

# LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 3

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 19, 1935

\$1.00 A YEAR

## Educational Association and Lindenwood Faculty

Dr. Roemer presided at the Missouri College Union which convened at St. Louis University on November 6, in connection with the Missouri Educational Association meetings. Dr. Gipson and Mr. Motley also attended the College Union meeting. The discussion concerned topics of special interest to liberal arts colleges.

Dr. Gipson also attended a breakfast at the Hotel Statler, Friday morning. The speeches were on the subject of "Guidance and Counseling". Dr. E. G. Williamson, director of the testing bureau of the University of Minnesota, and Everett Keith, supervisor of the state department of education at Jefferson City, were speakers.

Another interesting meeting which Dr. Gipson attended included a panel discussion on "How We Can Adapt the Work of Our Professional Organizations". Another discussion concerning new demands of education was led by John W. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education.

Many other members of the faculty attended educational association meetings in St. Louis the same week. At the meeting of the vocal section of the Missouri Teachers' Convention, Miss Pearl Walker sang the following numbers: "Ritorna Vincitor" (Aida), Verdi; "Und Gestern Hat Er Mir Gebracht", (Marx); "Freundliche Vision", (Strauss); "Piano", (Warren); and "Come, Love, With Me" (Carnavali).

## Faithful Guardian Dies

Andrew Kern, who has been watchman at the college for the past ten years, died Monday night, November 11, at 6:30 o'clock, at St. Joseph's Hospital, following an attack of pneumonia.

He is survived by four children and one sister. The funeral services were held from St. Peter's Catholic Church at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, November 14.

It will be many years before Lindenwood girls will cease to talk of Andy. He was always on hand to open the door no matter when they came home. Everyone liked to stop and speak to him on the campus for he always had some cheering thought to share with someone. He did his work well, and will be greatly missed.

## Chemistry in Practice

At a meeting of the Triangle Club Tuesday, November 7, Betty Butler was initiated as a new member.

Mary Elizabeth Null gave a talk on odors and their effects, and Dorothy Barton spoke on "Chemistry and medicine," using slides to illustrate her subject.

Refreshments were served to the members in the Y. W. C. A. parlors.

## Good Arguments For Peace

Maxine Elsner was winner in an oratorical contest, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., which was held Tuesday night, November 5, at 6:30 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium.

This contest was the preliminary to the Intercollegiate Peace Conference contest held in Columbia, Mo., November 15 and 16.

The contestants were Clara Bishop, of Douglas, Wyo.; Lorraine Pyle, Haviland, Kan.; Helen Bandy, Granite City, Ill.; and Maxine Elsner of Joplin, Mo. The master of ceremonies was Margaret Taylor, president of the Y. W. C. A.

Clara Bishop used as her topic, "The Catch-Word of Nations". She spoke of the evils of war, giving: the breaking up of homes, the deterioration of nations and peoples, and the destruction of culture as major factors, with cost of such operations as a minor factor. War, she concluded, is the "Catch word of nations", but it should be the key-word to peace.

Lorraine Pyle used "Outlawing War" as her topic. An honest attempt has been made by nations to make peace, but to no avail, said Lorraine. The nations are looking at the United States. It is necessary that war be outlawed immediately, for the next war will not be one of soldiers, but of women and children. Cities will be wiped out and educational and artistic material will be lost for all generations. Since Germany and France are teaching war tactics in their schools, why couldn't peace be taught the same way, Lorraine asked.

Helen Bandy, taking a rather different vein, said, "Life is not, as Shakespeare says, 'A tale told by an idiot', but rather a pleasant thing to live with."

The break between the nations of today, she said, is greater than it was in 1914. Of the last war, much was said about sending intelligent boys to be killed, the breaking up of homes, and the loss of material wealth. Few have mentioned how war may be averted. It is for us to get at the causes of war, instead of lingering on the losses. Civilization will have reached its highest peak when we can say with Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Oh world, I cannot hold you close enough", and really mean it.

The last speaker was Maxine Elsner, winner of the contest, who spoke on "One Human Life". War, she said, brings about the acquisition of lands and the increase of political prestige, but most of all it brings about fear. Public opinion works wonders against the bringing about of peace, when used as it is today. Is this ruling of one or more nations, for a period of four or five years, worth the price, of One Human Life? "We conclude that it by no means is worth the high price", Maxine said.

The judges of this contest were Dr. Schaper, Dr. Mitchell, and Miss Hankins.

## Fanfare Of Royalty

The thirty-first day of the tenth month, the year of our Lord 1935 was decreed the Coronation Day of the New Queen of Love and Beauty.

As the royal clock approached the hour of 7:30 the coronation room became a kaleidoscopic mass of strange figures. The subjects of Her Majesty were making merry, at a costume ball. Every country in the universe was represented, and the variety was astonishing and bewildering. The All-American football team gave a play-by-play description of their team work that caused the Italians to cease for the time being their incessant siege of the Ethiopians.

The original Dionnes (before the "Quins") square-danced with the stateliest of the Colonial Ladies, to say nothing of the Spanish Senoritas.

The bride of Frankenstein came out of her dungeon and the royal guests found her to be a most delightful character, despite her long hair and brazen teeth.

Holland sent its representative to the court dressed in blue and white checks, while from far across the ocean, in the land of the Arabs, came the present leader of Lawrence of Arabia's tribe, Baby dolls and Raggedy Anns and Raggedy Andys, French dolls and Mystery Men all gathered for a night of revelry in the court of the enchanted Land of Halloween.

Then as suddenly as the merriment had started, it stopped, and a hush came over the court. Surely the attention of the court was centered on the Throne, which until this time had been hardly noticed. A magic wand had passed over the throne room and Her Majesty's chair was covered with the dew of many kingdoms, frozen into one shimmering sheet of ice. So dazzling was this spectacle that the court knelt in silent awe. Then up stepped the Prime Minister, and with a tantalizing slowness read the decree that by the traditions of coronation the Queen must be preceded by the royal Special Maids of Honor and the Retiring Queen of last year. The pages blew their signal, and at the far end of the coronation room the curtains parted and the three Special Maids of Honor approached the throne. After a pause, which seemed only to add to the solemnity of the affair, the retiring Queen of Love and Beauty came from behind the drawn curtains. Slowly, majestically, well becoming the dignity of a queen, she approached the Throne, her radiant beauty and charm surrounding her as she came.

A gasp of excitement arose from the fascinated subjects when the trumpets blared once more, and from out of the hidden beyond came Her Royal Majesty, the Queen of Love and Beauty.

## The Queen And Her Maids

As the trumpets blew, announcing the arrival of the Queen with her  
(Continued on page 5)

## Dr. Roemer Speaks On National Peace

Dr. Roemer gave an Armistice Day address to the St. Charles legionnaires at the St. Charles High School, November 11, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dr. Roemer gave the statistics, in loss of life and in money, of the cost of the "war to make the world safe for democracy". Today, every nation in the world is arming and is war minded, he said. "Nationalism has supplanted the spirit of Internationalism. The world brotherhood is missing today."

"War is organized highwaymanship. With economic conditions as they are today, it is easy to see how quickly and easily a war can be evoked. But all want peace."

