so cruel, "I believe I have met her before in her own surroundings."

Lyne closed her eyes for a second to steady herself as her carefully laid plans came crashing down around her, and then smiled sadly and bitterly, "Why, yes, I believe we have."

DESPISE NOT LITTLE THINGS

By Betty Jane Burton, '39

Especially in this period of depression—many people would be more contented if they despised not little things; for it is better to have a little something in any venture in life than nothing at all.

As an example, there is the person who says, "Oh, I don't want that job; it doesn't pay enough." On he goes, hunting another position; and in six months or so we hear that he is still looking—in the meantime

having borrowed money from some relative or friend, who probably had to scrape up his last penny in order to help. So this person—unworthy of the loan—not only lowers himself but, in addition, makes the struggle more difficult for others. How much more sensible he would have been, and how much more respect he would have for himself had he taken that little job; earned the little wages; and bought at least one good meal a day. Then knowing that he himself was trying hard, he should certainly feel more at ease in asking some friend for aid. No one begins "at the top"; he commences with a little money and a little job—perhaps at the bottom of a large concern, and by doing his best he is promoted to higher positions, his money growing with every step. Finally, he may become manager of the firm and make thousands of dollars—all because he contented himself with each "little thing" as it came along.

Should anyone ask me now what one and one are, I should feel insulted, and yet that little bit of adding had to be accomplished in the first grade before I could add two and two in the second grade. At present I would not be so far along with my education as I am if I had not accepted then what now seems to be so simple.

If is a little word, but it has a big meaning. How familiar that sounds, and how true it is; for that word commands more of our daily activities than we realize. We would go on a picnic if it wouldn't rain. We will go tonight if we get some money. So many things depend upon if, and our language would be quite incomplete without it.

INCIDENT

By Janet Warfield, '40

It was a spring day when I stopped in Saint Anne's Hospital to see my nurse of the previous fall. In tune with the season, I was laden with fresh, sweet flowers. I went gaily into her room and sang a greeting to her before I noticed the haggard lines of her face.

"It's a patient", she said, laying the flowers negligently on a table. "A baby—she's been in an accident. She's only four, —. She was coming from California with her father. They were several miles out of town when a truck hit their train. It hit them, rather. The man is unconscious, and she—her back is broken. Perhaps if you took the flowers to her, it would do more good. She can't live."

When I entered the room, I saw only a very touseled dark head. Approaching the bed, I saw that the child's cheeks were tear-stained; the big, dark eyes were wide, and a depth of the unknown made them still darker.

"I've brought you some flowers, dear", I said. "Aren't they lovely?"

She nodded faintly, never lifting here eyes. Her lower lip slipped out and trembled. Finally, she said in a low voice, her eyes still on the blanket, "Where is Daddy?"

I bantered, "Oh, he's in the next room. He's a little scratched up, but you can see him later."

"I want my teddy-bear", she mumbled. "I—it hurts so! Daddy got in my way. Maybe I hurt him, then—" She stopped and cried a little. "Mommy didn't come to see me. I want her. When—when—"

"She'll come, dearest. She went to meet the train. When she finds where you are, she'll come here."

"I want her. And—and she said she got a puppy for me—" Her voice stopped, the eyes grew dark and frightened—the nurse replaced me. A few minutes later, she came

(Continued on Page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

out, her face stony.

I stumbled onto a bus. I did not care where I went. Suddenly, I became aware of two women ahead of me. One, young and lovely, was talking excitedly. "Jack said she'd grown so. I can't wait to see her! Oh, Mother,—it's been three months! And her hair—can't you see the curls Jack would make?" They both laughed delightedly.

"Won't she die of joy at the dog? She's wanted one so long. I never would let her have one before, but I never before realized how dear she is, I guess. Taking music lessons, too! What's more, loving them! What will she have on?"

I glanced at the destination card in the window. **Union Depot.** Blindly, I clutched the bell, and stumbled out.

Mankind Searching Safety and Happiness

The Rev. Robert W. Fay, of Overland, spoke Sunday evening, November 1, at vesper services. Mr. Fay's text was built around the phrase "I Want to Be Happy."

