

LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 7.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, January 7, 1936.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson attended the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which was held in St. Louis, December 30, and following days. Dr. Gipson was a guest at the wedding of Dr. Ennis, in Petersburg, Ill. It was a lovely occasion, and doubly enjoyable because of the reunion of so many old acquaintances. Miss Alice Parker served as bridesmaid. Miss Parker is on leave of absence for the purpose of doing graduate work at the University. Mrs. George Bierkoe, the former Elcanor Tupper, head of the history department here, was also present. Her husband, Rev. George Bierkoe of Boston was the officiating clergyman. Another former member of Lindenwood's faculty, Miss Lydia Jahn (now Mrs. Fred Gambrill), was also a guest. It was a very distinguished group.

Luncheon Enjoyed

By Lindenwood Alumnae

Lindenwood loyalty seemed to break out in the form of song, according to Mr. Motley, who attended the meeting of the Fort Smith (Ark.) Lindenwood College Club in that city on Saturday, December 7. Among the 32 alumnae in attendance were three graduates of the class of 1886, namely, Mrs. J. D. Southard, Mrs. Fred G. Speer, and Mrs. Chauncey Lick. They defended their college days against the activities here today, and their comments started an open discussion by graduates of various years.

A group of fifteen high school seniors in attendance presented a playlet, "Around the Clock at Lindenwood", representing a day's program here at college. This clever skit preceded the lovely luncheon which was held in the Gold Room of the Ward Hotel. The dining room was decorated in the Lindenwood colors, and Arkansas and Oklahoma pennants hung on the walls. The tables were enhanced by huge yellow and white chrysanthemums, and individual place cards bearing the Lindenwood pennant furthered the attractiveness of the scene. During the luncheon each girl spoke a few words and these short talks were followed by singing and more singing. Mr. Motley said they had difficulty in breaking up the luncheon meeting because of the prevailing spirit of all those present.

In the afternoon, the group went to the home of Miss Helen Roper, president of the club, where they had tea and made plans for a spring luncheon for prospective Lindenwood students.

PIES HOME-MADE

in the
TEA ROOM

Audience Enjoys Play

Actors give realistic performance of "Christopher Bean"

"The Late Christopher Bean", a comedy in three acts, was presented Friday evening, December 13, at 8 o'clock. The play was a great success and the audience could no longer restrain itself when the curtain came down on the last scene but gave vent to its feeling by applauding for several minutes.

The play takes place in "New England in the winter time" as Mrs. Haggett says. The scene is in the Haggetts' dining room, which has a collection of paint cans and furniture from the other rooms in the house, moved into the dining room because of the painting going on. The customary round dining room table was to the audience's left, with the doctor's desk to the right, beneath the staircase. Upstage was the buffet and the doctor's cabinet, and to the extreme left was the fire-place.

It is notable that the girls so consistently stayed in character. The audience could easily forget that the actors were any but the persons being portrayed. Evelyn Brown was a conscientious little country doctor whose heart was really in the right place when he finally found it. What could he do, with Ada and Mrs. Haggett nagging at him all of the time? Natalie Allen as Ada was quite the aging lass looking for a man, and Betty Brown as Mrs. Haggett was there to see that she got him. The fun in the play was dependent largely upon Betty, and she certainly did her part. Can't you just see her yet acting so demure when she found that the first Mr. Davenport had given the doctor \$100? And what a pitiful sight when she had to tell that she had burned the pictures of the "Late Christopher Bean".

Susan (Mary Frances Campbell) was certainly not her mother's daughter, but everyone liked her. She played her part well. Warren (Margaret Bartholomew) thought so, too, for he was much smitten with "Susy". Margaret made quite a handsome lad. We felt sure he'd be a famous artist some day, and then the real Davenport settled everything. Babs Lawton did a nice piece of work as Dr. Davenport. That air of refinement, learning, and infallible artistic judgment was quite convincing. The audience somehow felt that all would be well as soon as he appeared. Florence Wilson easily told us the part Tallant was to play. We knew he was a villain the minute he stepped upon the stage, and at no time had cause to change our judgment. Rosen (his colleague, as played by Edwin Peuter), was as smooth and insipid as could be asked.

Lastly, Abby must be spoken of, for it was around her that the action revolved. Ellen Ann Shachner played the part. Never for a moment did she lose character. She held the

All About Christmas

Seniors Long Will Remember the Party of 1935

The Christmas party started off with, should one say, a "bang"—that's for Fourth of July—no, with a gust of Wintery enthusiasm (incidentally did you feel that "gust of enthusiasm" when you went out of the building?) The dining room had been changed into Santa's finest banquet hall. First of all everybody ate, and how they ate! Chicken salad, french fried potatoes, carrots and peas, rolls cranberry sauce, ice-cream with pictures of Santa on it, little Santa cookies, coffee, every kind of candy one could think of from stick candy to candied grape-fruit peels, to say nothing of tomato juice to begin with, and nuts to wind the whole thing up.

There was entertainment by the sleighful. Dr. Roemer introduced the "getter-uppers" of the program, Miss Reichert, Miss Stookey, Miss Bailey, and of course as Santa's constant helpers at Lindenwood, Miss Hough and Miss Foster. When every one was in the dining room and fully seated, settled and waiting, Catherine Clifford and Charlotte York danced the cutest "twin tap". They were dressed alike except for the color of the suits, one being red and the other green. The sextet sang Christmas carols, and following them the Lindenwood chorus, made up of the kitchen employees, sang three spirituals. This was the treat the whole crowd had been waiting for. And then the surprise of the evening, Catherine Howard tapped and sang to "Truck-in" and could she dance and could she sing and COULD SHE TRUCK!

Incidentally, when Santa started handing out the presents he looked suspiciously and sounded exactly like a little girl from the third floor of Sibley that plays basketball, but of course it really was Santa. There were gifts of every size, kind and shape, for every one that was there, from the one who bakes Lindenwood's pies, to that real little one, son of the real big one who "fixes radios".

It was all exciting and gobs of fun, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer we thank you heaps, and those of us who won't be back next year, will carry away and treasure it for many years, the memory of the Christmas party of 1935.

sympathy of her audience. How lovable she was as she described "Chris", how mischievous she was when helping Susan and Warren to elope, and how strong when she saw how those whom she had served so loyally had attempted to trick her. Those who saw Abby took away a vivid picture of a splendid woman.

All in all, the acting in the play showed talent. The audience felt that that its time had been well spent.

The play was presented under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and was directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon. The stage manager was Myrna Huddleston.

Popularity Queen

Beautiful Blonde Majesty, Marie Louise

Marie Louise Christensen, was crowned Popularity queen, Wednesday night, December 18, at 9 o'clock at the Christmas dance, in Butler Gymnasium. The queen was preceded by her two maids of honor, Constance Osgood, junior class, and Jean Kirkwood, senior class.

"Chris" wore a beautiful white satin dress, cut on the simple but flattering princess lines. Small puffed sleeves were dropped off the shoulder and tied in bows at her elbows. Buttons of the material ran down the back of the dress, from the moderately low neckline. She carried an arm bouquet of talisman roses.