Dr. Roemer asked the question, "Who is the Patriot?" His answer was, "Only he whose business is the general good, whose keenest sword is sympathy and whose dearest flag is brotherhood."

## What Is Biography?

### Popular Lecturer Speaks

Dr. Rollo Walter Brown, formerly of Harvard University, gave a very interesting address at the Thursday assembly hour, October 31, on the subject, "If I Should Write Your Biography."

According to Dr. Brown, in order to be a good biographer one must be in sympathy with the subject. If one is in a negative state of mind concerning another, he cannot pass unprejudiced judgments. Then, too, not everyone is of interest to the biographer. There are three qualities which Dr. Brown feels necessary in a person about whom an interesting biography is to be written. These qualities are: individuality, aspiration, and dynamic tension.

After illustrating the scope and value of these qualities in an individual, Dr. Brown said, "Is there such a thing as writing a true biography?" It is quite evident that any biography would be written only from the author's point of view. But many will no doubt write impressions of outstanding individuals and "Out of all of these," Dr. Brown said, "we get a somewhat fair impression."

Dr. Brown has of late been especially interested in the variants of society, or the "Lonely Americans." These fall under two classes, those who are never heard of during their lives, such as Emily Dickinson, and those who are heard of, but in the wrong sense, such as Whistler, the painter who was known by his contemporaries only for his wit.

In closing, Dr. Brown said, "Will biography go on being read? Well, yes, as long as there are people." After all nothing in the world has ever been conjured up which is as interesting to human beings as another human being.

# 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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Marie L. Ellis, '36

EDITORIAL STAFF

Florence Wilson, '36	Marjorie Briggs, '38
Mary Long, '36	Susan Smith, '38
Harriett Judge, '37	Lorene Mabry, '38

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1935.

## The Linden Bark:

See the Kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves—one, two, and three,  
From the lofty elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly: one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or Faery hither tending—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
Wordsworth, "The Kitten and Falling Leaves."

## Teamwork At College Makes For Happiness

"The time has come", the Walrus said, "to speak of many things." That's the way we feel today, only we want to speak of things more important to us all than "the shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, and cabbages, and kings" of the Walrus. We want to talk about one of the most important things in our life here at Lindenwood, or any other school for that matter, and that is our college spirit.

College spirit is something we can't acquire just because we think it would be nice to have, or because someone wants us to have it. We have really, to feel it inside of us, and then someday when we're singing, "School of Our Mothers" or one of the others, we'll feel the "goose flesh" run up our spine and then we'll know our school spirit is O. K.

The writer had that feeling at our Hallowe'en dance when everyone was entering into things and having such a good time. Did you feel it?

The way we enter into things and what we make of them makes college fun and makes us become acclimated more quickly and easily to this new experience of college. So let's all enter into the extra-curricular activities and make them a success.

It has been said, "Life is what you make it." This is true, nowhere more than in college. When we go out and do things, we're much happier and contented than if we sit around and wish for something other than that we have.

There have been examples of poor spirit as well as good this year, but now that we're all acquainted and over the nausea of homesickness, let's all pull together for the ultimate good of the activity rather than the personal glory.

## Thanksgiving, So Much To Be Thankful For

The first Thanksgiving was celebrated because our forefathers were grateful for God's guidance through their first winter in this new country.

Since that time the significance of this day has lost most of its original force. Perhaps we are thankful, but we seem to be thankful only for such insignificant things. It isn't as if we didn't have real things to be thankful for. We do,—so many, many of them. For those of us who are lucky enough to live within a day's distance of Home, Thanksgiving means reunion with our families, and home cooking and old friends. And as to that other group, they will find that Thanksgiving time is almost like Home, at Lindenwood. And goodness knows, there will be plenty of rest and peace and quiet here, which the rest won't have.

But seriously, just what do we have to be honestly thankful for? One thing, so far, is that we have stayed out of actual international battle. If the Ethiopians were to celebrate Thanksgiving, it would be a sordid and unlovely thing this year. But put ourselves in their place. What a very little they have to be thankful for. What a very little we would have to be thankful for if we were engaged in war.

It's early to be spreading Christmas cheer but let us remember, that Christ was born, and died, that men might be free. Remember too, that every war that was ever fought was in order to make the world safer from wars in the future. We are thankful we are not at war.

We're thankful, too, that after the long dreaded days of failure and discouragement some are beginning to see the faint dawn of a successful day. It will be a long hard grind and many will go down to the depths even yet. But it's easier to go down and strive again if one has once seen the light. Yes, we are thankful for Dawn.

Lastly, we're thankful for American Youth, for strong, healthy, intelligent human beings who will some day lead the nation. We say "some day", We pray that they will, but we won't have that Youth if we enter into a horrible massacre with another country's Youth. Are we going to do it? Or are we always to have some thing to be Thankful for?

## Thoughts From the International Relations Club

The students of America are vitally interested in Peace. The week-end of November 8, a conference of student of international relations was held at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Ia. Lindenwood's delegates to this student conference of Peace were Dorothy London and Marion Randolph. In spite of the war going on in Ethiopia, in spite of the one that may break out in China, a large group of student delegates listened to lectures on existing problems and thought them through in terms in of peace. We students are not being mere idealists. We can with clear minds see the crudeness and the force of our nations so economically and politically minded they desire more land and more power, but not sufficiently economically and politically minded to look on down to the good of every individual person trying to live with-

in that nation. We can see the falsity of war. We can see how very futile the whole tremendous cycle is. We may not be able to accomplish a great deal, for we in our own minds are not sure what we would do if war actually confronted us. We know what we would like to do; our life experiences in the brief span that has been ours since the world war have given us that. But we do have extreme faith in human individuals. We do know that there is much to be done within our own small communities that will make for truse in people,—a trust, which, if established, could not help but be international and too strong for so petty a thing as war to break down. Perhaps we cannot do much, but whatever we can do, let us do it, for if the cycle of never-ending war were to go on it would be useless to try living.

## COLLEGE DIARY

By M. J. B.

November 5. The oratorical contest was held tonight, and the four freshman that took part made us all proud of them. When we left the auditorium there was not one person that was not an advocate of peace.

November 6. Despite the weather, which was cold and damp, most of us went to the tennis match and enjoyed it thoroughly. No wonder Betty won all of those matches last summer.

Tonight we changed tables—more new faces.

November 7. This morning the faculty recital was received with loud plaudits from the student body. I was amused by the sound of closing books after the first number.

Tonight we went to the lecture given by Dr. Allen, on birds. It was all very interesting and the pictures were very good.

November 8. Tonight all of the sophomores went on the hayride and "had a perfect time". That gorgeous moon was the cause of many sighs. The food was so good and the party was so ravenous, that by the time that the second wagon-load got there the food disappeared rapidly. Several cases of indigestion were reported.

November 9. Several of the horse back riders were heard crying about the weather—I don't blame them.

November 10. Dr. Betz is a very versatile young man, having an excellent voice, besides being a good teacher. We all enjoyed his singing.

November 11. This weather is ruining dispositions.