Rev. Mr. Fay contrasted the safety and security of birds and their homes and lives with those of man and his ways of living. He referred to Psalm 84, wherein we are told to turn to the Shepherd to save us. For the betterment of the new generation we should look back and up to the Shepherd and derive strength and insight from him.

The Rev. Mr. Fay quoted from some advertisements and showed the ridiculous plight of people who will be led blindly astray in search of happiness and false security.

Ruth Pinnell and Margaret Mealer sang a duet, "The Lord is My Shepherd", very beautifully, and it was greatly appreciated by the audience.

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

By Arthur

"Little Elmer" is feeling kinda' low these days—could it be competition? What dignified senior fell up a flight of stairs at the Fox theatre the other night, causing much embarrassment to her escort, saying nothing of the amusement it afforded the ushers? It seems that a certain young "Playboy" of St. Charles is very, very, much concerned about a certain young lady in Ayres Hall, soooooo he called her on the phone, and was he surprised when another young lady answered and made her interest known to him in no uncertain terms—here, here, such popularity, or whatever you call it. What's this we hear about the name of "RED" getting a certain senior all flustered? Were THEY the couple that were so interested in the Sunflower of such recent fame? Was it cold, or was it cold at the Alton dam last Sunday? Just ask the two girls whose escorts insist upon showing them what honest labor can do. Just what is this power that "Wisconsin Bill" has over a Butler junior, when just a letter can throw her into a state of ecstasy? Can it be love??? Parsley wants to know. How about it, can't you make up your mind??? Who is this Man About Town, with a Buick, who thinks he has such a way with women? Won't he ever learn?—Tick, tick. Oh, me! How nice it must be to get such loooooong typewritten letters. How about a course in the "Technique of Popularity?" It just seems to radiate from some people.

Things Permanent in A Changing World

The Rev. Mr. W. L. McColgan, of the St. Charles First Presbyterian Church, was the speaker in chapel Sunday evening, Nov. 8. The processional hymn was "The Church's One Foundation." The choir sang the anthem, "Send Out Thy Light."

Mr. McColgan took his text from Hebrews 12:27. "Those things that are being shaken are those things that can be shaken and those things that cannot be shaken are those things that remain."

The subject of Mr. McColgan's talk was "Change." He said that change is the most constant thing. One thousand years before Christ the writer of the book of Hebrews looked upon a world of change. Later on came feudalism and after that the Renaissance. The French Revolution changed the history of France. The Civil War changed the way of thinking and made all men equal. The World War tore down many things. But have we learned our lesson—which things cannot stand?

In America we have education, but many students lose faith in God when they are thrown out on the world. In America we have a machine age—factories that turn out 1200 pairs of shoes a day. Yet we have men walking the streets who do not have shoes. These men have lost faith in God. These problems prove to us that there are many things that must be shaken but the fact of God must remain a reality. He is the basic fact of the family and life. If we do not come into an understanding with God we will be shaken.

Modern man is still seeking after happiness. Truth and honesty are the factors that bring happiness. America wants to be happy—she will be happy when she enthrones truth and honesty as the banner under which she sails. These things were facts in the past and will be facts in the future. Many things will come and go but the facts of God, Christ, truth, and honesty will remain.

SIGMA TAU DELTA

Sigma Tau Delta held its first meeting last Tuesday. Alma Reitz, the president, presided and ten girls were initiated into the sorority, who were: Dean Crain, Harriett Bruce, Johnsie Flock, Margaret Bartholomew, Betty Burton, Sue Sonenday, Jane Buxton, Helen Bandy, Virginia Morsey, and Eleanor Roodhouse. Harriett Bruce was elected vice-president, Virginia Morsey, treasurer, and Johnsie Flock, secretary.

Each girl was requested to bring one of her own compositions, which was read during the meeting. Each girl was presented with a red rose at her initiation. Dr. Benson is the sponsor of the sorority. Miss Dawson was also present.

SONGS and READINGS

At Y. W. Wednesday night, November 4, a program was given, in which Babs Lawton sang a solo, accompanied by Mary Morton Watts. Babs also gave a reading. Virginia McQuarter gave two tap numbers, accompanied by Melba Combs. Charlotte Ann York gave a modern dance, which was enthusiastically received. After this part of the program, those who were going to the show were dismissed. Those who remained were entertained by piano solos given by Virginia McQuarter and Melba Combs.

