

LINDEN BARK

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\$1.00 A YEAR

"Linden Leaves" For 1935

The girls of the Linden Leaves 1935, are as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Virginia Porter; Business manager, Kathryn Fox; Assistant, Evelyn Brown; Literary Editor, Wilma Hoen; Assistant, Dorothy Copps; Organization Editor, Helen Lightholder; Assistants, Mary Morton, Wanda Pringle, Virginia Rugh, Lenore Schierding, Ruth A. Hughes, Helen Moeller, Genevieve Chapel, Mary G. Bell; Art Editor, Peggy McKeel; Assistant, Madeline Chandler.

Daughter of the Navy

Among the students of Lindenwood College, are many who come hundreds of miles to attend this college. In this group is Madeline Hansen who comes from Long Beach, California.

Her father, who was Navigation officer of the U. S. S. Medusa, which is the repair ship for the Pacific Fleet, traveled through the Panama Canal this summer. While in the Panama, the fleet held battle manoeuvres, lasting between two and three weeks. The plan of the manoeuvres is that the fleet is divided into opposite sides, one taking the side of the enemy, and the other as the United States Fleet. Each ship plans its own course of attack, and the Admirals act generally as the referees. There were also airplane manoeuvres as well as submarine warfare. At night there were darkened ships and the whole plan of war was carried out. The battle manoeuvres were carried out through the Panama Zone, and around Cuba.

Madeline's father is now Executive Officer of the U. S. S. Antares, which is a Marine Carrier, and is now in Cuba.

Renewed Her Memories Of Soviet Russia

Wilma Hoen's father, Mr. William Hoen, who has been in Russia for the last four years, returned home this summer for several months. He is now on his way back to Russia, going as a representative of the Nordberg Company.

Mr. Hoen traveled all over Russia, showing Russians how to do things in the American way. He stayed in Moscow, but covered territory from the lower Caucasus up to the Ural mountains. In one part of Russia the women wear veils; in another part they work in the mines, together with the men. Many times the railroad service was inadequate and trucks had to be used over old roads.

Wilma visited her father in Russia about three years ago, making the trip with her brother. She said that it was very nice to have him home this summer, but that she hopes his next visit will be longer.

Good Little Children

Sophs Give Prize Party for the Freshman.

The nursery party given by the sophomores Friday evening, October 5th, was a colorful hilarious affair. By secret prearrangement, the upper classmen turned out in informal dress, much to the surprise of the "Freshies", who were the only ones to appear in costume. They came skipping in by twos, carrying colored balloons and wearing green gloves.

Each freshman girl carried out the "Kid" idea in both costume and action, and as a result the scene looked like a kindergarten party. Costumes were improvised from any and every thing, ranging from tap suits and shorts, to night gowns and shortened wash dresses. There was La Verne Rowe, impersonating "Jill" in tan slacks, a shirt with a Buster Brown collar and a brown tie. Dorothy Parrott, wearing one of the most original rigs of the evening, was decked out in a blue checked dress, black bloomers, and long black stockings with white garters, which showed just below the knees. Ilene Johnson was again a youngster in a short smock, a million freckles on her nose and many bobbling pigtails about her head. Iris Colvin was all ready for her first party in her little dress of many frill and a blue sash, and Marion Randolph wore a pair of dainty little rompers, for party wear only.

Sue Perrin, sophomore president, awarded the prizes for the best costumes, after the judges had given their decision. Genevieve Chapel, dressed as "Little Mary Quite Contrary", won the prize for the best girl's costume, and was presented with a pair of bronze book ends. She wore a big blue sunbonnet and a flowery dress with blue trimming.

Kathryn Dalton, as "Jack Sprat", won a large scrap book for the best boys costume. Betty Brown won a desk set for the most comic costume. She represented "Humpty Dumpty" and achieved the effect with the aid of two pillows and a short smock buttoned up the back, and wore a very small hat on the top of her head. The booby prize, which was a clever "Him" book, was captured by Catherine Board. She was dressed in a short red and white checkered frock and two thick braids tied with plaid ribbons dangled over each shoulder.

Lester Blattner's orchestra furnished music for the dancing, and special entertainment was supplied by the freshmen. Margarette Winder, sang several favorite songs and a group recited nursery rhymes which corresponded to their costumes. The freshmen also recited frequently upon request, their little verse: "I'm a slippery, slimey suffering snake, scrawling and sprawling till my spine doth ache I'm so low, smart aleck and slow, as much as the sophomore I'll never know".

A green lighting effect obtained by draping the lights with green and

"As Lindenwood Goes, So Goes the Nation"

The League of Women Voters will hold its first meeting of the year, Monday, November 5, at five o'clock in the club rooms. Lil'ian Willson is president of the organization and Virginia Sodeman is the secretary-treasurer. The League will have five meetings during the forthcoming year, and Dr. Appleton, sponsor of the club, has planned a full program for the various sessions.

At the first meeting will be selections of candidates for Congress, Democrat and Republican, and the discussion of the campaigns. The fundamental question is: is the United States going to support or repudiate the New Deal? Lindenwood will cast its ballots 24 hours before the rest of the voters in the country. As Dr. Appleton says: "As Lindenwood goes, so (perhaps) will go the nation."

The League of Women Voters expects to play an important part in the new curriculum of the college, for one of the goals of "new patterns of living" is to train girls to play as full a role as possible in the community, and no field of activity for women is widening as rapidly today as that of politics, since college women are socially conscious, well trained; therefore there is real opportunity for constructive work in education, social betterment, and social work.

The United States has today completed its primary task of establishing a nation—"It has built its house", explained Dr. Appleton, and it is now necessary for this generation to create the kind of life to be lived in this house."

The League of Women Voters should prove to be one of the most interesting as well as one of the most intelligent clubs on this campus. It is going to devote most of its energies this year to the kind of work Lindenwood girls can do after graduation—establishment and administration of clinics, schools, libraries, better movies, and more adequate recreational facilities.

Come on out to the first meeting of the League of Women Voters on November 5 at five o'clock! You will learn more about your nation and you will discover new abilities in yourself, and you will have fun doing this. Remember, the election of candidates for Congress will take place at the first meeting of the year.

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white paper. The end walls were hung with black curtains and were covered with wriggly green snakes. The side walls were draped with white and had pictures of nursery characters and the letters of the alphabet pinned on them.

The old stand-by, punch, was served and the "kiddies" were sent home promptly at 10:30 o'clock.

Founders' Day Thursday

Mr. Arthur A. Blumeyer, president of the Industrial Bank and Trust Company of St. Louis, will be an outstanding figure at the Founders Day program, Thursday, with an address on Colonel James Gay Butler, to be given at 11 a. m. in the Roemer Hall auditorium. Miss Pearl Walker will sing two solos, and the choir will be under the direction of Miss Doris Gieselman. Souvenir programs are to be distributed with the following pledge of allegiance on the cover: "On this day dedicated to the memory of the Founders of Lindenwood College, we—its students, alumnae and faculty—desire to express our indebtedness and gratitude to all who by their sacrifices of life and property have made this college a living and permanent institution."