November 12. We heard about Andy's death this morning and the whole campus is going to miss him.

## Popular Journalist Speaks To Students

Katharine Darst, whose column, "Here and There" appears daily in the Globe-Democrat, spoke to the journalism class Tuesday morning, November 5. Her talk was concerned with the source materials which all students of journalism so easily find at their command. Using articles from various leading newspapers of the articles she interestingly illustrated the different types of writing being done by famous columnists. Mrs. Darst urged the class in journalism not to be afraid to imitate other writers. Conscious imitation of many will result in an individual style.

Mrs. Darst is quite a vital person, and she succeeded in arousing enthusiasm among the girls who were fortunate to hear her speak.

## Trixie Barefacts

I recently received a letter from a young man which made my heart ache. Won't you read his letter and perhaps you may be able to help him. Dear Trixie:

I have puzzled over my problem since November 2 and still haven't come to any conclusion. I hope you will be able to help me. When one has a date what does one do when it is time to go and he can't find the lady in question? He looks high and low but no traces are to be found. Just what conclusion should one draw?

A BAFFLED MALE.

Imagine a poor boy wandering here, there and everywhere. Pale, wan, wanderer. Could anyone make any suggestions? It really has me stumped.

Another letter I received I would like to print.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Could you help me with my problem? I've talked with several of my colleagues but they are bachelor women and are at as much of a loss as I. You see, I have two lovers and a terrible "yen" for blue uniforms. I get so mixed up, please give my case some consideration.

Hopefully,

M. R.

Your case is certainly a difficult one; however, you are exceedingly fortunate in having two and a "yen". The greater number of us in this vicinity consider ourselves lucky to have even one. My advice to you would be to do all in your power to keep them both and be thankful to have them.

## Classes Monday Nights

The Lindenwood College Standard Leadership Training School held its first meeting, November 11, at 7:30 p. m., in Roemer Hall. These classes will continue to meet for six successive Monday evenings. The training school is maintained for the benefit of the church schools of cooperating churches of St. Charles.

The instructors are Dr. Case, who is also the dean; and Rev. John C. Inglis, pastor of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church.

Courses offered are "The Teaching Work of the Church", (using Mamro, "Christian Education in Your Church"); and "The Development of the English Bible", (Smyth, "How we Got Our Bible").

These courses are accredited by the International Council of Religious Education.

## POLITE LIES

By Jean Griffith

While I have never championed lying, still polite lies seem to be sometimes necessary if one does not care to hurt someone else's feelings. Arguments have been held on the subject of whether one should tell polite lies, or whether one should tell the truth and perhaps be ostracized by one's social group. There are many instances that could be related of embarrassing social predicaments, but I have picked two of the most common ones to illustrate my point. The first in the case of an invitation being given which the recipient does not wish to accept because of a dislike for the hostess, or perhaps for her parties, or her guests. The invited guest would probably invent some excuse on this order.

"I'm terribly sorry, Lizzie, but it seems to me that we already have another engagement for that evening. Would you mind waiting while I consult my engagement book to make sure? (to husband) Quick, Henry, give me an excuse for Saturday night. We don't want to go to one of Lizzie's dinners. Oh, I have it. (to Lizzie) Hello, Lizzie. Henry's brother is coming over that evening and I'm afraid we'll have to stay at home. Oh, yes, he has a brother. Haven't we ever told you about Henry's brother? You'll have to meet him sometime. Yes, I'm sorry too."

Another social example would be such as after a party is over and "thank you's" are being said to the hostess. The guests, of course, tell the hostess what a lovely evening they have had, and how much they enjoy her parties, while if the truth were to be told, the conversation would sound more like this:

"I know this party I gave was a bore, but if you dare to tell me that, I'll never invite you again."

"I wish you would never ask me at all. Your parties are so very boring that no one really cares to come to them anyway. Why don't you just move to a different town or else stop inviting anyone to them?"

Of course, a conversation like this would never do according to the rules of etiquette, but how many times everyone must wish that he could say something to this effect instead of making both his hostess and himself uncomfortable by trying to express something which he does not feel. These social instances do not by any means fill the list of polite lies. There is always the case of one having to tell one's friend that the atrocious hat or dress that she has just purchased really is becoming to her. How anyone can take offense at being told the truth when it is for her benefit is one of the unsolvable mysteries. Another type of polite lie that comes to my mind is the "thank you" for the unnecessary present at Christmas time. Aunt Hattie sends her niece, Nellie, a doll. Now Nellie, of course has not played with dolls for years. But she thanks her Aunt, telling her that she is very pleased with the present, and then, to save herself much embarrassment, she tells her friends that she is starting to collect dolls as a hobby.

Such are but a few illustrations of the polite lies that seem necessary if one intends to be friendly and agreeable with everyone else. But still the question to be wondered at is this: Is it better for one to be absolutely sincere and truthful, if by doing so society and group relations become strained, or is it better, in consideration of other's feelings, to be a weaver of white lies?

Read the Linden Bark.

## THOUGHTS WHILE

## WRITING A THEME

By Marguerite Raymer

English themes! Whoever thought of them, anyway? I'll wager that the person who did never had to write any. He probably thought of it, then let the students do it.

Well, all of this nonsense will never get my theme written. Now for a good title....."A Rainy Day". Hmm, that is worn to death now. Maybe "An Enjoyable Sunday", but there's nothing exciting about that....I wish the girls down the hall would change that radio program. I don't like that announcer. He is so dull. Probably he doesn't feel well.....I wonder when our radio will come home from the repair shop. It has been there a week and two days now....

Oh yes, the theme. Perhaps I should call it "Rain on a Sunday". Yes, that probably is the best title. This is anything but the right time for a birthday....What a birthday!....Last year it was a beautiful Saturday. It was really fun then. The surprise party that night was a climax to a perfect day. I don't think I ever ate so much in all of my life.

That was a good dinner this noon. I wish we could have creamed chicken every other day. It surely "hits the spot"....Will I ever finish this theme? I just can't concentrate today, it seems....There, I think that first paragraph sounds well enough. If only the next one goes as well.... Did I hear someone say "cake"? I'd better go out to see who has some, before it is gone....To think it was someone just wishing for cake. I could enjoy a big piece now, myself, unless it were a spice cake....Hope we have mince pie for Thanksgiving. We always do, though. I think it is either a custom or habit in our family. The Raymers have many habits, now that I think of it. The silliest one comes during the New Year's celebration each year. It wouldn't seem right if we didn't stand on chairs while the bells ring and the whistles blow....Mrs. Howard surely thought that was silly until we told her that it was an old family custom, and we do it to show that we want to go a step higher during the coming year....The Howards do it, too, now....The bell for tea. It seems as if I'm going to have to finish this theme after chapel.

## ON BREAKING DISHES

By Virginia Morsey

Anyone who has ever read the daily comic strip, "Maggie and Jiggs" should recognize the desire I have to break dishes. In the cartoon in the newspapers, Maggie has often got the better of Jiggs. Although I have never wanted to hurt anyone, it would be a great joy to me to hear the crackling and breaking of dishes when I'm in a particularly black mood. One of the best sports I can think of would be to place someone with his back to the wall and to practice missing him with plates, cups, and saucers. The art might be developed to as great an extent as knife-throwing in some of the circuses of today. I am afraid, however, that the person at whom I was aiming would want to trade places with me and use knives instead of dishes.