Santa Claus crowned her with a wreath of flowers as she knelt in front of the throne. She then presented gifts to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and Dr. Gipson.

"Chris" is active in school activities, a member of the Athletic Association, Beta Chi, and Beta Pi Theta. Last fall she rode in the horse show in St. Louis and placed in several of the classes.

With her blonde hair and blue eyes, she made a perfect picture as she stood on the dais and greeted her subjects. It was easy to see why she was chosen, with her charm and beauty.

Music, Dancing, Football

One Evening at Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. had an amateur contest as its program Wednesday evening. Jane Montgomery gave an interpretive dance "Your Map and Mine", and made a clever use of masks. She was accompanied by Eleanor Blair. Jean Williams gave a piano solo, "Stardust", with syncopation by Mary Stuhler. Grace Stevenson rendered a harmonica solo of "Turkey in the Straw". Jane Buxton and Mary Wetzel "amateured" Jane playing the piano and Mary Louise giving the opening chorus. Helen Sempres accompanied by Emily Floyd gave an original tap dance. The Harmony Group composed of Kathryn Ackerman, Joe Miles, Mary and Sue Greer, Ethel Gard Barry, and accompanied by Marjorie Hickman, sang songs of a spiritual motif.

The "Burton Sisters and Pyle" gave an exhibition of football as mother would have had it played. Martha Malcolmson gave a nose guitar solo. Margaret Winder sang two original compositions accompanied by Arabelle Wycoff. The prize went to Margaret Winder and Arabelle Wycoff.

The 15 dolls dressed for the poor children of St. Charles were on display.

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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TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1936.

The Linden Bark:

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,—
Some break their fast and so depart away;
Others stay to dinner, then depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Joseph Henshaw. "Horae Successio".

What Happened, 120 Years Ago

Tomorrow, January 8, is Andrew Jackson Day. To most of us that statement has a faintly familiar sound, but in our haggard state after the Christmas parties we'd rather turn over and go back to sleep than think about it. However in order to save everybody the trouble, the writer is going to awaken you thoroughly and then explain the significance of the whole affair.

On the 8th of January, 1815, the Battle of New Orleans was fought and won by the Americans under the leadership of General Jackson, against the British, thus ending the War of 1812.

Opposite the White House in Washington, D. C. stands an equestrian statue of General Jackson, which is decorated with wreaths on this day.

Members of the Democratic party observe the day with banquets and speech making, in honor of the man who was one of the staunch supporters and founders of the Democratic party.

Well, but what has that to do with us, you groan with one eye partly open. Just this, dear little social butterfly, (who probably won't "fly" again until Spring vacation) it's not very long until we'll be having a national election for the presidential candidate. It's up to you as members of these United States to start thinking. It isn't a matter of party, Democratic, Republican, Socialist, or what, it's a matter of which is honestly the better man for the position of governing your country. The writer is a Republican, and proud of it, perhaps the reader is a Democrat, but after all aren't we all working for the same ultimate end, that this country may be free from what has burdened down other countries, dictatorship, communism and other evils that would harm the generations of American citizens to come? I believe we are, and while the theories may be different, we all want what is going to be the very best. So you Democrats wake up and sing for old Andrew Jackson, and possibly we Republicans will sing a song for him too, just because he was for America.

Shall the United States Participate in the Olympics?

My,—there's been a lot of fuss about the United States entering in the Olympic games of 1936: should they or shouldn't they? Some think our disagreement with Hitler's politics is no reason for withdrawal others (rather like the U. S. Senate in regard to the World Court question) attain a high degree of exclusiveness and favor the United States staying home. But listen to what some of our leading L. C. athletes have to say—

Betty Butler—"In 1936 Olympics we seem to have a political undertaking intended to glorify the Nazi program. In participation, it would be asking the athletes and the supporting public to join in promoting a political motive of a government whose ideas do not fit in with American principles."

Jane Bowman thinks the United States should send contestants on the condition that the Nazi government will not be concerned with the games but these will be in the hands of an Olympic Committee.

Marion Randolph says, "I think the United States should enter, it seems peculiar that we should be the only nation to get excited about it, when other nations closer to Germany are not."

Effie Reinemer believes participation would stimulate satisfaction, and sportsmanship.

Grace Stevenson thinks the Olympics are purely competitive sport, and politics should not hinder our entrance.

Doris Lee Atteberry, "I think the United States should enter. Our failure to participate might create hard feeling between the United States and Germany."

Janet Scroggin, "It seems only fair for us to participate in the Olympics since the other countries have cooperated with us in the past."

Last but not least the head of basket-ball (Jean Thomas) disapproves of Hitler's policies and thinks that the United States should take no part.

Oh, well—we'll have to wait until later, to find out if the United States can go out and play with the other children.

The pupils of Miss Walker gave an interesting recital at 5 o'clock December 10. The girls all maintained excellent poise, and did notable work. The solos were by Durine Riddle, Mary Louise Mills, Ellen Louise Eby, Maxine Meyers, Arabel Wycoff, Mary

Jane Gill, Adele Byers, Johnnie Flock, Dorothy Huff, Ruth Pinnell, and Val Jean Aldred. At the closing of the program the class, in ensemble, sang three numbers: "Faith, Hope, and Love", (Shelley); "Evening Shadows", (Ricci); and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod", (Nevin).

COLLEGE DIARY

By S. S.

Dec. 11—After all the fur-coat excitement last night, there's much buzzing around today. Everyone felt better when the girls came back with their coats this morning. Adele and Arabel are heroines of the first class.

Dec. 12—A nice recital by the music students this morning and those lucky enough to be in the journalism class were delightfully entertained at luncheon in the Tea Room by Mrs. Underwood.

Dec. 13—Friday the thirteenth. Nobody seems to be worrying about anything, though, unless it's how many months it will take for the next week to pass. "The Late Christopher Bean" was grand. Shachner was at her best and one Barrymore is going to be jobless if Evelyn Brown keeps it up.

Dec. 14—Rather a barren Saturday on campus. Everyone seems to have but one idea—Christmas shopping. I really thought Lindenwood had been moved into the St. Louis stores. Such mobs.

Dec. 15—The Christmas concert tonight was lovely, and the new idea for lighting the big tree was an impressive ceremony.

Dec. 16—The first flakes of snow this morning didn't seem to bother the quantities of L. S. shoppers downtown this afternoon.

Dec. 17—Had our house-party tonight and enjoyed singing, dancing, and food. Somehow, no one seems to be accomplishing much in the way of work....

Dec. 18—The Christmas party in the dining room was the usual huge success. The presence of Santa Claus lent much to gaiety. It was fun seeing the college employees en masse.

Dec. 19—Spent most of today sitting on suitcases and getting everything ready for the big day tomorrow.

Dec. 20—I'm still in a daze from the confusion in leaving college this morning, but it's nice to be home again. Two whole weeks now.

Dec. 31—This poor diary has been sadly neglected, what with so much activity in the old home town. Even so, I'm anxious to get back to school and hear the sordid vacation details.