A march to the Sibley cemetery will take place at 12 o'clock. The graves of Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley are to be decorated with flowers by the faculty, students and alumnae.

Luncheon will be at 1 o'clock.

In the afternoon there is to be a variety of affairs. Miss Stookey is presenting a dance recital in Roemer Hall which will last an hour, 2:30 to 3:30 o'clock. The seniors are giving a tea for the alumnae, faculty, and students from 4 to 5 o'clock in the club room. Dr. Gregg has arranged a tour to the museum to see the special exhibit of Sibleyana, in which she is greatly interested.

At 8 p. m. in Roemer auditorium the Steindel Trio will give a program, which will conclude the schedule for the day.

Miss Walter in Canada

Miss Walter, dietitian of Lindenwood, was nice and cool during the time that most of the Lindenwoodites were sweltering. She was gone two months. Miss Walter stopped at her home, Elgin, Ill. for a few days, and then went on to Chicago, where Miss Buck joined her. They toured Canada, visiting most of the larger towns, but remaining in Quebec the longest.

Some of the most interesting and contrasting things that they saw were Ste. Anne's cathedral; and children driving the oxen to work. Before Ste. Anne's shrine there are relics of the afflicted who credit Ste. Anne with their cure. Crutches line the walls and other such attestations of her power. A relic, Ste. Anne's wrist, lies in a gold casket before her statue.

French is the universal language in Canada, which seems strange, considering the fact that Canada is an English province. English is taught in the rural schools only one hour a week.

Miss Walter was very fortunate in her trip. She traveled 5,000 miles with only five miles detour and no car trouble except one flat tire.

On the trip back they stopped in New York at the Five Fingers Lakes, an dinner at Coolidge's birthplace and old home.

Linden Bark

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by the department of Journalism

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Nancy Smith, '36. Clara Weary, '37.
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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1934

The Linden Bark:

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace.

James Russell Lowell

Founders' Day Recalls Early Beginnings

In 1827, just six years after the state of Missouri was admitted to the union, Major George C. Sibley and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley, felt that there was a great need for a school for the higher education of women. For \$20,000 Major Sibley secured 120 acres of land adjoining St. Charles, then the capital of the commonwealth. The land was overlooking the Missouri River, in a forest of Linden trees, which suggested the name, "Lindenwood". Under the able direction of Mrs. Sibley the school grew and prospered. The first building was a log cabin with accommodations for forty girls. In the '50's Sibley Hall was erected, the first among those now standing and in 1920 the ground was broken for the Roemer administration building, the last except for Music Hall, which was acquired by purchase.

On October 25th each year we celebrate "Founders' Day". This Thursday we celebrate the 107th anniversary of the founding of our college, with chapel services, a program at Sibley cemetery in honor of our founders, and a dance recital.

"When Spirits Walk", A Week From Now

By R. V. W.

Halloween always seemed to me to be an evening of witches riding across the room on broomsticks, hobgoblins ready to pinch my ears at the slightest frightened move on my part, and great laughing, mocking, fiery pumpkins. This was my idea of Halloween, when I was but a child, but when I looked up the meaning of Halloween, I found that the name of the popular boisterous autumn celebration means "holy eve", the occasion being the eve of "All Hallows" or All Saints Day, on November 1.

These names represent a Christian appropriation of an ancient pagan festival of autumn. The familiar customs that have grown up around our Halloween, of playing pranks and games of children and grown-ups, and of telling ghost stories around the fireside, are relics of ancient pagan days. Also long before Christian times the Romans celebrated, at about the same time as we celebrate Halloween now, the festival of Pomona, the goddess of the gardens. Along with this festival the autumn feast of the Druids was celebrated in the northern parts of Europe, hence the Roman custom was combined with the festival for the Druids, and called Halloween, or "holy eve" through the influence of Christianity.

And as I read over the real meaning of Halloween, I recalled the evening when I suspect I was a little more of a pagan than I ever was before or ever have been since.

It was Halloween, and all the family were reading, but my eyes were watching every window for some stray "spook", and my ears were as long as donkey's, listening for the slightest swish of a witch's robe, when the doorbell rang, and I ran to see who it was. I opened the door with a noble gesture, and a very soft and disagreeable tomato hit me full on the chest.

I forgot family and "spooks", and ran out into the night, and chased a little giggling demon of a boy for blocks and blocks.

What I wonder about is whether I was the real pagan or he, for to tell truth, I wished with all my heart that I had had two or three very soft and very disagreeable tomatoes.

Community Training School

Lindenwood College is presenting a Community Leadership Training School, accredited by the International Council of Religious Education, which started Monday evening, October 15, at 7:30 o'clock in Roemer Hall and will continue for six successive Mondays.

Two courses are offered: "Studies in the Prophets," instructed by Dr. Case; "Principles of Teaching," taught by Dr. Dewey. About fifteen persons have signed up for these courses. Those who are taking them are from St. Charles for the most part.

Dr. Case is the Dean of the School.

Music and Readings

Margaret Taylor, head of Social Service of the Y. W. C. A., presided Wednesday evening, October 17, at a meeting which opened with the singing of the Lindenwood Loyalty song.

Myrna Huddleston gave a reading, "Don't You Know", and Martha Perry played several popular selections. Then, while Marjorie Hickman played the accompaniment and Evelyn Brown led the singing, many Lindenwood songs were learned by the new students. The meeting ended with the singing of "Neath the Shade of Massive Lindens", and the Y. W. benediction was given.

What Is Your Measure?

Searching Address by Dr. A. H. Lowe

Rev. Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of Kingshighway Presbyterian Church of St. Louis and a member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, spoke on "The Measure of a Man" at the Thursday assembly, October 11.

"How is a man to measure himself?" he asked. "On what sort of basis did Admiral Byrd employ men to go with him on his Antarctic expedition? How does life measure a man?"

"Men are being judged differently than they were twenty years ago", he stated. He said that thousands of men from all over the States applied for any position available with Byrd but he selected a very small number of them. "What was his measure of a man?" he asked.

Dr. Lowe said that he is intimately acquainted with the personnel managers of two big city concerns, and he asked them on what basis they employed men. He was informed that the academic references a man brings or the references from friends are "the very last things considered."

Dr. Lowe recounted a story of a handsome young man, very brilliant, honest, and industrious, who was fired because "he didn't know when to keep his mouth shut".

Dr. Lowe pointed out several ways of measuring a man.

"A measure of a man", he said, "is when life turns against him, to be able to square his shoulders and brace himself to meet it.

"A measure of a man is his ability to live within the confinements of his own life; to live within the limitations of his gifts, ability, and talent, and to crowd most of that which is beautiful, fine, and distinctive into life.

"A measure of man always lies in his sense of fitness. Men and women have to learn where they belong in life, whether in a schoolroom, home, city or factory."

He said that when a man and woman come to him to be married, he always tells them to try to live within their financial and social confinements; that people who constantly try to live beyond their means, become bored and dissatisfied with life.