During the summer it was my practice to dry the dishes after each meal. I was often tempted to seize an enticing pile and dash it on the floor, but the thought of Mother's wrath and our lack of sufficient substitutes stayed my hand. It is only on certain days that I want to hear crashing and breaking. Those are

the days when I have particularly hard and uninteresting assignments to get, or when I must do something I dislike. By the time I finish this theme I may be in the mood for dish breaking, but since I have access to no china, I fear that I shall again be frustrated.

How many of us have wanted to do unusual things or take drastic measures of some kind; yet how comparatively few of us have had the courage to carry out our projects.

Probably, if I ever do break a few seas of plates, I shall find that there is nothing to it, and my desire will be gone. I do not know when it originated, but its origin was some time in the seemingly remote past. I have no inclination to break beautiful or valuable china, so I really believe that if I were to carry out my wish to break a number of plain and unattractive dishes, I would be doing a real service to mankind.

Like many other mortals, I have put off my dish-breaking from time to time, so, alas, I have never yet broken a dish intentionally; perhaps some day I may be able to realize my ambition. However, I am afraid that I do not have the courage of my convictions.

FOOTBALL AS SEEN THROUGH  
UNTUTORED EYES

By Alice Neal

Football, by popular acclaim, is the outstanding game of the fall. Spectators crowd stadiums to see it played, and fans stay home to hear it described over the radio. As for myself, I believe that of all the sports that cause human beings to exert energy, football is the most imprudent. My opinion was formed when I went to a game one chilly day last November.

In case you have never attended one of these combats, let me explain to you how it is played from what I saw. Boys were dressed in big heavy helmets, thick, leather shoulder-pads, and cumbersome tan pants—and for what? Their purpose was to place one little inflated bladder, incased in leather, over one narrow white line. When this idea became clear to me, I watched carefully to see how they accomplished the deed. It was ridiculous! One team, consisting of eleven husky players, stood in a circle each bent at the waist with his head touching his neighbor's. The effect looked very much like an over-grown doughnut. When they come out of this formation (it's called a huddle, so a friendly old man told me), they ran up and crouched down across from the eleven players on the other team. All was still for a moment. Then the smallest man on the field began to yell in a loud, rough, deep voice, "Seventeen-twenty-one-twelve-hike." "How willy" said I inwardly, "who would want to hike in that position?" I found, though, he was fooling the audience, for those boys did not intend to go hiking any more than I did—I was warmly wrapped in a big blanket. What did they do? As soon as the signals were given, every boy wearing a blue sweater ran at some boy in a red shirt, knocked him down or grabbed him (if he didn't get knocked down first), jumped over the fallen bodies, and proceeded to throw himself onto a pile of his own teammates. It appalled me to think that men mentally old enough to be receiving a college education should be acting so absurdly on a sparsely soddied rectangle. In mentioning this to the congenial man, he told me it was a gridiron. This tickled me because a gridiron is defined as a frame of

iron bars for broiling flesh or fish over the fire. But to get back, my sympathies which were with the blue-shirted boys changed to the opposite side when they jumped into a heap. My sentiments were about worn out from changing so often, when I discovered they had been wrongly placed. I noticed that after shirts of one color had amassed, when the apparently miscellaneous arms and legs were unfolded and untangled, there would be one member of the opposite team who would get up last, if he were able to rise at all. He was often the little fellow with the harsh voice, but no matter who he was, this unfortunate player always had that queerly-shaped ball in his possession. It seemed as though every man who could get his hands on the football would give up his life to keep it. Was that helping the object of the game? I could not see that it was, but my neighbor insisted that it did. In fact, he was just about to explain the official rules of the game (I guess he thought I didn't thoroughly understand it) when I spied Betty a little farther down the board on which I was sitting. (My neighbor said they were "bleachers", but it was just plain lumber to me.) Realizing I was about to receive a lecture, I moved over next to Betty, so we could discuss the new formal gowns we were going to wear that evening. Such was my first and only football game. Do you wonder that I think football is silly?

## "KNOW THYSELF"

By Johnsie Flock

I could hardly speak of defending the class in which I find myself. I don't find myself in a class. I'm a sort of original "E Pluribus Unum"—freely, if inaccurately, translated, "Out of many, one". I have been accused by various persons of having a fearful propensity for not liking anything. (And the ludicrous part about it is that each one brings forth the result of his investigation with the same blissful self-assurance of having discovered something new and and worthy of his intellectual powers that Newton must have felt when he learned the law of gravity, to which proud statements I imperturbably reply, "Not anything."

I don't like basketball games. I don't like football games. I don't care for tennis. Swimming takes so much effort. Riding looks uncomfortable, and must feel infinitely more so. When I go bicycling, I invariably find only hills to climb—none to coast down. Summer is too hot, and winter is too cold. I hate songs which positively reek with sentiment. There are always insects at picnics, and someone always forgets the butter, or salt, or something. Children are too noisy, and old folk too fussy over details. I can't wax wildly enthusiasm over a grassy hill side, a tree, and a peaceable cow. There are always ant hills on hill-sides when one poetically attempts to admire the view. Ants, along with the gnats and mosquitoes in the vicinity, have an instinctive affinity for me. Trees make admirable shade, but give me a good, sound roof in the rain! And I think there is no less romantic or more uninspiring creature than a cow.

Mother, with the serenity of indisputable triumph, declares that I have a "negative complex." A young gentleman of my acquaintance murmurs with a sigh that I've never been in love; and my relatives simply fling up their collective hands in desperation, and wonder why I was ever

born. A solution? Oh, yes! Yes, indeed! I shall exert myself and effervesce at every provocation. I shall emit little, feminine squeals of joy at the mention of any and all sports. I shall simply ooze sentiment when I hear Wayne King's orchestra, and the glee clubs warbling about de-é-ar, old Alma Mater. And I shall cheerfully admire cows and hillsides, and ignore ants in the butter at picnics, and forget the perspiration of the summer and the shivers of the winter. And no one will notice me as different from the world about me. I shall be "one among many." Yes, I shall change my habits.

#### MY BROTHER AND THE DUMB WAITER

By Martha Louise Lalcolmsom

A brother and a dumb waiter—two entirely different subjects proved to be interesting when one became involved with the other.

It was two hours before sailing time. We were leaving for a two-year stay in England, and everything connected with our departure was running smoothly. Trust my two-year-old brother, however, to disrupt things. We had gone into a drug store where my father wished to telephone a friend, and my mother desired to make some last-minute purchases. While both parents were thus engrossed, my brother and I were left to our own devices. I had been admiring the array of perfume bottles in the showcase, when a strange far-off cry of "Mamma" floated through the shop. My mother wheeled sharply, but my brother had disappeared. There was frenzied searching under counters, and in corners, but no brother was to be found. Just then as my mother frantically rounded the corner of a counter, she noticed a large opening in the wall on the level of the floor. She stood transfixed, staring at it. A clerk observed what she was looking at. "The dumb waiter" he gasped. "He's fallen down the dumb waiter to the basement".