Read the Linden Bark

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

It was my sad (so I thought) fortune to have a blind date for a hay-ride one night. Now blind dates are bad at any time—and especially at a time like that. However, "said" blind date proved to be all right. Do you think this is a fair test to gather an impression of him?

Wonderingly,
"Hair-brushes' Mate"

Dear "Hair-brushes' Mate":

Now I can think of no other more opportune time to get the GENERAL idea of what one's escort is like than on a hay-ride. Luckily for you the right impression was received. Hay-rides can turn out to be sad affairs—I suppose it just depends on the participants. I advise against them!

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Red hair was given to me at birth and I have never regretted it until just recently. In fact when I first started going with the "Kansas City Star" red was the color of my hair. I'm still going with him, and my hair is still red. But recent stories from blonds and what not have me worried. Would you advise being a blond, brunette, or staying as I am?

"Fulton Flash"

Dear "Fulton Flash":

"Stay as sweet as you are", etc. is my advice. The current heart throb certainly couldn't be much if a trivial thing like the color of one's hair could cut you out as being the "object of his affections." Several girls have been experimenting with their hair, but I believe only because they have new fields to conquer—you have an old one to maintain.

Trixie.

NO BED OF ROSES

A new phase has been introduced in the Alton-St. Charles football game. Alton forfeited its game to Rolla, but St. Charles is still in the running for a touchdown. Rolla has played many games this year but has few victories to its credit. Sioux City is shirking St. Charles' practice dates and Rolla, it seems, is being preferred.—We would say—it looks like a muddy track.

The Blytheville stock market shows that exams are going up while Cupid is dropping. One of our seniors almost had a heart attack after hearing the market reports but she refuses to sell short. Cupid's preferred stock will open at 7:30 and close at 11, while Exams will probably open at 100 and drop to zero—not due to the election campaign, but due to conditions in the South. Maybe she should speculate more widely and buy for future delivery.

The Board of Directors held its diamond anniversary meeting Thursday at 4 o'clock. Matters were discussed pro and con but no definite date set for the next meeting. Two of the members were unable to attend—one renounced her shares in the enterprise; the other was engaged in promoting the product of the anniversary.

The schedule to Columbia seems to have been somewhat changed. Jean tells us it has now become necessary to make three transfers before arriving there. Helllllll—lllllllooooooo Booooooardieeeeeee!

One of Ayres' seniors seems to be having quite a bit of difficulty with her Greek. She not only attends a Phi Delt dance with Beta and has a late date with a K.A., but she takes on both chapters of the K.A.'s and the Phi Delt! Only one of the K.A.'s though seems to reserve the ability of producing that twinkle in the eye. If all fraternities persist

WHO'S WHO?

With her broad Arkansas drawl, her practice teaching and her student board membership, she is outstanding on the campus. They say she really is serious about learning to cook! Her long dark hair and that cheery smile make friends for her wherever she goes. Should we say or not—but she is president of one of the campus organizations. Sure, you all know that sunny dispositioned girl that answers to the name of—

Lynn Wood Dictates

Miss Judge has just the thing, girls, to make one soft and appealing—a beeuuutiful summer ermine coat, swagger style, ripple collar, and full puffed sleeves. We hope George K. is one of those men who appreciate and notice clothes.

And Bertha looked the sweet demure thing she is when she donned that printed silk dress the other night. The colors vary from light to deep blues; the skirt is the new popular swing skirt (what Benny Goodman started!); the sleeves are full and gathered in at the wrist; and at the high neckline is a white pleated jabot. She believes O. F. deserves only the best.

Even in a mob such as the Jefferson had the other night Maurine Potlitzer stood out—it must have been that exceptionally good-looking silver metallic dress she was wearing—tunic style.

LaVerne has been wearing a stunning black suit, the coat of which is banded with civet (skunk to you) fur. More blonds should realize how good black is for their particular make-up.

KNOCK! KNOCK! GUESS WHO?

More of us should be talented, I've come to that conclusion. Five easy lessons on the violin and you too can play "Beercues". Yes, they laughed at first, but they were enthralled within five minutes. She was the main attraction at the "chicken coop". I wonder if she could get a job playing for the barn dances at O. F.?