Dr. Lowe closed his address with a story from the new testament. He told about Matthew, who was a toll-keeper bending over his ledgers in his little booth, counting up his profits and deficits, when a shadow fell across his books. He lifted his head and there stood a Man. Mathew looked into His face, closed his ledger and followed Him. Dr. Lowe said, interpreting this story: "As we bend over the ledgers of our daily tasks, we may see a figure who will tell us how to measure a man".

Practice Teaching

This semester there are eight girls doing practice teaching in St. Charles in connection with their education work. Dr. Dewey, who is their supervisor, is quite pleased with the reports they are making.

These student teachers are: Marie Brink, grades 5 and 6 at the Lincoln school; at the St. Charles High School, Virginia Porter, English; Mary K. Dewey, current history; Nancy Montgomery, Latin; Susan Olmstead, American history; Chloe Neal Willson, chemistry; Lillian Willson, biology; and Rachel Van Winkle, English.

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Queen From Lindenwood

Mary Stokes, a freshman living in Butler Hall, was crowned "Miss Malden" and reigned as Queen of the Fall Festival at Malden, Mo., Thursday night, October 4. She represented the Malden State Bank, and was chosen to represent her town the last week of August. At the same time that she was crowned, "Miss Southeast-Missouri" was crowned also. The latter was chosen from a group of girls from six surrounding towns.

After the crowning of the queens in the theatre, a dance was given in their honor.

Mary Stokes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van Stokes, and is a very attractive girl with dark brown eyes and dark hair. Her portrait as queen appeared in a recent Post-Dispatch Magazine. She wore a long pink formal and her crown was her only adornment.

Virginia Ponder, her room-mate at Lindenwood accompanied the "queen" to Malden.

Influence, Not Control, The Church's Duty

Rev. John C. Inglis spoke at Sunday evening vespers, October 7, in Roemer auditorium.

Rev. Mr. Inglis said "We are moving in a new direction. It is not quite definite yet, but old tasks are being done in a new way." So it is with Christianity, people of today must think of Christianity as a way of life, Wells states that "the church must direct the social, political, and economic life of the people, otherwise the church is only a healing consolation" but as Mr. Inglis said, "the duty of the church is to make things Christian by its influence rather than by its control.

"Also the Christian feeling is not sufficient in itself, if it is contained within one's self, but it must be broader to encompass all Christian ideals, and ways of living or, as T. S. Elliott stated, "Religion will be no more."

Reports of Conferences

The Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday night, October 10, in the Y. W. parlors opened with the college song, "In the Heart of our Great Country."

Nancy Montgomery and Helen Lightholder told of their recent trip as delegates to the conference at Fulton. Dr. McCuer, president of Westminster College, opened and closed the combined conference of the Y. W. and the Y. M. C. A. The discussion periods were carried on by well known workers in the organizations.

This conference closed Sunday, at noon, October 7. There was a large dance given in the Westminster College gymnasium the Saturday night preceding.

Helen Lightholder told of her trip last summer to Hollister, Mo. She lived in a cabin with seven other girls.

Dr. Weiman opened the conference she said. He defined prayer thus: Prayer is the intentional establishment of an attitude of personality that work more patently in the world than he could otherwise. After each of these talks at the conference every student went alone to some part of campus and had twenty minutes in solitude. Discussion periods followed. Every night Sherwood Eddy gave a lecture. Mr. McMorris, a Negro, addressed the conference and told what he thought of the repression of his race. A speaker of distinction was Paul Harris, Jr., traveler, lecturer, and noted statesman on the subject of world peace.

New Lindenwood Writers of Verse

The Lindenwood Chapter of the College Poetry Society sponsored this year a contest for the encouragement of creative work. The girl submitting the best verse was to be given membership in the Poetry Society, with the added prize of a subscription to College Verse, Mary Louise Whiteley, a new senior this year, has received this award. Others who have become members of the organization, because of the outstanding work which they submitted are: Rachel Van Winkle, Kathryn Morton, Ellen Ann Schachner, and Mary Willis Heeren, Ruth Ann McSpadden and Mary Morton were welcomed as associate members.

At a meeting of the Poetry Society in the Library Club Room, October 15, some of the poems written by the new members were read. A few of the most delightful and interesting of these are printed in this week's Literary Supplement.

ON A CHINESE PRINT

By Mary Louise Whiteley

From what far ancient country did you come?
Weird and yet love'y as the memory
Of Chinese temples or perchance like some
Far King, like Kulba Khan, long his-
tory.
Did Marco Polo see you when he came
Searching for gems in flashing dra-
gons bent?
Or did some aged Chinese artist lame
Capture you in the very Orient?
I cannot paint such colors as you show
I can but look at you and wonder how
Such elegance could be portrayed. I
know
That there are none like you here
now.
And yet you lend some calm serenity
To all the noise and turmoil about me.

RAIN

By Mary Louise Whiteley

Rain—
Incessant—
Beating on panes
And crying for admittance,
Drowning hope,
Bringing fear,
Till hearts
Imprisoned and compelled to bear
The drip.....drip.....drip.....
Scream in pain
And in respite
Seek solace
In tears.

THROUGH A GLASS DOOR

By Mary Louise Whiteley

Soft white fur
Of a Persian cat on a Persian rug
Of deep bright shades;
An ebon vase casts a shadow near,
Long and dark.

SONG

By Mary Louise Whiteley

Like the touch
Of a dewdrop
Fallen on a flower,
Like the breath
Of a sigh
In a glorious hour,
Like the song
Of a bird
In the rapturous spring,
May death find me
When I
Lack not anything.

"GOOD EARTH"

By Mary Louise Whiteley

A great, gold, breathing flower, closed
tight at dawn
And slowly stretching forth its golden
arms
To take in all the hurrying, dancing
bits
Of things who seem to be.....
Ourselves.

SLEEP

By Rachel Van Winkle

Sleep, lazy, clumsy-fingered Sleep.
Come lay your hands on me.
Let slip your drowsy sands of Time
Into my murky muddled mind..
A sifting, slipping, falling handful
Seeps into my brain.
Grains of Time, that kiss the sea.
And know the desert sands—

Scorching, searing sparks of sand
That flare and flash in dreams.
And then again,
A golden grain,
That lies in shaded streams,
That knows the dip of a falling leaf,
And the swift "so long" of a painted
fish
As it streaks its gilded way.

Oh take me now, old lazy Sleep,
And choose your grains with care,
Give me careless calm, and cool
content,
With a thread of warmth run there
So when I wake
And see your smile
I'll know there's more of Heaven's
blue
For all that I have slumbered
through.

BONDED

By Katherine Morton

More than Prometheus I am bound to
myself,
Fettered securely by fate to fault,
Infinitely bound to imperfection.

I seek to solace myself in beauty,
But beauty extends to me an ache.
I think that love might be the answer
But love of mine is incomplete.

Eternal Father, grant to me
More than a prelude to perfect peace,
For visions are vain when grit to
earth.