Jan. 4, 1936.—It's funny how college life "geth" you. Here I am counting hours again, only this time it's the hours until school begins. Just two more days at that.

Jan. 6.—A hectic day trying to get reorganized again. People are still pouring in at all hours with new clothes and beaming faces by the car load. Ah, those new diamonds!

Organ Numbers

Well Interpreted

Pupils of Mr. Paul Friess gave an interesting organ recital at 5 o'clock, December 17, in Sibley Chapel. Blanche Edna Hestwood's Nocturne (Stoughton) proved a lovely tone study and the Grand Chorus (Dubois) had the grandeur and the majestic swells which one would expect from seeing the name of the selection.

Emily Floyd played another Nocturne (Faulkes), enjoyable for the sweet, clear melody which the organist ably brought out. Margaret Ann Rice's number, Repose (Kern) was not of the languid type but a very happy sort of repose, which Margaret Ann made quite vivid to her audience. The next number, Reverie (Dethier) played by Jane Gill was of the dreamier type. In a very commanding manner, Phyllis Forshee played a Bach Prelude and Fugue (D Minor), and Andante Cantabile (Widor). She definitely held the attention of her

WHO'S WHO?

We are thinking of a girl who is a Student Board member. Russia is her favorite topic of conversation. Basque moccasins are her favorite shoes. Raisins are her favorite fruit. Lima beans are her choice vegetable. And she simply dotes on onion sandwiches! With two fingers she can type faster than most typing students can pound out the keys with ten. Can you guess? If you can't here's a hint, she is a sagacious senior, a social science major, and she loves to play tiddledly winks!

On the Slooth

Vinchell

Love in Bloom budded December 7, when the sophomores threw a party, (to put it in the language of the streets). From a second story window, a most advantageous place, the writer assures you, a most enjoyable evening was spent much to the blushes of the more popular girls at Lindenwood. Incidentally, we were told that someone else was sloothing that night also, none other than a camera man with a gadget that takes pictures in the dark. (Was that gasp from you, Brownie?)

But to get back to business, "Tommy" and Jimmy were seen, some place out on campus very near to Irwin. Next time you want to hide don't wear a red dress, Miss Tommy. The much printed T. W. was here, dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse, and from all appearances he liked the moon also.

Flash!!!!—Linden Bark circulation increases! It seems that Cherry Hill has taken a great interest in the publication, could it be due to that black-headed editor of ours?

One family was well represented at the dance, but girls, after all, don't you think it would have been bigger of you to give the other boys a chance instead of monopolizing the whole party?

Weary and Judge held up the old tradition of "at least one merchant at a dance", and from somewhere out in the distance I heard the strains of "Here comes the Show Boat" and "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles".

Butch's date sure must have been cold-blooded; she found her fur coat came in handy, when I saw her, she was keeping him warm.

By a majority vote it was decided that all Wipkis laugh alike. We ought to know, there were three of 'em out here, all at one time. A fair warning was given to one some time ago, but it seems that he didn't care to heed it, at least I saw some little girl browbeating him out in front of Ayres.

Jones, was that man out here again. "It themes to me" (as Bowman would say) that you'd pick a taller man when you picked. See if you can't fix it up better next time.

And Ellen Ann, I'd be ashamed, it seems as if you should stay inside at your own party. That goes for you too, "Jitters", he who was a good looking devil.

There were just lots and lots more, but my time is up, so until the next time behave yourselves or Vinchell will burn you "if you don't look out".

audience.

Lastly, Wilma Hoen played; Prelude and Fugue, B Flat (Bach), and Prelude and Fugue, D Minor (Gehrken). She showed considerable strength of execution, and both Bach and Gehrken were very artistically interpreted.

SUNSET

By Thelma Langston

The iridescent beauty of the sky
 Envelops me with lovely reverie;
 To golden-red, by His dexterity,
 It turns, from common lapis lazuli;
 'n' now His work He hopes to magnify,
 Makes it an opalescent canopy;
 Then one last flame before obscurity
 Too beautiful and too superb to die,
 Your life, dear one, so like the sunset,
 set, grew
 Magnificent and opulent with time;
 Our love, our future life was too
 sublime—
 Too dear—too nobly splendid to be
 true;
 Then, lastly brilliant glow, our last
 good-night,
 Before your flame—your life—pass'd
 out of sight

SHINY JIM

By Jean Taggart

They all smiled to themselves when Jim Harris appeared around the corner. He gave them something to think about. Andy Hamilton was tired of leaning motionless against the awning prop. Now he could walk around. Andy was always good at speaking; when he was nine years old he could make even Lucindy Winters weep when he read "Under A Spreading Chestnut Tree" Now he could talk politics better than any man around the village. So everybody waited for Andy to start talking about Jim.

"On his way out to the place, I guess."

They all knew the "place" was the old homestead.

Just the mention of it made a lump come in Lloyd Field's throat. Things went dim before the eyes of Butch Hayercraft, the other old settler, so he moved deliberately out of the sun and sat down on the worn rock in front of the bank. Lloyd and Butch were the only ones in the group who could remember the "place" in the days when it was at its best. It was the largest in the countryside, and it was called Level Acres. They sat thinking.

Jim Harris hobbled down the other side of the street and went into a shoe shop. The door was just a little too heavy for him to open easily, and the step was always getting higher. The screen door didn't bang shut anymore. Jim stood and held it, lest it make a loud, deafening noise.

Andy cleared his throat and wiped his forehead with a bandana that had once been red. The peculiar bluish cast it had now came only from the blue dye the overalls left in the wash. It was Andy's duty, he felt, to enlighten the people, to make them gaze in awe at his words of knowledge, and, incidentally, to find out what they thought Jim Harris would really do.

"He was at the sale. Knows where all the guns 'n pianies are, I guess. Probably 'll buy 'em back, now that he's fell heir to a fortune. Wish I'd have a Aunt Bertha die."

Everybody but Lloyd and Butch laughed. They knew it wasn't right to talk lightly about the sale. They were thinking about the time when Jim's favorite gun was sold for two dollars, and the whole collection fancy ones and all, for two hundred dollars. The pianos brought almost nothing. The mahogany one had been the first player piano in the United States. The rosewood square piano and the carved walnut one Jim brought from England. A man from New York once had offered Jim a large sum of money for the mahogany one, but Jim would not sell it. "What if he did have four pianos and never

played them?" he asked. They were his.

The lump was gone from Lloyd's throat, out his cheeks were becoming hot. He had to defend Shiny Jim somehow.

"Guess Shiny'd a bought 'em back before now if he'd a wanted to."

The argument was going backwards. Andy wasn't getting a chance. That was a sign they would talk about the old days when everybody called Jim "Shiny". They hadn't called him that since the sale. After that he couldn't have his boots shined every day or wear black patent leather, high-heeled shoes when he went dancing as when he was young. People dropped that name when Shiny Jim went to live with poor Pap Carter, who could plow just a frugal existence out of the soil for his family of eight. Pap had ninety acres and always put sixty in corn, so Shiny Jim had to ride a planter or cultivator at busy times. Shiny's shoes were always heavy now, with hard composition soles. The tops were stiff and grey with dust. All the men in front of the bank knew Lloyd should not have mentioned the old name, because to recall it was to recall their youths together—Butch's and Lloyd's. Andy had to change the tone of the conversation, and he had to show that he knew all about the case.