With one accord my father, followed by the clerks, dashed down the stairs to the sub-basement, two floors below. There lay my brother on the floor at the end of the shaft, the back of his head torn open. He was rushed to a doctor's office in the same building where his head was dressed and heavily bandaged.

An hour later we were on the ship pulling out of the New York harbor. Of our family, the most unconcerned about all the rapidly passing events was my brother, who was calling goodbye to the Statue of Liberty and waving his chubby hand vigorously.

#### WATER EDGE

By Mary Jane Wishropp

"No, it isn't very big, yet it combines many of the basic principles of true art."

This was my first thought when I came upon the picture, *Water Edge*, by Agnes Lodwick. I had been searching the room of paintings with little or no success in the way of finding one that really appealed to my sense of beauty, and now here it was. It was not like some other works I have known, one that I gradually grew to appreciate after a first sense of indifference or even displeasure. I liked it immediately. I knew that here I could find enjoyment.

The composition, or arrangement, is a perfect one. At the foreground and on three sides of the picture one may see a porch. It is not an un-

usual one, yet the way in which it is painted makes its simple structure beautiful. As the sides of the porch recede into the distance, they form a tunnel which the eye follows naturally and pleasantly to the center of interest, the water edge.

A frame would really not be necessary in this case. The very formation of the banister, the door, and the steps in front of what we know must be a fisherman's shack gives the painting a finished edge, a fact which is very unusual and interesting.

The color scheme is restful to the eyes. As a whole, the work presents a rhythm of tones. It is executed in lovely shades of light and dark blue and its complement, orange. The gradations are not easily noticed, but the color seems to glide from one object to another. One's thoughts are not broken by jumpy or exaggerated contrasts. There is a definite source of light to the left of the picture. The shadows cast by all objects are correct and have great depth.

Another characteristic of a good scene is the presence of balance. This principle is obtained by the portrayal of a door swung back on its hinges in the right foreground opposite a sailing boat glimpsed through the posts on the porch on the left side and in the middle distance.

To the artist, the little town that can be seen in the distance under a hazy blue sky might be on any sea-coast or any body of water, yet to me it is exactly located. I feel confident, I know, that it can be no place except in a little harbor outside Boston. I spent only a very short time there, but I left with a feeling of regret and a hope of returning. As in the picture, there were innumerable small boats along the shore, each a most important factor in the life of its owner. These people were typical fishermen. They were very cordial and good natured. None of them had had any educational advantages, yet they understood the basic facts and standards of their lives. They had welcomed us with a curious yet kindly gaze and followed us from one store to another, intently watching each article we purchased. It was when we showed interest in their boats or in their day's "catch", though, that they really became enthusiastic. One likeable old fellow even took the trouble to explain the last storm in every detail, his tale occupying such a large part of our time that we had to rush impolitely away in order to accomplish anything else.

The landscape in the picture contains the very atmosphere of a sea coast. There is the customary bright yet soft sunlight, the blue haze of the distance, the deep shadow cast by even the smallest object. As I left this picture, I felt as if I could taste the salty, biting sea breeze bidding me good-bye in a voice I should never forget.

#### RETURN TRIP

By Arlene Herwig

"Be sure to write us. Take good care of yourself, Arlene. Good-bye." I was leaving home after a two day's vacation that seemed like two hours. Mother, brave until the last, finally broke down; Dad turned his head aside to hide the tears; while I had shamefully cried all the way down to the station. The conductor, who was hardened to watery farewells, stonily motioned for my parents to go, so they reluctantly clambered down the steps. The train gave a shrill toot, a chug-chug, then

moved slowly down the tracks. Mother forlornly waved a wet handkerchief. I was gone.

I settled myself for the long trip ahead, and then looked about the coach. There were eighteen rows of chairs, and the people in them were in various positions. Across the aisle was a handsome youth, intent on the mysteries of *Biology of Animal Life*. Evidently here was another student catching up on his Monday's assignment. Directly in front sat an old gray-haired colored man reading the paper. His brown freckled head moved constantly from side to side as if on rollers. Up in front, staring rigidly ahead, sat a middle-aged man with a broken arm. Farther on was a tired and worried mother, vainly attempting to keep her two small children from romping up and down the aisle. So it continued; all kinds of people; all kinds of lives,—to be together for a few hours, and then to part, perhaps never to see one another again.

"Ticket, please." It was the conductor, who was an ardent baseball fan full of information about the world Series. His bright eyes twinkled when he told us the news that Chicago was ahead, three to nothing.

Tired of the inside, I glanced at the passing scenery. On the left, fields and farmhouses whizzed by at astonishing speed. On the right, the river flowed on rapidly. I gazed fascinated until the motion of the train made me drowsy and I slept.

The first call for dinner woke me. I put on my hat, powdered my nose, and made my way back to the diner. I had fun eating alone. I felt quite sophisticated while sipping my consommé, and I lingered impressively over my dessert, wondering whether to tip the waiter fifteen or twenty cents.

When I returned to my seat, I found two young people there, gazing wistfully at each other. I politely requested one of them to move; consequently, I spent the rest of the journey watching the young man lean ardently over the back of the seat in front, talking to his sweetheart, who sat beside me.

Darkness came, and a hush settled over the car. Finally it was eight-fifteen. Eagerly I gathered my bags and pushed through the door. The train gradually slowed; lights appeared; St. Charles was at hand. Small as it is, I was glad to get back. Fritz the friendly taxi driver, came rushing up for my bags. He helped me in, and as I leaned back onto the cushions, tired but contented, I whispered softly to myself, "Kansas City is far away, but this is home, too."

#### STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

By Virginia Buff

Although I have been taught from earliest childhood to read good literature, to respect the classics, to appreciate plays and poems. I confess that my favorite magazine is the *American*. That it contains poor reading matter has been explained to me a great many times, especially by my mother, who spends a large portion of her time with the best authors, both contemporary and classical. Having such a mother, I find it my duty to be familiar with the same authors as she. Thus much of my literary knowledge has been thrust upon me.

Is it any wonder that I enjoy the sweet, simple tales found in the *American*? I like nothing better than to isolate myself and my magazine

from the rest of the world, and to spend an uninterrupted afternoon experiencing the same romantic troubles as the various heroines. I am never disappointed in the principal characters of each story, for they are always the same although disguised by different descriptions, settings, and incidents. Every month I read each page of fiction, which includes a short novel, stories of adventures, mystery, humor and romance. Occasionally I discover myself laughing at clever remarks, usually puns, made by a "flippant flapper". Faithfully I commit the outstanding "gags" to memory, hoing for an opportunity to use them.

Unflinchingly I skip the pages devoted to articles, book reviews, and movie criticisms. I favor the editorials composed by guest writers with a glance, and frequently even read and digest them. "Work vs. Concentration" by Lawrence Tibbett is one which impressed me greatly. The season's fashions are interesting, and I often study cookie recipes although I have never baked any. But, monthly, I pay my twenty-five cents admission to the land of gloriously romantic fiction.

#### THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA

By Mary Jane Wishropp

There, at a distance of about half a mile, the Natural Bridge of Virginia spans a river and makes two mighty mountains one. We look through the triangular frame formed by two fallen slanting limbs of a tree to see the dainty waterfall, so small in comparison with the lofty arch of the bridge. To the left of the waterfall is the modern hotel and the Lee Highway, both proofs of the fact that man has added much charm to nature's beginnings. Each window of the hotel blends with the others to reflect the orange light of the approaching sunset. Tall, swaying elms edge the road sharply at the left. The jumble of rocks on the right side finally disappears under the dark blue water of Cedar Creek, but here and there a larger white stone emerges from the rest to cause delightful, quiet ripples in the stream. A bare, bleak wall of gray stone rises suddenly to the right of the creek. Up, up, it goes until it blends with the darkening sky.

Awe-inspiring? This towering wonder! No, more than that. One's thoughts turn toward the eternal quality of time, the persistence, the patience, the irresistible power of a small, yet cutting stream. We appreciate something of the forces of nature which have wrought so successfully, so mightily, in their laboratory of measureless time and space.

As we look under and through the arch to the blue-purple hills beyond, the sun slowly sets. The orange, the yellow, the red beams merge the curved walls of the tunnel in their golden liquid. How dare man try to combat such wonders? Could any mortal creation be as solemnly impressive?

Even as we ask such questions, the sky darkens, but only for a moment; for a strange, potent light illuminates the entire archway. This is not a work of nature. Man succeeds in imitating her wonders by countless electric lights of varied colors that penetrate the black like a second sun of rival brilliancy.

Nature gives the bridge its grandeur for the day; man gives its glory for the night.

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 1)

royal cortege, Conchita Sutton, of Denver, the reigning queen of this new year of 1935-36, appeared. There was much applause and great excitement as her subjects bowed in obeisance to her Royal Majesty. Her coronation gown was of white satin, with extreme lines which accentuated her dark beauty. The bouquet, which was presented by the retiring queen, LaVerne Rowe, was of yellow and white chrysanthemums.

The special maids of honor preceded the Queen to the throne. The first to appear was Jean McFarland, of Dallas, Tex., a beautiful girl. Her gown was of white crepe trimmed in sable, a graceful and becoming creation.

Sue Sonneday, of St. Louis, second maid of honor, wore that lovely black formal which she wore the night everyone got to view the candidates in the auditorium. It was very form-fitting and the black was broken only by five strings of rhinestones extending from the neckline to the waist in the back. Sue wore black evening sandals, and her hair was in perfect loose waves, caught in a very loose flattering knot on her neck.

Mary Roberts, of Pocatello, Idaho, was the third maid. A petite blond, she was gowned in a floor-length white crepe evening dress, with a set-in picot collar. The dress had a high neckline in front and back, and the collar fell over her shoulders as short cap sleeves. Mary's blond beauty was set off in her choice of white, and she certainly looked lovely.

Margaret Taylor was the dignified and impressive "Prime Minister".

Other maids of the court were Alice Neal, Kansas City; Helen Hayes, Milwaukee; Katherine Clifford, Champaign, Ill.; Margaret Burton, Wheaton, Ill.; Gertie Rose Lambert, Holly Grove, Ark.; Betty Boles, Fort Sill, Okla.; Elizabeth Waldron, Hammond, La.; and Betty Barbour, Shawnee, Okla.

### Not "Raining Violets" But Wettest Water

"Water, water, everywhere  
And all the boards did shrink."

One might think Mr. Coleridge had been traveling through Missouri instead of off the coast of England, seems as though mid-ocean couldn't be any wetter.

Everyone gripes because it's been raining so much. Heard someone say the other day that we'd all turn into ducks or fish pretty soon!

Yes, everyone gripes.... still there were 8,000 people sitting in spasmodic downpours up at Columbia at the Missouri-Nebraska game the other day, and no one seemed to mind getting soaked at all..... in fact everyone was having a marvelous time!

What was it Mark Twain said?... something about the weather is the most talked of subject in the world but no one can do anything about it, so who am I to be holding forth?

### French Honorary Initiates

The formal initiation of Theta Xi Chapter of Beta Pi national honorary French society, was held Wednesday, November 8, in the Library club rooms. At this time, Eleanor Payne, president of the organization, conducted initiation ceremonies for the following girls: Dorothy Bockstege, Jane Roberts, Jane Holbrook, Dorothy Mae Saul, Ann Wyatt, Genevieve Chapel, Edith Mandel, Juanita Jones, Opal Jane McWilliams, Janet Sage, Betty White, Mary Elizabeth Bell, Mary Sue Kellams, and Marie Christensen.

### Musical Treat By Faculty Artists

Miss Isidor and Mr. Thomas were the performing artists in a faculty recital Thursday morning, November 7. Mr. Thomas, head of the music department, presented two groups of piano compositions. In the first group he played from the "Sonata, E Flat Major, Op. 27, No. 1" by Beethoven the "Advocate: Allegro, Adagio, Allegro vivace." In the second group were Chopin's "Valse, C Sharp Minor," "Love Poem" by John Powell, and Liszt's "Rhapsodie No. 15 (Rakoczy March)". Mr. Thomas' manner of playing is very quiet and unmarked by the pomp and ceremony of some pianists.

Miss Isidor, an accomplished violinist was accompanied by Miss Engelnart, also of the music faculty. Miss Isidor, who is gifted with much poise, held the complete attention of her audience as she played two groups of compositions. The first, "Romance in G" (Beethoven) and "Rondo", by Mozart, were very intricate pieces. In the second group played by Miss Isidor were "Blue Dust" by Whithorne and "Ballade and Polonaise" by Vieuxtemps.

### Rare North American Birds

Distinguished Ornithologist Gives  
Lindenwood Talk.

On Thursday night, November 7, in Roemer Auditorium, the interesting speaker was Dr. Arthur A. Allen, professor of Ornithology at Cornell University. Dr. Allen lectured on birds, and presented sound recordings of the songs of both rare and common birds in our country. Because five types of birds have become completely extinct within the last 75 years, Dr. Allen organized this exposition last February to obtain official records for the life-long preservation of the habits of birds. The pictures were secured in Florida, Oklahoma, and Colorado.

Among the most interesting of the many birds that Dr. Allen was able to find were the mocking-bird, the eagle, and the unusual trumpeter swan. The most important feature of the entire exposition, however, was the pictures of the ivory-billed woodpecker, the rarest of all North American birds. Many hardships and days of waiting were required to obtain the desired information.

### Whole-Hearted Pacifists At Y. W. C. A. Meet

An "open forum" was held at the Y. W. meeting November 13. The topic discussed was, "War Tomorrow" Margaret Taylor read some facts about war and Wilma Hoen, Connie Osgood, and Mary Ruth Tyler gave some statistics of the world war. After this opening the discussion was thrown open to anyone present and some very interesting ideas were given. It is surprising to learn that a majority of the girls are whole-hearted pacifists. Many thought the United States should not have the power of draft and that everyone should refuse to take arms either in offensive or defensive warfare.