THE HOUSE WHERE YOU ONCE LIVED

By Ellen Ann Schachner

The house where you once lived
Is empty, now, and dark;
So is my heart—All love.
Is gone. Perhaps we knew
You far too well, that house
And I, to love you any
Longer; saw your shams and
Pretences; saw you as
Yourself. Perhaps we wept,
A little, that house and I,
At our sad discovery—
Only because we both
Once sheltered you.
The house where you once lived
Is empty now, and dark;
So is my heart.

Mr. Thomas, head of the music de-
partment, spent the vacation, with
Mrs. Thomas, in the Canadian Nation-
al Park, touring many points of scenic
beauty. They visited Lake Louise,
Banff, and Glacier Park among other
places.

ODDITIES

By Ellen Ann Schachner

Rain—It makes some people sad.
Funny—It always makes me glad!
Bouncing on the roof—
Makes me want to sit and feel it
on my face.
Slashing on the shore—
Makes me want to tramp and
run with it apace.
Rain—It makes some people sad.
Funny—It always makes me glad!

PERSPECTIVE

By Mary Willis Heeren

Puzzling world, sphere of my being
Bind me not to thee.
But carry me on wings, high into
space.
There let me pause, and look down-
ward upon you,
And see you as whole—all your sur-
face before me
In one magic scheme
I would try at your riddles.
Omniscient world, sphere of my being
Bind me not to thee.
But carry me in shafts, deep in the
earth.
There let me pause, and look sharply
into you,
And see you atoms—all your treas-
ures before me
In one piercing scene.
I would try at your riddles.

Worshipful world, sphere of my being,
Bind me close to thee.
Dress me in flesh as my fellow men
are.
Then let me pause, and look quietly
at you,
And see you as nature—all your splen-
dor before me
In one soothing dream.
I am weary of riddles.

GOLF "GREEN"

By Mary Willis Heeren

The least Millicent could have
done would have been to warn me that
the McLowerys were fiends—golf
fiends. But I had such faith in Mil-
licent and her invitation sounded in-
nocent enough. Would I enjoy spend-
ing a quiet week-end in the country
with her and her friends? I had vis-
ions of a small country place with an
inviting garden. "Quiet week-end", I
repeated to myself, and said "Yes" to
Millicent.

"But where is the young man?" Mrs.
MacLowery was saying to Millicent.
We had just arrived and I could tell
by Mrs. MacLowery's determined ef-
forts to make me feel welcome that
there was something about me she
was resolving to overlook.

"Er. uh, the five boys I called all
had engagements". Millicent simpered.
"But Mary plays excellent golf. I
knew you'd be delighted."

This was too much. So I hadn't
even been a second or third choice,
but sixth, and furthermore, I was
supposed to have been a boy. But
worse yet, I had never held a golf
club in my hands in this world or
the one before. But before the after-
noon was over, I knew that unless I
lived a good life, I could expect to be
compelled to hold one in the world
to come.

All my prayers for rain having fail-
ed, at three o'clock I found myself on
the fourth tee with a score resembling
the national debt. By this time Mrs.
MacLowery wasn't speaking to Mil-
licent and Millicent wasn't speaking to
me. Mr. MacLowery was suffering

the loss of his special privilege—to
show off his game before a younger
man. All in all, I felt much in sym-
pathy with the little white balls that
were receiving the brunt of the trio's
disapproval. In fact, I felt sure that
there were certain people who might
be wishing that I were a ball.

While playing the sixth hole, I
managed to fill my shoes with sand
during an exasperating ten minutes in
a sand trap. I played, if I may use that
word, another two holes before must-
ering enough courage to remove my
shoes to get rid of this source of an-
noyance.

It was on the next hole that I made
my final attempt in the Scotchman's
favorite game. I stood on the tee, re-
solved to "do or die". Holding my
club as if it were a base ball bat, I
gave it such a swing that I completely
lost my balance. I picked myself up
and began looking for the ball. There
it lay, exactly where I had first placed
it. Again I took my position, and then
the miracle happened. This time, as
if by magic, my club sent the ball fly-
ing high into the air. It traveled
directly toward the ninth green and
when it fell, my companions turned
toward me. The expression on their
faces made me almost ill. I had some-
how lost sight of the ball, so I have
only their word for it, but they insist-
ed that I had made a "hole in one",
whatever that is. I was glad that they
were willing to quit while my score
was still the largest.

LUNCH HOUR

By Eleanor Hibbard

I shall never feel the same toward
a peanut butter sandwich. I sat on
the splintery step of a mud-spattered
weather-worn country school house.
The other pupils, living close, had
gone home for their lunch and the
teacher, being on a diet, consumed
her juiceless orange, safely ensconced
in the schoolroom, free from all tempt-
ing odors of peanut butter. The still-
ness was noticeable except the occa-
sional whine of the unceasing wind
as it curled around the blackened
chimney or rattled a loose board some-
where in the back. All around me
stretched the bare, brown hills and
dried gulches—in the school yard a
few dried grasses gently swung with
the wind.

I took my lunch from a small lard
pail and slowly opened the paper nap-
kin. What if I should find a date and
raisin filling between nut bread, or
sliced olives on lettuce leaves, or tiny
orange bread triangles filled with
butter, I closed my eyes and slowly
drew out a sandwich. Disappoint-
ment, I could tell by the touch of it
that it was thick slices of homemade
bread spread generously with peanut
butter. Opening my eyes I cast a re-
signed look upon the hateful object
and took a bite. I dutifully chewed
and swallowed it all before getting up
and going into the school house to get
a tin cup of water. Taking tin cup,
lard pail and all, I climbed a rocky
hill and perched carefully on a stone
and ate, watching for the return of
the other pupils. A chipmunk came
by, stopped to look me over carefully,
and fled as I threw him a generous
bit of bread. It lay there unnoticed
and turned aimlessly over once or
twice as an additional gust of wind
whirled tiny particles of dirt about
my legs. Pulling up my knees, I rest-
ed my elbows and chin on them and
gazed at a very distant cedar-covered
mesa. The paper napkin, blown from
the uncovered pail, tumbled down the
hill, was caught by a strand of barbed
wire and flapped there disconsolately.

MOVIE CRAZY

By Nell McGibony

Not even a picnic with marshmallows included could tempt me away from my home that bright Saturday afternoon. Despite the frantic pleas of Mary Jane, my schoolmate, I stubbornly remained at home not because I was a home-loving person, but because it was Saturday afternoon and that meant only one thing to me—dressing up.

Once a week I lived in a perfect world of make-believe. I became the beautiful heroine of many hair-raising tales as I slipped into a discarded dinner dress, a pair of blue satin slippers with very painted toes, and a huge hat with a bright orange feather perched unbecomingly over my right eyes. I entered my room as plain little Louise, I emerged triumphantly as Gloria Swanson. Despite the fact that my hair was very light and rather curly, that one front tooth was missing, and that my legs were much too long for the rest of my body I pictured myself as tall, sleek glamorous, and exotic. I looked at the world through drooping eyelids and tried my best to act mysterious and sad. For the past month I had been having these spells weekly. It was all the result of my mother's innocently sending me to the movies one night when she was entertaining friends. Gloria Swanson walked slowly on to the screen and promptly hypnotized me.