"Guess he woulda bought back the stuff if he coulda. What 'ud he buy it with? Everybody around here gave him the last cent they ever will. Remember what Stockington said when he shelled out the money for Jim's last Fourth of July race?"

"A guy came out from New York one time." For Lloyd to defend Shiny was for Lloyd to defend himself.

"Yeh, 'n what 'ud he do? Saw what a mess the track was in. Take thousands dollars to make that 'n the stables 'n the house into what they usta be."

Lloyd's knees cricked when he got up. He slipped around the corner of the bank. Andy saw that he was dismissed. The school bell rang and that meant it was twelve o'clock. The group broke up. Butch came and stood in the shade against the side of the bank with Lloyd.

Sam Greer's son came running down the street playing a mouth organ. Lloyd remembered the night at Shiny Jim's when Sarah Baker took him, Lloyd Zimmerman, in the library and played to him on the rosewood square piano. They had left the dancing in the brightly lighted parlors where the glare of the polished copper chandeliers made the dancers dizzy, and the fiddlers and the tapping of Shiny Jim's shoes made their fingers tingle.

He remembered the night when Shiny's luck changed after all those years. One day, for the first time, Shiny missed his mark. Then the chips started going to the other side of the table.

Mrs. Greer came down the street, and Butch said, "Mornin' Saray Bakar Greer." Lloyd neither saw nor heard anyone pass.

Both men turned to watch Shiny Jim hobble down the street and get in Pap Carter's rig. Pap whipped up the horse because both men had to cultivate that afternoon. The silo had to be filled, land plowed, and wheat planted, all that fall. Pap had on his Sunday clothes. The man beside him was dressed in streaked overalls instead of the tailor-made clothes to which he had once been accustomed and which his new fortune would buy. In his pocket he had a flask with a cheap label. The sun made a glaring light around his shiny yellow shoes.

CHAINED

By Mary Jane Wishropp

Nor-man¹ may have lived in the Altamira caves forty or fifty thousand years ago. He may have been an Egyptian workman who labored at the temple of Amon-Ra at Luxor. His lips may have been among the first to tell the wonders of Christ. He has lived in every generation. He is living today; living in a Swiss village, an English county, in our own New York. Whenever Nor-man lived, whatever he did or is doing today, the whole history of his thoughts and actions is linked together in a chain² he wears around his neck.

His mother, Experience, fashioned this chain from metal of a marvelous material that continues to grow even as he grows. When Nor-man was but three years old, Strength³ fastened it on him. Never could it be taken off. No hand had power to break it, no blade to cut it. At first there were only a few crudely shapen links in it. As a beginning for the perfection which was to follow lay the stone, Truth, pure in all its parts. When Nor-man obeyed its righteous precepts its brilliant light destroyed all dark thoughts or deeds. Around Truth and proceeding directly from its endless circumference new links appeared as Nor-man grew older. Each joined smoothly with its neighbor. Each reflected the steady development of Nor-man. Be-Honest was soon added when its owner conquered Cheat, a friendly classmate. Being always willing to carry out a promise, never making vain threats, contributed the steadfast stone of Be-Sincere. After Nor-man had shunned the company of Avarice and Greed, the terrible brothers whom so many worsted, the lowly, quiet, yet powerful Be-Unselfish attached itself to the chain. A sister of Be-Unselfish was not long in following. A gentle, beautiful jewel which could be used in every deed was Be-Kind. As Nor-man began to dwell in society, to work with others, Truth forced him to use the stone called Be-Just. In studying religion, Nor-man added another, Have-Faith. Be-Loyal soon entered, a constant blue jewel, untouched by any hand of Deceit or Revenge. As soon as Be-Loyal appeared, Courage could not long delay. A white diamond, named Be-Pure, lay among the rest. At last after some twenty-five years of struggle, the smallest stone of all, the one hardest to secure, Be-Humble, completed the chain. Now the perfect work was made, without beginning, without end, existing so long as Nor-man existed, controlling Nor-man just so long as he still lived. Each stone was crude, but each stone was there. Norman could beautify and enlarge the chain as he wished, but never destroy it.

But why did he not cause it to expand to all perfectness? Why was it dull and heavy at times? Because along with Nor-man, there grew up other creatures, evil creatures, tormentors of Nor-man. These beings were called the Nam-rons⁴. Their parents, Darkness and Inefficiency, neglected the duty of bestowing upon their children the chain of Truth. To some of the children they gave a weak chain of only one stone, Courage. These children became fearless sorcerers or murderers, fearless of God or Nor-man's hosts. To others the parents gave chains which could be easily destroyed and cast off. These children added sin to sin until no particle of the chain was left. They had no guide whatsoever as to the rights of their brothers or of Nor-man. They rushed crazily through life ending either in suicide or execution.

All these vicious characters harass Nor-man. Each whispers some dark plot, some foul deed in his ear. If Nor-man listens, does as they bid, his chain become heavier, heavier, until it is unbearable in its weight and stinging ever-presence. He tries to tear the chain apart, to cover it up with the ever-ready lies Nam-ron has to suggest, but it will not yield. Its cumulative effect is a scourge far worse than any his brother may inflict upon him. It goes with him into the darkest corner, reminds him of sin though others know it not. The instant he uncovers one of its stones, whether it be Have-Faith, or Be-Just, or Be-Honest, that instant the whole chain receives an impulse for regeneration, bringing as much happiness now as it had sorrow before. Thus Nor-man may choose which chain he shall wear. It can be the gloomy, dragging pitiless chain of a prisoner; it can be the resplendent, jewel-studded necklace of a king.

1. Abbreviation for normal man.
2. Conscience.
3. No-man's father.
4. Abnormal man; Nor-man spelled backwards, as abnormal man is the reverse of normal man.

SHORT REELS

By Clara Bishop

In the course of a month a theatre usher has enough amusing experiences to fill a book. It was my fortune to have the position of head usher in the Princess Theatre at Douglas, Wyoming. I held that position during my junior and senior years in high school, and I believe I learned more from ushering than I did in school. At least, what I did learn was of more interest to me.

With the aid of my diary, I recall an incident which took place on a Thursday night—bank night. We had run out of seats and had started hanging people on the chandeliers when a man came in the lobby and wanted to know "if they was two ladies went in here a few minutes ago."

"Well," I said, "there have been plenty of women going in, and for all I know, most of them have been ladies. The one who lost her temper and used her viaduct vocabulary because there were no seats left on the first floor, was not a lady in my estimation. Nor was the one who tried to argue the ticket seller out of the penny tax just because she thought the government was getting enough taxes from gasoline. But about the two ladies you are hunting . . ."

"Aw, let it lay," he sourly responded; "I don't care a hoot about your troubles. Just thought you'd a noticed if two ladies went in and I still think you mighta."