Some of the questions were: "Has a country the right to power of draft?" "Should we allow compulsory military training in our schools?" "Would you take arms to aid your country in a defensive warfare?" All these questions brought about much discussion and before the meeting was closed it was decided to have another "open forum" at the next meeting with a discussion led by members of the faculty.

### L. C. SHOP-HOUND

By H. J.

Here come the British! Bang! Bang! History has a revival day—formals of Grecian, Renaissance, or completely modern are pouring in at Braufman's. They'll make competition steep at the date dance—I'm afraid. Maybe the Greeks did "have a word for it" but word is just plain GORGEOUS for that Grecian formal of bright red. The neck is halter in both back and front leaving a very cut-out effect to the dress. It has a jacket too! Not just one of those ordinary jackets but the lines are very Grecian with no trimming. If you yearn for drama, here's your chance.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! Hunning's are swiftly unpacking all of the latest models. This is the time of year when those shoes we bought to come to school are beginning to look worn. If you don't think so, then don't let them get up beside those "fashion steppers." It is said that fashion observers start at the feet—you better start there, too.

The Palace Clothing Co. has a positive genius for selecting knit clothes for the college girl. Marie has an "awfully cute" angora that she got from there and there must have been a lot of cute ones to select from, because she spent hours deciding. Said she never saw such an array of attractive sweaters.

Honk! Honk! And a bright yellow car sails smoothly off campus. Yes, it's the Yellow Cab from the Terminal we called and the receiver is hardly out of our hand. These cabs make going up hill a pleasure instead of a physical struggle.

At the news which I'm about to impart, all good Merry Marie fans should give a whoop and fling their hats in the air. That would be a lot of hats because we all like Merry Marie's. The good word is that Merry Marie has a "bar" dress that is just the thing to complete your wardrobe! It is rust colored, sprinkled with stars. Gold moons make the buttons. Just the thing for the moon, romance, —or what have you?

Candy. Nuts. Fruit, yumm yumm yumm. The Standard Drug Store has a new assortment of delicacies and are they good? The chocolates just melt in your mouth! You know how hungry you get doing quiet hour, better bring some of these "eats" back with you next time you're down town.

### Lynn Wood Dictates

Extra! Extra!—Dignified senior goes Turkish! Miss Marie Ellis appears with a new black black hat that catches securely on the left ear. The little ball of feathers right in front has been said to resemble a rooster's comb;—but to me it's still Turkey on parade.

Stop Press!—for that new senior, Dorothy Funk! She wears all brown for the opera. Two tiny balls of fur at the dress neckline and a band of fur around the cuffs. A curly brown fur swagger and a tiny brown hat perked on the head "tops" this outfit. (Let this be a lesson to those who insist on sitting in student's seats in formals)

Night Final! "Nightgowns are too good to sleep in" That is what I thought when I got a glimpse of the black and orange ensemble that Kay Dalton nonchalantly visits the sand man in.

Late Edition! Clara Weary has something new and different in the line of formals. The material is of printed velvet! Whether this is Grecian or Renaissance I don't know, but it certainly is good-looking.

### WHO'S WHO?

Not a few regrets were expressed when this senior did not return at the opening of college this fall. She is not a particularly noisy person, but is always so cheerful that everyone knows she is around. One girl in particular missed her the first six weeks and most everyone kept inquiring about her. Now in case you haven't already guessed, it might be added that she has rather straight black hair, and a very determined expression. You somehow know that even if her papers do come in late, at least they are sure to come in sometime. That same determination must be at work when she drags out the brown skirt and puts it on regardless of the opinion of her public.

### Here And There With The Y

Since there has been so much talk in other colleges about Peace and something has been happening, it seems only right that we as college women should sit up and take notice also.

The writer got to thinking just what it would mean to us if, next week sometime, it should be broadcast over our numerous radio stations of the United States that war had been declared among the nations of the world and that the United States was asking for volunteers.

For the most part we cannot remember much of the last war. We have heard stories what few we could drag out of people that were overseas, we've seen the helpless men, some strong in stature with the minds of children, some weak, sunken in chests, legs blown off, scared, maimed for life, sitting day after day in government hospitals weaving baskets, and being waited on, when they should have a perfect right as human beings to be successful business men, or writers, artists, musicians, athletes, or to enter any of the numerous activities of mankind. Yes, we've seen them, and we've seen other things too. We've seen homes that were entirely broken because the sons and father were all "In Flanders Field". We have felt the pressure that was hanging over every one in those years of darkest dread; those years when every ring of a doorbell might mean the loss of one in whom you had put your life's hopes and ambitions, of one who was your sole support, of one who was dearer to you than all material wealth in the world. But most of us were too young to realize just what the score was.

But right now we're not too young. Right now it's up to the youth who will bear the heavy burden of this next war to step to the front and demand their "Personal Rights" that we've been hearing about ever since the Revolutionary War.

Isn't it for us as the youth of the world, who have to bear the brunt of this next war, to do something about it before it happens? For it isn't going to be a war with the men and boys of the country, but of the women and children also. They weren't spared in the last war, so why should they be spared this time?

We can talk Peace, and think Peace and act Peace, just as war adds the talking war and thinking war and acting war. As a young and extremely intelligent minister said: "Christ died on the cross for us, and I believe the least we can do is to go to jail for Him", and from what we read in the papers concerning college men and women the country over, Sing Sing is going to be awfully full.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 19:

5 p. m., Music Students' Recital  
6:30 p. m., International Relations Club

Wednesday, November 20:

5 p. m., Beta Pi Theta Tea.  
...6:30 p. m., Y.W. C. A.

Thursday, November 21:

11 a. m., Dr. George Wales King  
5 p. m., Kappa Pi and Art Department  
8 p. m., Dr. Andre La Varre

Sunday November 24:

Vespers—Rev. Ernest Jones.

Monday, November 25:

5 p. m., Pi Gamma Nu

Tuesday, November 26:

5 p. m., Music Recital; Poetry Society.

Wednesday, November 27:

4 p. m., Thanksgiving Vacation begins.

## Sidelights of Society

Mrs. Roemer's birthday was Saturday, November 9. She was kindly remembered by her many friends.

Lindenwood was well represented at the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado on the evening of November 14. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer attended, and with them, Miss Cook, Miss Walter, Miss Foster and Miss Sayre.

Mr. Paul Friess was accompanist for a recital given by Elda Vettori at Hannibal, Mo., on Saturday, November 2 as well as last night at Lindenwood.

Dr. Schaper gave an address at a meeting of the Lindenwood College Afternoon Club yesterday in St. Louis.

At a recent chapel Dr. Roemer read a letter of greeting from about twenty former Lindenwood girls, who are teachers in and about the city.

### English Students' Tea

Sigma Tau Delta held quite an interesting as well as entertaining tea on the afternoon of November 12. Guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson. All girls majoring or minoring in English, and members of the Poetry Society, were also invited. The program of the afternoon included a reading, "Pink and Patches" by Florence Wilson, and a solo, "The Old Refrain" by Margarette Winder. Two poems by Dr. Betz were read. The outstanding talent of the author was evident to all.