The next day I walked quietly into my mother's room, and very calmly took part of her eye-shadow and powder. Then quietly I returned to my own room. If only my cheeks weren't so disgustingly rosy! I looked too strong. I must go on a diet. So I quit eating. I think this act alone proved my devotion to my idol. My mother rushed me off to see the family doctor but he could find nothing wrong with me. My mother grew quite desperate but I quietly kept my secret to myself and refused most of my food disdainfully. A touch of eye shadow, loads of powder and a very sad expression completed my make-up and I was very much pleased with myself.

I was entirely alone the Saturday afternoon of the picnic and happily told myself that there would be no little girls with silly thoughts of dolls to worry me. Trying my best to summon a sad expression to my face I walked with dignity to my room. Pictures of my idol passed before my eyes—tall, dark, sophisticated—I could not seem to rid myself of her vision. I hurriedly donned my dress and even forgot myself long enough to sing part of a song when I remembered that I was acting like an ordinary school-girl and immediately regained my glamour. As I was not experienced in the use of eye-shadow my eyes gave the impression that I had been in a rather serious fight. But the powder covered my freckles successfully. I was feeling terribly mysterious when my mother suddenly returned without warning.

A first she didn't recognize me, then she uttered a horrified cry and gasped, "You've been fighting! Oh Louise how could you? And take off those old clothes right now! I want to talk to you, young lady!" Silently I obeyed. My mother had just killed my beloved Gloria. I tried to be brave and refused to wash off the eye-shadow, for that would reveal my secret. So I let her think I had been fighting. That night I went mournfully down to dinner. But I really did enjoy eating a real meal again.

MEDLEY

By Dorothy Barton

High up in one of the topmost branches of the silver maple a locust clung to the limb swaying gently in the warm, summer twilight breeze. Its far-reaching song of "whee-whee-whee" split the air, beginning one syllable almost before the preceding one ended. The shrill sound mounted higher and higher—louder and louder, until a spring inside the little creature seemed to wind down. Then—silence, except the rustle of a dried leaf which denoted that the locust had departed to take up his serenade elsewhere.

Close by, hidden by tall blades of unmown grass, a cricket courted its mate with many uromising chirps. The one addressed returned at intervals seemingly encouraging answers, and the wooer took heart and voiced more self-confident chirps.

Far out in the midst of several vacant lots that had once been a low, swampy piece of land a chorus of bullfrogs filled the night air, bringing in the fundamental, low, bass tones. "Ga-rump! Ga-rump". As some ceased in their efforts for a moment their companions took up the song with renewed vigor.

Here and there a sleepy sparrow twittered its objection to the unloosed energy of the night creatures. Faintly came the melancholy but soothing "hoo-o, hoo-o" of a lonesome turtle dove.

The numberless voices blended together perfectly as the last reflected rays of the sun faded behind the hill.

SPARERIBS AND SAUERKRAUT

By Jean Stephenson

There are certain things which should always be relegated to the sanctity of your home. Spareribs and sauerkraut should, at least in my opinion, head the list. An unassuming plebeian dish it is, to be sure, yet it can cause more dismay and discomfort if transported out of its natural environment, than an atheist arouses at a revival meeting.

To struggle with the offending ribs with our fingers, emulating the excellent example of our forefathers, is perfectly permissible within the bosom of my family. The imbibing of kraut, too, is simplified by winding it around our forks and thus conveying it to our mouths with sureness and equanimity. Then the odor of sauerkraut wafted from the kitchen holds no terrors for me; but wait until I am dining with strangers or with some one upon whom I wish to make an impression. The briny odor assails my nostrils bringing with it a dread that nearly overpowers me. So it was one evening last week.

As usual when food is in the offing, I was hurrying. I dashed through the dining room door expectantly, only to stop short with a sinking feeling. What was that pungent aroma? Alas! It would be sauer kraut. To make matters worse, instead of wieners, which are easily managed, spare ribs were destined to be the order of the day. I groaned inwardly as my eyes rested on the house-mother at the head of the table and her satellites, four upper classmen. I was trapped. Remorselessly she served us generously with portions whose size increased materially as I gazed. The other freshmen, as I watched, proceeded unerringly on their way. Ribs were severed deftly from the flesh—that is, what flesh there was, for the ribs were all too appropriately term-

ed "spare". Kraut by some uncanny algerdemain was swiftly disappearing. No, I couldn't expect sympathy there. Manfully I set to work. I had just succeeded in prying one stubborn rib from another when some cruel quirk of fate caused my knife to slip and clatter to the floor, breaking the silence abruptly, or so it seemed to me with my overstrung nerves.

After that my impressions were rather blurred. I could feel an upper-classman's scornful and condescending eye upon me, ridiculing my feeble attempts to convey the elusive cabbage to my mouth. My exertions and contortions were something to be marveled at. Still the results were not entirely satisfactory. The house-mother and the other six interested onlookers had already completed their meal and I had had what amounted to a sniff, and a small one at that. As a last resort I seized a piece of bread and butter and hastily gulped it down, because I just had to have some sustenance. The aroma of sauerkraut still rose temptingly, but sauer kraut that night was not for such as I.

FOLLOWING THE COMMONPLACE

By Genevieve Chapel

It is my belief that our lives are being constantly directed by trifles. It is in the unimportant, commonplace happenings of everyday life that we may look for spiritual guidance. Since childhood I have felt this subtle influence of mere "nothings". Nowhere have I realized it more than in college.

Just last evening I walked into a friend's room and found a number of girls playing "concentration". I joined the game and soon felt the fascination it holds for most people. We had some splendid exhibitions of the power of the mind that evening. As we joined hands and fixed our minds on one idea, a singular feeling came to me. It was the realization that human beings have an unmistakable influence on each other. Now I had come to college a thoroughly self-sufficient person. I was happiest when alone. Like Walt Whitman, I found no companion so companionable as solitude; yet this strong sentiment became completely reversed by a trifling game of "concentration". Probably my whole life will be affected correspondingly.

Again today I felt the influence of the commonplace. As I was arranging my hair before a mirror, it occurred to me that my general appearance was uninteresting. I began to apply rouge, powder, and lip-stick. Ordinarily I consider even a small amount of makeup a bit too dashing; today I was pleased with the vivid effect I had achieved. "But what has the use of rouge to do with your life views?" you ask. The answer will seem illogical. It made me want to change my personality. I had transformed my face into something alive, sparkling; why not give to my personality the same animation. Before I came to college I had considered it impossible for a girl to be sweet and at the same time spirited. I had the old fashioned idea that reserve came before individuality. Because of the mere chance of putting on rouge, I am determined to form a new personality.

These are but two examples of trifles that are constantly directing my life; the college day seems full of homely incidents that unfold some truth to me.