That both he and, I suppose, the ladies were strangers to me didn't seem to make any difference in his reasoning. But his inquiry was a common one. We had them like that every once in awhile. The incident that startled me completely happened on a Saturday night, when a dashing young Romeo rushed up to me just after the lights had gone out and breathlessly asked, "Say, will you turn on the lights a minute?"

This was very unusual, and in my amazement I stammered "Why—" and hesitated, thinking probably he had lost a hundred dollar bill, or a dime, or something, "I can use my flashlight if you've mislaid anything."

"No," he returned, "I didn't lose anything. That is—well. I can't find my date. She was to meet me here. She's got dark hair, and I don't

know her name, and maybe she's gone on in. If you'd turn on the lights, I could look the crowd over and maybe find her."

Poor distracted fellow! What if I had turned on the lights and stopped the show to satisfy his childish whim? Just how inconspicuous would he have felt, standing in the aisle giving the feminine quota the once over!

COULD I LEAD A SIMPLE LIFE?

By Alice Neal

After reading Arthur Christopher Benson's essay "The Simple Life", I have questioned myself as to whether I could lead a simple life. Could I really live in natural simplicity and genuinely enjoy doing it?

There have been many times during my young life when I have thought I would like to follow a simpler life and have almost wished that I could. Even though it is possible to conform to its practices when living in the city, I would choose the country. To live in close communion with nature, to support myself on her resources, such would be my unaffected mode of living—adequate maybe comfortable, but not luxurious. To use the sun's light as my light would require different working hours, but healthy ones. To have occasional visitors would make their calls more welcome and appreciated than the many frequent ones of the city. I would have time to read, to observe, and to study.

But would I be happy living this way? Having been born in a city and having lived in urban communities my entire life, I doubt very much if I would. Oh, I could spend several weeks or an entire summer joyfully employed in living simply, but the interminable noise and unceasing motion of the city are as much a part of me as the rears of the sailor, or the horse is of the cowboy. Away from the ring of the telephone and of the doorbell, and away from the continual music and chatter of the radio, I would be in a peaceful but unnatural setting. You see, in order for me to live "the simple life" I would have to become practically a hermit, for if I were nearer industrial centers, I would be tempted to enter again into the complex life. If I were not completely isolated, I would want to be busy every minute of the time, scarcely taking the time for necessary sleep and rest. Maybe this is because I am a member of the younger generation which, the older people readily concede, is leading a very fast and strenuous life.

MUSIC AND THE NEW LEISURE

By Harriet Bruce

From all sides comes the cry of the new leisure and what to do with it. Scientists say that men should teach himself of his environment and its laws, reactions, and possibilities. Physical educators cry that man must learn to play, for without play, his clarity of thought and steadiness of nerve will be annihilated in a complex world. Artists preach that man must learn the appreciation of beauty, or he will cease to progress as man, and lose a most valuable heritage. So it continues, an endless stream of propaganda, valuable to some, but valueless in mass application. Each has an audience; some listen to chemistry and mechanics; others turn to physical education and settlement work; still others heed the cry of sculpture and of music.

Music has a definite place in this new leisure. The recognition of this fact is evidenced by grand opera and

symphony; in the instrumental training taken voluntarily by thousands of high school and college students; in the rise of local bands, orchestras, and musical dramatics. We, of America today, may watch the rise of a great musical culture in a new leisure.

Music has always been a part of man's leisure. But with increasing leisure time, his use and need of music has grown. Now, cities sponsor symphonies, supported by, and composed of, their own citizens. Little theaters attack operetta and musical comedy. Small localities make much of their bands, and national contests are of wide-spread interest. Also, thousands of students are taking instrumental training, for purely personal reasons—to give themselves accomplishments which will be invaluable in a world filled with leisure. Nearly all this work is done for pleasure. Only the most talented can do it otherwise, but brilliant amateurs may give unpleasant competition to even the accomplished professional.

Music has yet another value. The stage was the first to utilize this trait, but with the presence of radio, people are discovering for themselves the beauty of music as a background to life. If science would make us brilliant, if physical education would make us athletic, cannot music form a colorful background to these labors? The question has been answered. You may do your daily dozen to a Sousa march, and study your mythology to the Palmer House Ensemble. Oh yes, it's done every day.

"GOING, GOING, GONE!"

By Helen Wiley

"My coat and hat! Where are they? And my suit-case?" my sister, Irene, shouted to me from the living room.

"Here, here they are. Now do hurry and get to the station," I answered.

We ran to the car, fairly fell into it, and went full speed ahead toward the railroad station.

"My dear sister," Irene started, none too sweetly, I thought, "is this a funeral procession? Do you realize that I have exactly three minutes and forty-five seconds in which to catch my train! It will be going any minute now. Yes, going any minute." Her voice trailed off until it was barely audible. I could see the strain was nearly too much for her. Even her speech was becoming incoherent, for she mumbled to herself, as nearly as I could make out, "Going, going, gone!"

"Just relax, my dear, just relax," I soothed.

"Relax! What do you expect of me? Please tend to your driving instead of handing out advice." I did just that. I realized that Irene was "not quite responsible", and that further talking would be sheer folly. We turned corners on something like a wheel and a half, blew the horn at every car and pedestrian within half a block of us, and, of course, broke all traffic rules the city council had ever thought of making.

True to the Chevrolet tradition, our car stopped with a loud, deafening howl. The tones of the shrieking brakes ranged from high "C" to middle "C" with a few discords between. By the time the auto had come to a dead halt, Irene had jumped to the sidewalk, extricated her suitcase from the car, and was running for the train.

Two successive puffs and a clang shouted to us that the train had left. I caught a glimpse of Irene's bag as she rounded the corner of the station.

As I drew abreast with her, she stopped abruptly. I needed only to look at her face to know that we had, indeed missed the train. She dropped her suit-case, sank down upon it in nervous exhaustion, sighed and repeated, "Going, going, gone!"

BEDTIME STORY

By Mary Elizabeth Bell

Gather round, children, and Mother will tell you a story. It's all about a sweet, old lady named Mrs. Ima Average. She had everything to keep her happy, you would have believed, but somehow she wasn't. Her only source of trouble was her home of unruly children. She was just like the woman who lived in a shoe—"She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

You see, Mrs. Average was the matron of an orphanage and lived in a beautiful house. It was well-kept and neat on the outside! Now there was where the trouble was. Never in your life have you seen such a house. She couldn't keep it straight for fifteen minutes. As soon as she'd worked hard to set everything in order along would come her horde of youngsters playing leapfrog, sometimes breaking a prized possession, which would grieve and upset her very much.

There were fifteen children enrolled in her home but there appeared to be more than that. The children had divided themselves into two gangs, the Wright and Rawng. "Ax" kindly led the former, Al Waysmean the latter, and many a fight there was between the two. With Ax you would always find B. Brave and Patience Long. Then somewhere near, usually on the end of Patience's dress you could find the twins, Joy and Smiley. These three (for the twins were too small to do anything except laugh and play all day long) were always planning some way to keep Al and his gang from running all over the home. Al's gang, which included Nett Eldfrown, "Sharp" Tongue, Dee Zire and many others of their friends, were always plotting, too. However, they were much naughtier than the others.