Mrs. Roemer very graciously noured the tea, and members of Sigma Tau Delta served. The lovely tea gowns which were worn added charm to the occasion.

### St. Charles Girls Dine

The St. Charles Club recently had a dinner meeting at the Duquette, at which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were honored guests. Twenty-eight girls were present. Between courses Alice Belding and Lorraine Snyder played light opera selections.

Dr. Roemer in a short talk emphasized the need of a St. Charles Lindenwood alumnae organization. Dorothy Barton spoke of the advisability of recreation in connection with our work at Lindenwood.

Among the girls who attended the homecoming activities of the University of Missouri on November 9 were: Nancy Platt, Pauline Art, Peggy Jo Tittle, Guinivere Wood, Mildred Atkinson and Margaret Keck.

### Alpha Sigma Tau

On the evening of November 11, Alpha Sigma Tau was pleased to receive as new members Dr. Benson, Miss Rice, and Dr. Betz. Sue Greer and Lenore Schierding were also initiated.

Dr. Roemer gave a very interesting talk concerning the aims of Alpha Sigma Tau. The constitution of the organization was read, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a purely social way.

Lindenwood can be said to have had a particularly musical weekend previous to the publication of this Bark. Last Saturday night many girls and members of the faculty attended the symphony concert with Rachmaninoff as guest artist. Monday night all of Lindenwood enjoyed a very excellent recital by Elda Vettori, and tonight many will hear Mme. Kirsten Fagstadt, who is appearing under the auspices of the Civic Music League.

Jo Slack, Peg Moore, Opal Jane McWilliams, Kathryn Keegan, and Becky Brown attended the wedding of Louise Hancock and Harper Keen in Laddonia, Mo., November 8. The Reeds are at home at 3115 St. Mary's Avs., Hannibal.

Jean Williams and Jane Buxton attended a dance last weekend at Westminster.

Mary Ruth, Mary Louise Wetzel, Trixie Lee, Jean Browner, Caroline Bowers, and Joyce Davis attended the Homecoming at the University of Missouri November 9.

June Keith spent last weekend in St. Louis and attended the Auto Show.

Nancy Hendy spent the weekend at home in Jefferson City.

Helen Foster and Victoria Tatum, students of last year, visited at the college when they came to St. Louis to attend the Mississippi and St. Louis University football game.

Olga Owen '35, made a short visit November 9. Olga is going to Teachers' College this year.

Sylvia Lipp spent the weekend in St. Louis and attended a formal reception.

Virginia Jaeger joined the list of those week-ending at home.

Laura Fritz entertained her mother, Mrs. L. W. Fritz, of Wichita Falls, Tex., last weekend.

Mary Elizabeth Jolley and Camille McFadden visited the former's home in Mexico, Mo., last weekend.

Sue Sonnenday had Martha Perry Margaret Hollands, and Dorothy Wagner as her houseguests the past weekend.

Mary Morton Watts spent the weekend in St. Louis with an aunt.

Virginia Wilkerson plans to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with Wilma Hoen at Hinsdale, Ill.

Jane Holbrook entertained as her guests last week-end Miss Mary Katherine Hine, and Miss Frances McVay of Springfield, Mo.

Hariette Pipkin enjoyed a visit from her mother, Mrs. E. R. Pipkin, of Helena, Ark., this past week-end.

### Archery Awards

The physical education department sponsored an archery tournament last Wednesday. Janet Sage won first; Doris Lee Atteberry, second, Jane Bowman, third, and Helen Hayes, fourth.

Dorothy Funk spent the week-end of October 24 visiting friends at Iowa University.

Maxine Elsner of Joplin, Mo., entertained her parents at Lindenwood last week, and Val Jean Aldred's mother and father came from Wichita, Kan., to visit her.

### International Program

A meeting of the International Relations Club was held Tuesday night, October 15, in the club rooms, the purpose of which was to give the new members an opportunity to get acquainted with the customs of the club.

Dorothy London was elected secretary of the organization. Wilma Hoen gave a review of the current events. Coffee, chocolate, and vanilla cookies were served.

### Pets and Pastimes

"Lovely and Refreshing" Are the Girls' Small Companions

The animals have taken the campus by storm. There is an abundance of bears, cats, dogs, and monkeys. The freshmen have a large variety of pets and dolls. Jean Williams has a small black cat that she calls "Snooky", a hoot-owl named "Nicodemus", and two Dutch dolls named "Mary" and "Napoleon." June Keith is the proud possessor of a very large boudoir doll, dressed in lavender, which she calls "Frenchie".

Mary Louise Wetzel has two dogs; one a pedigree Scotty called "Tony", and another of no particular breed, that has large feet, tends to be more calico than anything else and is named "Sigma Nu". The "Pussy Family", consisting of four blue glass cats, belongs to Virginia Morsey who also owns a clown doll that is nameless.

Jane Buxton has a pig which she calls "Piggy". Marion Hardie and Betty Barbour, room-mates, have white wooly cats exactly alike which they call "Fifi" and "Fido". Martha Anderson has a large white cat that answers to the odd name of "Kitty-Wow". Another "Fifi" belongs to Jean Griffith who has a white wooly dog. Pearl Lawson owns a wooly white lamb that is, alas, nameless. Maxine Meyers is quite attached to a gray cat that she calls "Presh". "Mike" and "Ike", two ivory Scotties, belong to Helen Semprez.

The English literature class seems to have had an effect on some of the sophomores—a large majority of their pets are named "Beowulf". Adele Byers has a cute little monkey that she calls "Dupy", and a dog named "Beowulf". Betty Brown brought back her "Minnie and Mickey Mice" and her pride and joy, "Spiffy" a black Scotty. Her room-mate has a white bear that she calls "Angel Pie".

Margie Spearing's penguin bears the name of "Archibald" and Jeanette Scroggin's cat is called "Rufus". Louis V. Whiteley has a white fur monkey that she calls "Sleepy" and they say that he and "Angel Pie" are very good friends.

The Beowulf influence is again seen in the dogs belonging to Edwina Peuter and her room-mate Arabel Wycoff.

They are all lovely pets and the variety is indeed refreshing.

## Hosiery . . .

If you have beautiful legs, flatter them with lovely stockings. If nature wasn't so generous to you, improve the appearance of your legs with lovely stockings. Hosiery have lovely stockings in sheer and service weights—and their prices are thrifty too.



FREE DELIVERY  
TO YOUR HALL.

PRICES FROM:

**49c to \$1.25**

**HUNING  
DEPT. STORE**

# Strand THEATRE

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY

"DANTES INFERNO"

with Spencer Tracy—Claire Trevor

THURSDAY

"WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA"

Also Jack Holt—Mona Barrie in

"STORM OVER ANDES"

FRI. NITE—SAT. MATINEE

Gary Cooper—Ann Harding in  
"PETER IBBETSON"

CLIP THIS COUPON!

OUR ANNUAL

**DISCOUNT OFFER**

**10% Off**

ON ANY

**Coat or Dress**

Name.....

Hall.....

Home.....

Address.....

**Braufman's**

**Yellow Cab  
Co.**

**Phone 133**