Perhaps you will say that I have discovered nothing rearkable, that what I feel to be the influence of

trifles is nothing more than the ideas of a subconscious mind; or perhaps that it is my conscience that has been the source of guidance. It doesn't matter, though, if I have misnamed this new theory. The fact that I have been helped spiritually is all that is of importance.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By Virginia Rugh

After many restless days of planning for the third of September, I could hardly wait to be on my way to school. I hopped along beside my mother and pulled little bumps in her glove in my effort to make her hurry. Everything was different from what I had expected because I found that my knees began to get "bendy" and I felt far away inside of me. As we went up the steps I stumbled on the worn-away places that looked like huge snow tracks. By the time we had reached the top mother was making funny little puffs. While she stopped to rest I looked around the hall. A picture of some broken pillars stood above the piano; I supposed it covered up a dirty spot or something.

Mother then took me to my room, and the teacher met us at the door. Her hair was twisted in the back like a little pine tree and she wore a big brown dress. She patted me on the head, a most unpardonable action because I was almost six and that was baby treatment. Grasping me by the top of the hair and playing with my bangs, she guided me to a little desk. I sat down and dared not look around me. The mothers were sitting in a row of chairs about the wall and whispering behind their handkerchiefs. They seemed to be looking at me so I watched a fly creep across a streak of light. My hands have always gotten in my way, and they have always had a habit of playing with my dress. Before I knew it my best school dress was spivalling at one corner. By shifting my eyes to one side I could watch the ladies without their noticing it. Mother smiled at me and made funny little motions with her hands and face—meaning that I should smile so I would be more attractive. I pretended not to notice her though because I had become stiff with fright. I turned my eyes to the other side and looked at the little boy sitting next to me. His hair was slicked down and curved around his head like a little black bowl. He had two warts on his hand and his finger was tied in a bumpy bandage that cast a mystery about it. I wanted to ask to see it but I couldn't move. The little girl in front of me had a collar with a bug on it, it tilted around the edge until it skidded down the stiff whiteness into my pencil tray.

The teacher said in a fluffy tone that she knew we were going to enjoy learning to read the little cards that lined the walls, but I wondered if I would live through the rest of the day. She smiled toward the line of adoring mothers and to'd them what observant and precious children we were. Then the ones around me got up and with that I seemed to thaw out. Mother came over to disroot me and to tell me to say goodbye to Miss Williams, which I did because mother always prefers to be obeyed.

Woods Camp-Fire Party

The junior class had its first party October 8. They ordered two hay racks and two teams of horses. At 7:30 that night the girls left for the woods, with Miss Stumberg, the class sponsor, as the chaperone. When they found a suitable place, a fire was built and hot wieners roasted.

SPORTS

Tennis Tournament

Hiking, Archery, Hockey, Golf,
On Sports Day

Saturday, October 6, was Sports Day at Lindenwood, heralding the opening of the fall sports season. All during the morning tests and practises were given so that new students could get points for the Athletic Association, and so that all athletically-minded girls could have a grand time together.

The day started off most successfully with a hike at six o'clock. About seventy girls came for this hike which was held by Adele Nichols, head of hiking. After breakfast Betty Butler gave tennis tests and Eleanor Hibbard gave archery tests. At nine o'clock, Connie Osgood, head of hockey, held a hockey practise.

The event of Sports Day was a tennis tournament at 10 o'clock. Betty Butler and Jane Bowman played against Ruth Ann McSpadden and Betty Rowland. All four of these girls have won honors in tennis tournaments during the summer, and the match aroused great interest among the spectators. Betty Rowland and Ruth Ann McSpadden won the first set, 6-3, and Betty Butler and Jane Bowman took the second set, 6-1. The third and deciding set was won by Betty Butler and Jane Bowman who had to play their hardest to keep their lead. The score of the third set was 6-4. Particularly outstanding during these games were Ruth Ann's backhand strokes and Betty Butler's accurate placing of her return strokes. Virginia Rugh acted as scorekeeper, and Connie Osgood and Beatrice Hill watched the lines.

After the tennis games there was open pool, and swimming tests were given by Virginia Rugh. Sports Day came to a close with golf tests at one o'clock.

This Sports Day was only the beginning of a series of days to invite the interest of the students in the fun and cooperative spirit of athletics.

Won Mississippi Valley Singles

Betty Butler, head of tennis, spent the summer playing in important tennis matches. Saturday, July 28, was Betty's finest tournament. She won the Mississippi Valley singles in a tournament held at Iowa City, Ia. For three years she had been playing runner-up to the woman who holds seven state championships, Miss Kenefick. Betty was given little chance to upset the 1933 champion, but she did it decisively. She played some of the best tennis of her career to turn the trick. She blasted her way to the women's singles championship in straight sets, 7-5, 6-1. She broke through Miss Kenefick's faunted service four times in the second set. She outsteaded her arch rival and forced the play all the way, coming frequently to the net.

Betty is a sophomore. She is tall and sun-tanned, with brown hair and dark eyes. Betty is not only interested in tennis, but she may be seen on the hockey field during practices, and she likes basket ball, swimming, track, and all other forms of athletics. She is living in Sibley Hall this year.

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Interest in Tennis

The tennis tournament which is now taking place at Lindenwood is arousing much interest among the students. The girls who appeared in the opening games were: Betty Butler, Marge Spearing, Kathryn Dalton, Jane Bowman, Ruth Ann McSpadden, Nancy Smith, Eleanor Rogers, Betty Rowland, Constance Osgood, and Elizabeth Maassen. In the semifinals, Betty Butler won from Jane Bowman, 6-2, 6-0, and Ruth Ann won from Betty Rowland, 6-3, 6-2. Betty Butler and Ruth Ann will play some time this week to determine the tennis champion of Lindenwood College.

COLLEGE DIARY

By R. V. W.

College opened for the students on September 18, but evidently the faculty beat us to it, for they held their first meeting on the 17th, I suspect to gird themselves for the onrush of students that would fill the halls of Lindenwood in the next two days.

I, for one, took time out after registering, to memorize my course carefully, so that I could "spiel" it off to my friends, not so much to show them my efficiency in memory work, as to encourage a little sympathy for the stiff course I thought I was going to take.

The 20th. was the first day of classes, and the good old faithful bells made everyone dance again to their ringing, from period to period, and I know I smiled at the wide open eyes of the freshman, but it was a still greater pleasure to see them smile if an old student smiled and said "hello". It certainly makes a new student feel good all over to know that some old student is glad to see her at Lindenwood.

To make the freshman feel more at home the faculty gave a reception to the student body, which was a "Big" and "Little" sister party. When the evening drew to a close there were many who said "good night" to friends met.

Then on Sunday evening the Student Body was introduced as a whole to our Dr. Roemer, who spoke to us on "The New Direction", and I know, for one, that Lindenwood College is turning my life into practical, and progressive "patterns of living".

Then in our first Thursday morning assembly, we heard Dr. MacIvor speak on the "Imperatives of Life", and again on the second Thursday, we heard Dr. Lowe. Could we hear a pin drop or could we?