One day Mrs. Average went off on a journey and left her children alone. Before she left she had spoken to Al and Ax, asking them to take charge and see that nothing went wrong, and promising them that when she came back she would bring them a surprise. Ax was in favor of studying lessons so they could show Mrs. Average how much they had done while she was gone, but Al would have none of it. He insisted Ax was a "scardie-cat" and would do nothing wrong. One word led to another until Al and Ax were actually fighting. Finally Al hit Ax so hard that Ax fell to the floor, bumping his head on a chair as he fell. He was quite unconscious and Patience and B. were terrified. But Al told them he would be all right as soon as he had a cold rag on his face. He went to look for a rag in a dark closet. He pulled out some matches to give some light. He knew he shouldn't strike them, but because Ax wasn't there to stop him he went ahead anyway. In coming out he tripped over a rug and fell. The match in his hand lit a paper on the floor and in a second there was a fire. He was frantic! He ran screaming from the room. At the top of the stairs he met Mrs. Average all out of breath. At her side was a tall young man carrying a bucket of water. He rushed to the room, threw on the water and stamped out what sparks remained.

It was all over in a minute, but he was one scared little boy. Mrs. Aver-

age grasped him firmly by the hand and marched him downstairs. In the parlours they found all the children, including Ax propped up on the davenport with Patience by his side. He was quite white but smiling. Mrs. Average stood in the middle of the floor. "Children, all I can say of today's affair is that it is a calamity averted and should remain a most impressive lesson to you all. You have been shown what lack of discipline will cause, and how you, all, are not fitted to take matters in your own hands. Nor any of you, for that matter. I do not believe we will have any more of this trouble, however, for I have brought an insurance against it back with me today. He is Mr. Will Power, a professor highly recommended to me, who will supervise your activities in the future."

And that, children is your story for tonight. It should speak for itself. Sweet dreams, and off to bed!

MY PHOTOGRAPHER

By Dean Crain

Unlike most people, I have a passion for being photographed; always hoping the picture will be an improvement over its subject. After several years of experimenting, I should be convinced that a flattering portrait of myself is unattainable. The result is always disappointing, probably because it is an accurate likeness, and I am beginning to be discouraged.

Having patronized all the photographers in town except one, I decided to try him as a last resort. I had been told that he was really an artist in his work but just a "little tetchy in the hair"; however, even with this warning, I was not prepared for the ordeal through which I passed. I walked into his office, smiled sweetly, and told him that I wanted to make an appointment to have my picture taken. He looked up and gazed at me with a where-have-I-seen-you-before look in his eyes and said that I might as well do it right then. I saw no good reason why I could not, so he led me into the studio and set me down upon a stool, placed my right hand on my hip, and pushed my head back and to the left.

"You should not smile, my child. Your smile is not as lovely as it was in the last world."

I looked at him quizzically and asked him to please confine his remarks to the present.

"Oh, my dear, you are not one of the multitude of people who believe that this is the only world?" was his startled reply.

"Most certainly not!" I said indignantly. "I know that there is another world which is heaven and I hope to go there—but not any time soon," I added as he gave my head another jerk.

"Can not you think for yourself? Do you believe that your God is just?" As I nodded my head in assent, he continued. "Then how can you think that we live only once? While He gave you perfect health and no physical defects, there are thousands who are blind or crippled. Do you think that it is fair for you to enjoy these blessings and the others to be deprived of them? No! No! So, you see, if God is a just God, then we have lived other lives in order that these poor souls might have the freedom we now enjoy!"

By this time I was half-way out of the door. "I do not think I shall have the picture taken today, Sir. I shall come back when you are not so busy. Thank you very much."

EIGHT GOOD RESOLUTIONS

No doubt we've all made New Year's Resolutions at home and have already broken some of them, but now this first week of school in the New Year let's resolve to make the life at school happier for all of us by:

- 1- being good sports.
- 2- not interfering with the affairs of others.
- 3- not being spiteful.
- 4- believing others.
- 5- not gossiping.
- 6- being good natured and always cheerful.
- 7- being friendly, because when you know people, you like them more.
- 8- sticking up for your school.

Now let's all pull together to make this year a bigger and better one for Lindenwood and for all of us.

Horse Show A Great Success

Enthusiastic Crowd Views Feats of Excellent Horsemanship.

In spite of the muddy weather, the Beta Chi Horse Show was held Saturday, December 7, before a crowd of enthusiastic spectators, who applauded their approval of the excellent form and horsemanship shown.

The classes were judged by the members of Beta Chi, on both form and horsemanship. Peg Moore acted as ring master and Miss Reicher as announcer.

There were eleven classes, the flat race being necessarily omitted on account of the condition of the turf. Opal Jane McWilliams, astride Tea Tray, rode away with the championship.

The trophies a silver tray and two crops, were presented by Mr. Dapron.

Summary

Three gaited singles—First, Jo Slack on Victory; second, Helen Knell on Prospect; third, Mary Roush on Tea Tray; fourth, Maxine Elsner on Silver King; fifth, Martha Emerson on Round Trip.

Five gaited singles—First, Lorene Mabry on Sir Donald; second, Lois Gardiner on Rex; third, Mary E. Jolley on Laddie; fourth, Sonny Lohr on Night Time.

Three Gaited singles—First, Catherine Clifford on Miss Lindenwood; second, Lorene Mabry on Sir Donald; third, Ann Wyatt on Victory; fourth, Mary Roberts on Chocolate; fifth, Zora Horner on Tea Tray.

Three gaited singles—First, Opal Jane McWilliams on Prospect; second, Nancy Patterson on Don Dago; third, Lois Gardner on Flash; fourth, Mary E. Jolley on Chico; fifth, Virginia Douthat on Tarzan;

Three gaited pair class—First, Mary Roberts on Prospect and Zora Horner on Kentucky Colonel; Jo Slack on Victory and Opal Jane McWilliams on Tea Tray; third, Mary Roush on Round Trip and Nancy Patterson on Chico; fourth, Sara Davis on Smoky and Virginia Douthat on Tarzan.

Three-gaited singles—First, Joan Spangler on Sir Donald; second, Anita Warden on Prospect; third, Florence Wilson on Silver King; fourth, Elizabeth Demming on Rex; fifth, Carolyn Mueller on Flash.

Championship class—First, Opal Jane McWilliams on Tea Tray; second Jo Slack on Victory, third, Joan Spangler on Sir Donald Mary Patterson on Don Dago; fifth, Mary Roberts on Prospect.

Address By Rev. Mr. Fay

Rev. Robert Fay of the Overland Episcopal Church conducted the vesper services December 8. Rev. Mr. Fay chose as his subject "The Point of It All". He said he had two reasons for choosing this subject. The first was because it is a common occurrence in the experience of everyone to wonder what good it is to try; What is the point of it all? "I see the point. There is none." The second reason for choosing this subject was because of a letter he received from a missionary who had once been a salesman of water pumps and then went into the ministry and finally into a mission in India. Mr. Fay said:

"If this former salesman of water pumps had had such a let-down feeling of 'what's the use' in thinking that he was not God's representative, he would have had no desire to go to noisy India to make such great accomplishments. He had learned the point of it all.