The trio breezed up to Fulton again last week-end. Only the trio split up at Fulton—a solo taking place at Columbia. Bird's eye maple furniture is nice.

It certainly takes some people a long time to make up their minds. There was the Irwinite who started for home on Friday; got down to the bus station; came back to school; and left for home on Saturday. That's a hasty decision for you!

Wouldn't it be nice just once to tell something without that "Injun" gal piping in with "what?", "who?", or "why?". She's not alone in that fault though.

The headliner of this column last time feels he was done a great injustice all I can say is—**TIME WILL TELL ! ! ! !**

in their desire for pictures we would suggest a life-size portrait for each house.

TEA ROOM
DAINTIES
for
THANKSGIVING

Sidelights of Society

Mrs. Roemer Gives Formal Luncheon

Last Thursday Mrs. Roemer entertained over 100 ladies at a formal luncheon at Lindenwood. The students lunched earlier since the guest luncheon was served at 1 o'clock in the dining room of Ayres Hall. The afternoon hours were spent playing bridge and other games in the library club rooms.

Sue Greer Who Presided At Tea



Beta Pi Theta, French sorority, gave a formal tea Nov. 5, at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms with Sue Greer, president, chief host. The tea was given for students from all the French classes. Dean Gipson and Miss Wurster poured. Tea, coffee, chocolate cake, nuts, and mints were served.

Y. W. C. A. Play

The play given in Roemer Auditorium Friday, Nov. 13, was very well attended and was a successful piece of work. The play "Mrs. Moonlight" by Benn W. Levy is a rather difficult one to handle because of the delicacy of characterization. Furthermore it covers quite a period of years, from 1881 to 1936, and plays of this type are usually hard to keep light and to hold the interest of the audience.

While the play was neither a tragedy nor comedy, it had aspects of both and Lindenwood is proud of the director, Miss Lemen, in bringing out the very best in her players.

Twelve New Dancers

Tau Sigma, the Lindenwood dance sorority, met Monday, in the Library Club Rooms. Twelve girls were initiated into the sorority, refreshments were served and plans for future meetings were discussed.

The new members are Jean Dornblaser, Martha Jane Reubelt, Louise Harrington, Virginia McQuarter, Virginia Horner, Cora Louise Krug, Charlotte Yokum, Mary Ellen deMaro, Julia Lane, Molly Gerhart, Lois Penn and Betty Faxon.

Triangle Elects

The Triangle Club, a scientific organization, held its first meeting Monday evening, November 9, at the home of Miss Karr.

The club elected as officers Ethel Duebbert, president; Kathryn Hill, vice-president; and Mary Beth Baptist, secretary.

After the meeting Miss Karr served tea-cakes and tea to the members of the club.

Honors in Spanish Club

Ann Bagnell was announced as winning the honorary membership in El Circulo Espanol, the Spanish Club, at its initiation and pledging ceremonies Monday night, Nov. 9, in the library club rooms. The award, which is given to the student doing the best work in the elementary Spanish class of the previous year, is a membership with all dues paid. This is quite a distinctive honor.

Jean McFarland, president of the society, opened the meeting and Ann Bagnell, secretary and treasurer, read the minutes.

Jean explained the constitution of the club to the following girls: Conchita Sutton, Kathryn Wagner, Grace Stevenson, and Margaret McDonald, all of whom were initiated into the society. Mary Kern, Ruth Mering, Frances Metzger, Martha Lou Munday, Martha Roberts, Violet Roybal, Helen Schmutzler, Jane Sidebotham, Beverly Turner, and Sally Wilson were pledged to the club.

Each girl was presented with a red rose during the ceremony. The members present at the meeting were Jean McFarland, Maurine Potlitzer, Eleanor Roodhouse, Rose Mary Williams, vice-president of the club, Celsa Garza, and Ann Bagnell.

After the ceremonies Spanish songs were sung and refreshments served. Betty Breck, Betty Cragin, Margaret Jane Clothier were to have been pledged and Shirley Spalding was to have been initiated but they were unable to attend.

Dr. Terhune sponsors El Circulo Espanol.