And now for the beginning of the freshman ordeal, or shall I say Ordeal? The smallest freshman was sporting a pair of green gloves as large and as buxom as the greatest among them. They all came to the "Kid Party" speckled with freckles, tied up in pig-tails, with bony and smooth knee alike peeking out from under short party dresses of every shape, size and color. Being an old student, I rather envied them, for every time I saw one with a luscious lolly-pop, I wanted to snatch it away from her and take a good taste of it myself.

On October 13 the college gave a dance with escorts, and my! but everyone was happy! Of course this idea of having to get a "blind" date when you don't know anyone is sort of a risk, but mine was a very entertaining gentleman. The party was great fun with dancing, punch, a beautifully decorated room, and an Indian summer evening, outside.

Dr. Linneman Honored

Dr. Alice A. Linneman, head of the Art Department of Lindenwood College, was elected first vice president of the National Grand Chapter of Kappa Pi, National Honorary Art Fraternity, at a meeting held in Chicago in June. Dr. Linneman is advisor in the Alumnae Association of Lindenwood.

Commerce Had a Rival

The first meeting of the Commercial Club was held Tuesday, October 16, in the College clubrooms at five o'clock. All plans and arrangements for the initiation of the new members were made and the upperclassmen waited for them to come. However, Tuesday afternoon the sophomores were making all the freshmen walk in snake formation to the ovens, and in the clubrooms the roses wilted and the candles stood unused, for the burning of the freshmen gloves took longer than had been thought, and the Commercial Club meeting was a meeting of the upperclassmen.

The first regular meeting of the year will be held on the thirteenth of November in the clubrooms and a more elaborate initiation is being planned to weigh down the disappointment of the last meeting. The officers of the Commercial Club are president, Kay Morton, vice-president, Dorothy Straight, and secretary-treasurer, Lenore Schierding. The sponsor of the Club is Miss Allyn of the business department.

On Wednesday evening, October 10, several Lindenwood girls attended the opera Carmen, presented at the Municipal auditorium, in St. Louis.

"Coe Glade who sang Carmen was dark and small, with a rich full voice, more of a mezzo-soprano than a dramatic soprano," said Mary Morton, who attended the opera. She also remarked that Coe Glade was very fine in her acting.

Pi Alpha Delta Meets

The first meeting of Pi Alpha Delta was held recently with Miss Hankins, and officers were elected. They are: president, Eve'lyn Fox; vice-president, Mary Long; secretary and treasurer, Marie Brink; and hostess, Nancy Montgomery. Miss Hankins is the sponsor of the organization.

Following the election, refreshments were served.

Alpha Psi Omega

Evelyn Brown, the only active member of Alpha Psi Omega, called a meeting of the girls who had one requirement for the sorority, in the college club room Monday evening, October 8. The requirements were reviewed.

Eve'lyn Brown was vice-president last year.

Home Ec. Initiation

The Home Economics Club met Tuesday night, October 16, in the club rooms for the purpose of initiating some 45 new members. Mary Bell Grant, president of the organization, presided over the initiation ceremonies and gave each new girl a rosebud. The constitution was read, and a committee was chosen to choose pins for the club.

Ice cream and wafers were served and the members enjoyed a delightful social hour.

Miss Tucker and Miss Anderson are the sponsors of the club.

WHO'S WHO?

She is five feet six inches in height with blue eyes and very fine brown hair. She is active in all sports, and president of the A. A. Science is her major and if you should happen to go to her room in Ayres in about two weeks, you will find a guinea pig housed there. In the Triangle Club, she has the office of vice president.

By the way, you might ask her why she prefers standing to sitting at the present time.

Lynn Wood Dictates

Lynn Wood says—

Did you see Betty Bell at the dance the other night? Her dress was really a dream. Black crepe with net yoke and sleeves. There were tiny brilliants on the net. Betty should wear black more often—she almost stole my best beau.

Another gal that I had to watch was this cute freshman, Roberta Miller. She was in orange crepe. The dress was one of these long flowing ones that fit to perfection, and of course Roberta has the figure to wear it.

Harriet Judge appeared one Sunday all dressed up in black and gold. Her dress was of this new black woolen material, with gold threads woven in. The neckline was high and there were little gold ornaments down the front of the blouse. Her shoes took my eye though. They were black fabric pumps and she wore gold bows on them.

Why They Wore Green Gloves

The form of friendly initiation was carried out by the sophomore class towards the freshmen Thursday night, October 5.

At 9:30 o'clock the freshmen dressed in white and formed a double line in front of Nicolls hall. They marched into Sibley chapel. The sophomores held a "Kangaroo court" and "Judge" Perrin read the verdict of the jury.

"Snake" McSpadden (Ruth Ann McSpadden, president of the freshmen class) took the "sentence" for the class, which was to learn this poem—"I am a slippery slimy suffering snake,

Crawling and scrawling till my spine does ache

I am so low, smart alec and slow

As much as the sophomores, I'll never know!"

After this had been learned she received a pair of green gloves to be worn everywhere but in the classroom and the dining room. Each freshman had to come before the court and recite the verse and receive her gloves.

After this ceremony the freshmen marched back to Nicolls hall, and there they were allowed to disband.

Holocaust in Green

If one had been on the campus last Tuesday afternoon one would have seen the freshmen class around the flag pole with hands outstretched, showing off the green gloves which the sophomore class had given them.

A long procession was formed and a "snake" line pursued its way over the golf course and down to the ovens. Here the girls passed by the fire and one by one the green gloves were burned, under the direction of the sophomores.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, October 24:
5 p. m. Sports.
6:30 y. m. Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, October 25:
FOUNDERS DAY.

Friday, October 26:
7:30 p. m., Hallowe'en Party given by Y. W.

Sunday, October 28:
6:30 p. m., Vespers, Rev. Henry Thomas.

Monday, October, 29:
6:30 p. m., Student Council.

Tuesday, October 30:
5 p. m., Pi Gamma Mu;
6:30 p. m. El Circulo Espanol.

Wednesday, October 31:
5 p. m., Sports;
6:30 p. m. Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, November 1:
8 p. m., Dr. Rollo Walter Brown.

Sidelights of Society

First Faculty Reception

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the faculty at a reception in the club rooms Monday evening, October 8. The rooms were decorated with roses and other flowers gathered from the campus. These bouquets were extraordinarily beautiful.

Some of the members of the faculty presented a program which was most delightful. Miss Leland, a new piano teacher, rendered a solo. Miss Walker, also new in the music department, sang. Miss Biggers read, and Miss Isidor gave a violin solo accompanied by Miss Englehart.

Dr. Gipson attended a dinner given by the St. Louis branch of the A. A. U. W. Association last Friday evening, October 19. Saturday morning, October 20, she went to the meeting of State Officers of A. A. U. W. which was held this fall in St. Louis.