"When Jesus returned home to Nazareth he went to the synagogue, where he read the passage from the Prophet Isaiah, and after that all eyes were fastened upon him. In this home-town boy, this recognized son of Joseph, the people saw the scripture fulfilled; they saw the point of it all".

Mr. Fay then quoted one of the bishops of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, who once said, "Ancient Civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians. We breed our own."

"We know," said Mr. Fay, "what an ideal American and Christian should be. Are we living up to that?"

Mr. Fay ended the services by saying that God helps us in our college to keep our eyes fastened on Him—the point of it all.

I AM AFRAID

By Sue Sonnenday

"I am afraid; I am afraid of life", it is such a trite expression; yet I cannot but feel the way I do. What will life hold for me? What will it deny me? I wonder all this well-knowing that if I fear, defeat probably awaits me.

This fear, however, has not produced in me the usual hate, for I enjoy life and all the factors that go to make it up, even if I am a bit awe struck. I have always liked people, and my companions make up the major part of my life. People have never frightened me although their

Exquisite Songs

On Monday, December 16, in Music Hall, the pupils of Miss Doris Gieselmann entertained with a studio recital. Each student sang one or two songs, and thus revealed the progress she has made since the first of the college year. Participants in the program included Alice Neal, who sang, "O Let Me Press Thy Cheek to Mine"; Margaret Hull, who sang two numbers, "Knowst Thou the Land" and "The First Violet"; Pauline Art, who rendered the Italian, "O Cessate di piagarmi" and "The Asra"; and LaVerne Rowe, who sang "Caro mio Ben", and "The Singing Girl of Shan". Margaret Thompson singing "My Sweet Repose" and "The Market", Betty Burton, "Se tu M'ami", and Alice Jones presenting "Rose Softly Blooming" and "A Memory", also appeared on the program.

Nine Girls in Studio Recital

A group of the pupils of Miss Englehart gave a recital in the auditorium at 5 o'clock, December 10. The program was varied, interesting, and splendidly done. The girls taking part were: Ursula Rapp, Martha Roberts, Martha Malcolmson, Alma Reitz, Pearl Lucille Lammers, LaVerne Rowe, Lorraine Pyle, Peggy Jo Tittle, and Melba Combs. All did notable work.

Recital at Music Hall

A studio recital of the pupils of Miss Bornman was held at 4:30 o'clock December 10, at Music Hall.

The following girls participated: Mary Louise Wetzel, Marion Knapp, Martha Ann Woltman, Mary Ross Fulkeron, Martha Emerson, Betty Smith, Helen Margaret duHadway, Margaret Hull, Margaret Louise Wright, Frances Burgeson. Reports indicate that all did well.

thoughts sometimes are disturbing. All the other fears that seem almost instinctive, those of loud noises and such. I have overcome to a passing degree, but will I be able to conquer this dominant one?

The one thing that people are always ready to give is advice. They try to impress upon the young person the value of learning from others, but I long for experience as a teacher. Can one trust the advice of others always? Praise often comes with advice for the giver usually thinks, that true to human nature, that is what the seeker is looking for. The adviser,

Lost—One Freshman

The lost is found again. A poor little freshman strayed from home, the ninth. No one knew where she was. She didn't tell her sister she was going out. She wasn't at the library. She couldn't be found in the tea room. She wasn't signed out for the picture show. She just couldn't be found anywhere. And she wasn't the sort that would skip campus. So at 10:15 o'clock her much-alarmed sister told the house-mother that sister was gone. Now what to do, what to do? To the mother called all the halls to find her wandering child. But did she find her wandering child? No! She did not. Now those who have read this far are probably consumed with anxiety for this child of the forest. What did become of her? She returned to the hall before 10:30 o'clock and announced she had been visiting in one of the halls. Oh dear!

also, may fall into a manner that furthers his own interest or reputation. When one is in dire need of advice, is he capable of determining what is the best course to take? When I look for help, can I benefit by the teachings of others? I am not yet sure that I know which to reject and which to accept.

All this bewilders me, but I shall not quit. I should not like to be so enduring. I should not like to be so self-assured with life, yet I should not like to face a life that would toy with me. Do I seem inconsistent? I refuse to be a "can't" person; I shall try to accomplish something. I should hate being a "won't" person; I do not want to oppose everyone. I am determined to be a "will" person. Then, why am I afraid?

Everywhere one finds people. Someone has to fail; some of us are sure to be overcome. There are geniuses and talented persons who are destined for some sort of success. Then, there are many in my position. The "survival of the fittest" is a true theory, and I am prepared, perhaps, to be left by the wayside. I'm not asking for this sort of thing; I'm praying that it won't happen, but so often it seems inevitable.

You think me pessimistic perhaps, but life has passed by many persons more worth-while than I. By all this, I mean not the riches the world has to offer, not a place in history; I mean that I want to enjoy life, to live to the fullest extent. I am afraid, afraid that I shall be exempt from the complete enjoyment of it. The thing that I fear most is being afraid. Maybe it is I whom I distrust.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent the Christmas holidays in Chicago at the Palmer House. When there they attended several of the best plays and saw some of their friends among the alumnae.

Dr. Ennis Weds Cornell Professor

A formal reception Wednesday, December 11, announced the engagement of Dr. Ennis, head of the biology department, to Dr. Hugh Glasgow, professor of entomology at Cornell University, and chief of research in entomology at the New York Agricultural experiment station. The reception was given by the faculty of the college in the library club rooms.

After tea was served, Dr. Gipson made the formal announcement, followed by a few words of congratulation by Dr. Roemer. Dr. Ennis was then presented with a toastmaster hospitality tray, from the faculty, accompanied by their best wishes.

Dr. Ennis was married December 28, with Miss Alice Parker, head of the English department, who has been on leave of absence this last year, as her bridesmaid. She will remain at the college until the end of the first semester.

The wedding was in Petersburg, Ill., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ennis.

Joyous Good Cheer At L. C. Christmas Dance

Following the Christmas entertainment in the dining room on Lindenwood's "Christmas eve" everyone adjourned to the gym where dancing was enjoyed. The decorations were carried out in silver, white, and black, making a most effective setting. Mu Phi Epsilon and Alpha Sigma Tau were responsible for the success of the affair. These two honor societies annually sponsor this party at which time the Popularity Queen is introduced on campus. Of course this ceremony was the main feature of the evening, but several other things added to the grand time everyone seemed to be having.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer led the grand march with Mary Elizabeth Null and Rachel Hinman, presidents of Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon, respectively. The entire student body entered in this, and then grouped around the throne while Queen Marie presented Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, and Dr. Roemer each with a gift.

Oh, yes, Santa Claus managed to make it from the dining room to the gymnasium and his antics were just another factor that went to make up one of the best parties of the year.