Eleanor Cavert enjoyed a visit with her family from Independence, Kans., over the week-end. Eleanor's parents, her brother, and her girl friend were accompanied from Independence by Mrs. Boomis, mother of Pat Boomis, also here in school. The two families spent an enjoyable week-end together.

Jean Kirkwood, former Student Board president, of Lawrenceville, Ill., spent the week-end on campus visiting old friends. She was a luncheon guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McColgan. Mrs. McColgan was the former Allie Mae Bornman and a close friend of Jean's.

Florence Marie Columbia spent the weekend in the city visiting friends and relatives. Betty Boles accompanied her in, Friday night, but returned to Lindenwood Saturday, while Florence Marie remained until Sunday.

Ann Bagnell spent Saturday and Sunday in the city visiting Mrs. James B. Milligan, a former student here and a classmate of Ann's sister, who was here several years ago.

Students, Attention!

Watch for the 20th!! The Fleet is going into action. It is in dry dock getting primed for summer maneuvers. Have you enlisted?

Are you eligible—? Are you alive—? Are you interested—? Are you interesting—?

If so visit Y. W. parlors Friday afternoon at 5 p. m., Nov. 20. For preliminary information see Ensigns Watts, Deming, and Tesch.

Anita Warden enjoyed a brief visit from her father Wednesday afternoon. Wish we had a father whose business headquarters were in St. Louis. How does it feel, Anita, to see him so often?

Doris Margaret Heineman, Spainy Ursery, Janet Jalonick, and Justine Hansen spent the weekend in Belleville, Ill., visiting friends.

Seeing American Artists

Dr. Linnemann directed an informing trip to the St. Louis Art Museum last Saturday, taken by about 80 art students. Their main objective was the Exhibition by American Artists now on view at the Art Museum. Later in the season, a second expedition will be taken by this group.

Pi Alpha Delta Organizes

At a recent meeting of Pi Alpha Delta, Latin sorority, the following girls were chosen as officers for the coming year: president, Betty Jane Burton; vice-president, Mary Elizabeth Jolley; secretary and treasurer, Margaret Burton; hostesses, Josephine Miles and Loraine Pyle. Plans for the meetings of the year were made, and the tea which is given for members and their friends was discussed.

International Relations Club

At the International Relations Club meeting last Wednesday, those who wished to join were given the opportunity to do so. Dr. Pugh gave a talk on "Armistice". Dr. Benson was a visitor. After the meeting everyone was served tea.

Ann Bagnell will have as her guest during Thanksgiving holidays her roommate Betty Boles.

Mildred Ann Atkinson and Gwen Wood visited friends in Irwin during the weekend. Both girls graduated last June. Gwen is now doing graduate work in Louisville, Kentucky.

Betty Dimit of Stephens College was a weekend guest of Kathryn Wagner on Nov. 7-9.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cammann visited on campus a short time Wednesday. Mrs. Cammann was the former Arabelle Wycoff who was a sophomore here last year. She was married Nov. 7, and they were just completing their honeymoon.

Jane Holbrook, a sophomore at Lindenwood last year, visited friends in Sibley and Irwin over the weekend.

Marny Love, Melba Combs, and Wilda Wise spent the week end in Chicago.

Effie Reinemer spent the weekend at the home of Ethel Dubbert in Marthasville, Mo.

Ruth Reinert spent the weekend at her home in St. Louis.

Doris Danz spent the week-end at her home in Union, Mo.

Dorothy Ervin will spend Thanksgiving vacation with Dorothy Randall in Steeleville, Ill.

Shirley Spalding will spend her Thanksgiving vacation with her aunt in St. Louis.

ART SORORITY MEETS

Members of Kappa Pi, the Art sorority met recently and laid plans for a special meeting which is to be held Nov. 19. This meeting will be held in the club rooms of the library and refreshments will be served. Rules and requirements were discussed at this past meeting, and possible pledges were mentioned.

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November 17th and 18th

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A Paramount Picture with
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Jean Parker

— Also Selected Shorts —

THURSDAY, NOV. 19th.

Double Feature—

Show Starts at 7:30 P. M.

"MA - MA! That Woman's Here Again!"

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Charlie Ruggles—Mary Boland
with Adolphe Menjou in

"WIVES NEVER KNOW"

No. 2—Patricia Farr in

"LADY LUCK"

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