Mrs. Wenger spent the early part of this summer in Chicago, and saw the World's Fair. "There has never been anything like it," she declared. Later she went to New York City and visited her son. Mrs. Wenger visited the Cathedral of St. John, the Divine, which has been forty years in building and is far from completion yet.

Married at Lindenwood

On the afternoon of October 7, at four o'clock, a wedding took place in Sibley Chapel. The bride, Miss Mary Eleanor Weiss, Evansville, Ind., was a student at Lindenwood in 1931-32. She had always wanted to be married in the chapel of her old hall. The groom is a St. Louis man, Dr. Willard Terrill Barnhart. Dr. Roemer performed the ceremony.

The bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Weiss of Evansville, drove here with her. Many relatives and friends of the bridegroom were here for the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Barnhart will live in St. Louis.

The former Miss Kathryn Weiss, now Mrs. Loren M. Moore, a sister of Mrs. Barnhart's, attended Lindenwood for four years, obtaining her B. S. degree in 1924. Mrs. Moore is living in Texas.

Mary Lee McKirahan and Edith Anne Gorrell went to Chicago to see the World's Fair this last week-end.

Dorothy Ball spent last week-end in Bowling Green, Mo., her home.

Last Tuesday morning, Mrs. Roemer and the house-mothers drove to Boonville, where they were entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Tucker, the

daughter of Mrs. LeMaster, and wife of Capt. Tucker of the Kemper Military Academy. Mrs. Hitch, wife of Col. Hitch, also of the Academy, was also at the luncheon.

In the afternoon, they visited the Kemper Military Academy and were shown the handsome newly furnished offices.

A drive was then made to Columbia, where they were entertained by Mrs. Stevens, another daughter of Mrs. Le Master.

Mrs. Roemer remarked that they had a "perfectly lovely day".

Was On The Koenigstein

Dr. Terhune, head of the modern languages department, returned from her summer in northern Spain on the steamer Koenigstein, on that vessel's last voyage before its recent fire in the hold, supposed to be of incendiary origin. Her fortunate escape makes the memory of her summer especially delightful, although it was pleasant enough of itself. With an old college classmate, Dr. Terhune went slowly from Barcelona to the coast, stopping places and seeing things she had never seen before, although she has spent much time in Spain. This was her 15th voyage across the Atlantic. Her trip covered the time from June 11 to September 3.

Autumn Colors Enhance Date Dance

The first date dance of the year was presented by the Student Board at Lindenwood College, Saturday night, October 13, in Butler gymnasium. The gym was decorated in autumn colors, brown, orange, and yellow. The orchestra sat at one end of the gym and punch and cookies were served at the other end. Mr. Blattner's orchestra furnished the music. The receiving line included Dr. Roemer, Dr. and Mrs. Case, and Dr. and Mrs. Dewey.

Although the dance was informal, most of the girls wore evening gowns or dinner dresses. Black was the dominating color. Mary K. Dewey, president of the Student Council wore a black dinner dress trimmed in silver to the shoulders. Helen Light-holder, vice-president, wore a bright red dress also of the dinner dress style.

There was a large attendance, and the dance floor was crowded all evening. The dance lasted from eight to twelve o'clock.

Sigma Tau Delta Tea

Sigma Tau Delta, the national English sorority on Lindenwood campus, held an informal tea, Thursday afternoon, October 12, in the club rooms. The occasion afforded the old and prospective new members an opportunity to get acquainted. Those invited were prospective new members and those students who were either majoring or minoring in English.

The guests were graciously received by Miss Parker, Sigma Tau Delta's sponsor, and by Mary Morton, the president of the organization. The program for the afternoon included a vocal solo by Virginia Jaeger, a violin number by Virginia Krome, and Margaret Downs played several popular piano selections.

A short talk was given by Mary Morton, who welcomed the new members and acquainted them with the requirements for membership in Sigma Tau Delta.

Entertain Arkansas Girls

Dr. and Mrs. Dewey entertained the girls from Arkansas at tea at their home, Friday, September 27. There was a short business meeting and

officers were elected. They are: president, Mary Roberts; secretary, Peggy McKeel; treasurer, Regina Tull.

Dr. Dewey is the sponsor of the Arkansas Club.

International Club Tea

The International Relations Club presented as its first program of the year a tea to everybody who was interested in affairs in the world today. The receiving line included Dr. Appleton, sponsor of the club, Olga Owen, president, Wilma Hoen, vice-president, and Dorothy Copps, secretary-treasurer. Dean Gipson and Mrs. Roemer served. Margaret Taylor was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

Olga Owen gave a speech of welcome. Dr. Appleton presented a short talk on the purpose of the club. The International Relations Club tries to keep in contact with the world today and discusses questions of interest to everyone, she said.

Mrs. Joseph Clark Ferguson, formerly Miss Gladys Crutchfield, has returned from her wedding trip to Hawaii with her husband, and is at her home on Cates avenue in St. Louis. Mrs. Ferguson graduated from Lindenwood College in 1932, gaining her Bachelor of Science degree in Education. She was Dr. Gipson's secretary until last June.

Marian Schulzke and Virginia Emerson spent last week-end with Catherine Buchmann in Marissa, Ill.

Mary Nell Patterson and Dorothy Ball went to Columbia to a "Barn Warming" October 12.

Ruth Howe won the bridge prize at the Butler Hall house party Wednesday evening, September 26. The prize was a pair of cut-steel shoe-buckles.

Dr. Linnemann of the art department went for a tour of the Ozarks with her family. They drove in the lake region.

Views of L. C. Girls

On Saturday, October 13, about sixty girls from the art department of Lindenwood visited the St. Louis Art Museum to see the exhibit of paintings by contemporary American artists. This exhibit, which is the twenty-ninth, is to last until October 31. Dr. Linneman directed the party.

One picture which seemed to have been a favorite with all the Lindenwood girls was, "Linda", from the collection of the Rehn Gallery, New York City, by Edna Reindel. It was a portrait of a young girl, blond, in a yellow turtle-necked sweater.

Catherine Blackman's favorite painting was by E. Oscar Thalinger, of St. Louis, entitled "Old Lace-Landmark". An old house was the center of interest. Lights were on downstairs and the shades were half up on the second floor. Lace work balconies surrounded the upper windows. The old house was in the center of the city, its beauty marred by billboards. Catherine liked "Old Lace" best because of its coloring. It was done in dull colors, lavender and blues. She also mentioned "Pine Trees" by Henry Mattson, and "Linda".

Bobby Elkins mentioned especially "Fall Plowing" by Grant Wood. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Its colors were soothing, browns and greens. "Spring Comes to Brooklyn" was a lovely picture, Bobby said, and "Acrobats" was

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Police Dog

SATURDAY

Robert Dorat—Elissa Landi in
"THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"

MONDAY, October 29

Irene Dunne—John Boles in
"AGE OF INNOCENCE"
also George O'Brien in
"DUDE RANGER"

quite an unusual one. She said that a few of the pictures were too gaudy, especially one called "Circus Girl". Its predominant color was red.

Though many of the girls prefer the old masters, they felt that this modern exhibit was worthwhile.