Rachel "Rip" Van Winkle, who lives in Los Angeles, spent the Christmas holidays with Wilma Hoen in Hinsdale, Ill.

Ruth Hassett visited a few days at Cheyenne, Wyo., before going home Christmas.

Lois Gardiner took a trip to eastern Kentucky while she was home.

Natalie Allen was a visitor in Jefferson City, Mo., the guest of Mary Morton Watts.

Miss Blackwell, housemother of Butler, was at her home in Hopkinsville, Ky., where she spent the holidays with her sister.

Amusing House Party

A house party was held at Butler Hall December 17. The girls all gathered in the parlor at ten o'clock and sang Christmas carols. Wilma Hoen, house president, and Ginny Wilkerson gave out the presents that were under the tree. Miss Blackwell was presented with a Madeira luncheon cloth and napkins, by the residents of the hall. Anna Goodman was given a bottle of perfume. The exchange of presents among the girls consisted of all sorts of gifts, from a washboard and a bar of "Sweetheart" soap to a set of jacks and ball.

Miss Clement of the tea room visited at Fayetteville, Ark., with relatives later going to her home at Alton, Ill.

The Journalism Class was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Underwood, Thursday, December 12, at a luncheon at the Tea Room. Mrs. Roemer and Mrs. Burns were special guests. Other guests were Marie Ellis, editor of the Linden Bark, Harriet Judge Sue Smith, Lorene Mabry, Mary Long, Marjorie Briggs, and Florence Wilson.

Lovely Dresses At Sophomore Party

Everyone looked unusually sedate at the sophomore date dance, as they swished and fluttered over the dance floor in their formals.

Miss Anderson, sophomore sponsor, was charming in blue and silver. Ellen Ann Shacner, president of the class wore a blue velvet dress with straight lines.

Vi Wipke's new formal was darling and Vi certainly looked striking. It was all white with two wide panels that hung from the back of the shoulders down to the floor. The belt was a band of rhinestones in front and tied in the back.

Jean Wyatt wore an adorable black dress. It boasted a metallic jacket that was fitted in at the waist and fastened with frogs. The sleeves were short and tailored, giving a military effect to the whole jacket.

"Biddy" Null wore an attractive black formal. The neckline was outlined with rhinestones, extending on the front of the dress like a sun burst.

Marie Ellis was dressed with "art". Her dress was yellow lace and very becoming.

To Those Who Make, Candy Shall Be Given

The girls in Miss Anderson's classes got ready for Christmas by making all kinds of candy. The variety of kinds scouted very appetizing. It includes mints, nut roll, caramel, pecan roll, divinity, and Neopolitan bar.

Thursday morning, December 19, the department judged the boxes made up by the girls. Each girl made a box, and it was put on display, wrapped attractively, as though in a confectionery window. The boxes were judged first on the outside appearance, and were then opened and judged on the inside appearance. The originality in the way of packing, the uniformity of the pieces, and the flavor were the points judged upon. A plate of samples accompanied each box so that the packing would not be disturbed.

Each girl paid for the material used in the making of the candy, as the boxes were taken home with them. The prize for the best box was the money that the winner paid, for the materials.

Read the Linden Bark.

Secretaries Entertain

The club room was the scene of a very pretty formal tea given by the Commercial Club December 10. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were the honor guests, and Mrs. Roemer poured. The Christmas spirit was carried out in the table decoration—a poinsettia center piece placed on an oval mirror. Miss Allyn, sponsor of the group, with Ruth Howe, president; Elma Milhouse, vice-president; and Lenore Schierding, secretary-treasurer, formed the receiving line. Coffee and chocolate cake with whipped cream were served to the guests by Anna May Willner, Dorothy Ervin, Peggy Hollands, and Elma Milhouse.

During the reception Dorothy Wagner played several numbers and Virginia Jaeger sang a selection.

The club presented its sponsor with a corsage of snap-dragons and roses, which looked very pretty on her black velvet tea gown.

Delta Phi Delta Initiates

Delta Phi Delta, the public school music sorority, met in the club rooms Thursday, December 12. Pledging services were held for ten girls. Following this ritual there was a free discussion along the lines of the work of those engaged in public school music. Refreshments were then served. Those who had fulfilled the requirements of three hours of S and an S in her major were: Anna Marie Kistner, Lorraine Snyder, Alice Jones, Mary Jane Gill, Margaret Wright, Ellen Louise Eby, Mary Ahmann, Doris Danz, Peggy Jo Tittle, and Virginia Buff.

Difficult Numbers Given in Music Recital

The first Thursday morning music recital was given Thursday, December 12, by the piano and voice students. The program was a very interesting and varied one. Several of the voice selections were in foreign languages, difficult arias for more experienced voices.

In the first group of piano selections Alice Belding played "Melodie in E" by Rachmaninoff and "Tocatta" by Paradies. She played with a fine sense of feeling. "The Juggler-ess" by Maszkowski was played by Mary Ahman. Mary is a town girl with much ability as a pianist. Lena Hiller, a new student at Lindenwood this year who is quite a talented player, presented "Polonaise Op. 35" by Edgar Stillman Kelley.

Ruth Pinnell sang "Per la Gloria" (Buonocini), and "In the Dark, in the Dew" (Coombs). Ruth has an amazingly young, fresh quality in her voice which is most pleasing.

"Voce di Donna (La Gioconda)", by Ponchielli, was presented by the gifted Margaret Winder. Virginia Jaeger, a favorite among the students, sang the long and difficult German selection, "Elisabeth Gebet" from "Tannhauser" (Wagner). The students who had attended the performance of Tannhauser in St. Louis this fall especially appreciated this difficult selection.

"Gardens in the Rain" (Debussy) was played by Rachel Hinman, who proved she was as good a pianist as she is organist. "Etude Op. 25 No. 2 F minor" and "Etude Op. 10 No. 12 C minor" (Chopin) were played by Mildred Clarke.

A large group of visitors was present at the recital which proved to be one of the best offered at Lindenwood.

Latin Club Meets; Miss Hankins Speaks

Pi Alpha Delta, the Latin club, met Monday, December 9. Jane Holbrook and Josephine Miles were initiated as associate members of the organization, and a pledge service was held for Betty Burton, Margaret Burton, Lorraine Pyle, and Marion Randolph. The regular members of Pi Alpha Delta had each invited a friend for a social time that followed. Light refreshments were served.

The meeting closed with an interesting talk by Miss Hankins, sponsor of the organization. Her subject, "Horace the Roman Lyric Poet", was fittingly chosen for Sunday, December 8, was the birthday of Horace. All who are interested in the classics have been devoting the year of 1935 to the celebration of the bimillennium of Horace's birthday and Lindenwood has not been neglecting him.



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Clark Gable—Charles Laughton
Franchot Tone
in
"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

THURSDAY
Lionel Barrymore—Helen Mack
in
"RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"
Edward Evert Horton—Irene Hervey
in
"HIS NIGHT OUT"

Friday Night—Saturday Mat. - Nite
Joe Penner—Jack Jack Oakie
Frances Langford
in
"COLLEGIATE"