

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

The news from the Dean's office goes very much farther than just our Linden Barks, when we discover that Dr. Gipson is now writing an article for the Town and Country Review magazine, which is published in London. The article, Dr. Gipson said, will be in connection with the new academic plans of Lindenwood, and will include pictures of the buildings and social and sporting activities of the college.

On Friday, December 7, Dr. Gipson attended the meeting of the Missouri Academy of Science, held at Missouri University. Tomorrow Dr. Gipson will speak to the faculty of the public schools of St. Charles on some questions concerning the modern problems of education.

Tempting Menus In the Tea Room

The tearoom is becoming a popular social rendezvous since Miss Clement has installed her new ideas. She has prepared a series of delicious party menus for the convenience of the girls who feel the urge for entertaining on the "spur of the moment."

"If the girls should want to have a little breakfast party, luncheon, afternoon-tea, or even a birthday party—of any size—we can arrange to prepare it for them immediately without any particular notice. If the party is large enough, the back room can be closed off for them", Miss Clement stated.

These menus are at hand ready for the girls to consult during the tearoom hours, and are obtainable at different prices.

"They can order cakes, salads, sandwiches and punches whenever they desire. Everything is on hand ready to be served."

"Persia" In French

Beta Pi Theta met in the club rooms at 5 o'clock, December 3. Eleanor Payne gave a talk in French on Persia; its schools, its government, the customs, and the transportation. She had several costumes of the native women. The first one shown was the street dress. It was black and had a head-dress. Another was the house-dress of the native Persian woman. This was a very plain print dress.

Refreshments were served. The whole meeting was conducted in French.

Dr. Dewey, head of the education department, spoke at Pattonville to the Pattonville Parent-Teachers Association, Tuesday evening, December 4. He gave an address of the work of parents and teachers and the need for co-operation between them.

Dr. Hillis Lory Here

Speaks on Situation in Manchoukou

Dr. Hillis Lory, professor at Stanford University, who has just returned from the Orient, spoke at the Thursday morning chapel on November 19.

Dr. Lory's subject was Manchoukou a colony recently claimed by Japan. Until 1929, Manchoukou was Manchuria. It is a wealthy, fertile farmland. Agriculture's most versatile crop "is the soy-bean from which cosmetics, steering wheels, and explosives are made." The rivers, serving to irrigate the land, are also the main source of transportation. Dr. Lory said that he could easily understand why Japan took it. Manchoukou is entered from Korea (Korea and Manchoukou being Japan's largest colonies). The contrast is amazing, Dr. Lory said. The Korean fields are bare and dirty, the people listless. Crossing the yellow river, the "change was startling." The Manchoukou fields offer a striking similarity to our middle west. The buildings of brick and stone are imposing; the streets are wide, for an Oriental city, and clean. The train on which Dr. Lory rode was an exact duplicate of one of ours. At the railroad station there were many soldiers.

Manchoukou is experiencing a boom that equals any that ever occurred in America. All of the trains were packed. The people were going to the capital, to seek fame in the new "El Dorado of the far east." At the station in the capital there was a milling throng. Dr. Lory took a Russian drowski, drawn by a Chinaman, and went to a Japanese hotel. There are not enough hotels to care for the rapidly increasing population in Manchoukou. The hotel rates are very low. In the best hotel the rate was 90 cents a night.

Dr. Lory had an audience with the Emperor. They spoke most of Manchoukou. The Emperor asked also about the New Deal, the depression, and Ex-President Hoover. When Dr. Lory left, the Emperor asked him to give a message of friendship to America. Dr. Lory said that it was purely a bid for recognition. The Emperor he described as a serious, high-minded person.

Ninety-eight per cent, of the Chinese do not care who governs them, he said. They are interested solely in their crops.

The economic program is one of semi-state socialism. They have hopes of creating an ideal state without the attending evil of capitalism. All of the public utilities are government monopolies.

Their use of cheap labor, 22 and 23 cents a day, tends to do away with unemployment. One inevitable result, Dr. Lory thinks, is the freezing out of foreign business. The foreign population has declined since the creation of the new state.

Moving Pictures Added For Students

The new 16 mm. film projector, recently purchased for use in all departments has proven itself to be a valuable addition to the equipment of the college.

Three different films were shown Tuesday, November 20, to the biological classes. Dr. Ennis showed the moving picture, "From Flower to Fruit," to her botany students. Miss Rutherford treated her zoology and nature study classes with a peek into the habits of "Frogs, Toads, and Salamanders", and her comparative anatomy class was shown the movie, "Skin and Teeth".

Wednesday, November 21, Dr. Appleton showed the geography class the movie, "The Works of Rivers."

The projector stands about a foot high and has a serviceable case in which it can be conveniently carried. Dr. Ennis is the custodian of the machine, and she is "delighted with it," she said.

"The projector works beautifully—much better than the old one. We plan to use it often and hope to get some films for the chemistry and history departments."

Madaline Chandler, Designer of Poster

Was anyone curious to know who made the attractive poster advertising the Annual sale? It is strategically displayed on the bannister near Dr. Gipson's office, and confronts everyone entering the building from the side door.

A sophomore who is majoring in art was the designer. She is none other than Madaline Chandler, assistant art editor of the "Linden Leaves."

Madaline said that she made it in about three hours. She used three different types of lettering and "just put in the leaves to fill up space." But don't take that remark seriously. She really used the leaves for their significance. She said that she started out to use a yellow and white color scheme and for no special reason decided on the green and gold instead. The poster is a good example of commercial art.

Madaline is from Tulsa, Okla., and has taken art every year since she was in junior high school.

Dr. Lory said that the door "may be open" but it is so filled with Japanese that we can not hope to share in this prosperity. Without doubt, much progress has been made. The monetary system is stable and uniform; the taxes have been redistributed; agriculture is liberal and progressive. The educational program, however, is not so good.

Buy Your Annual Now!

Dr. Appleton Reviews the Saar

Comprehensive Address on
International Conditions

"Not one day since November 11, 1918, has Europe been free of the fear of war," Dr. Appleton declared in her address, "International Complexities", at the Y. W. C. A. meeting held Wednesday evening, December 5, in the Sibley parlor. She discussed the various treaties made since the World War and the questions, that have risen over them. She asserted that in spite of them all "the shadow of the fear of war is as great today as it was before the treaties."

Dr. Appleton spoke on two pressing problems for which solutions must be found.

The Saar basin, which has been passed back and forth between France and Germany since Charlemagne's time, presents so delicate a situation that a war between France and Germany may result within the next three months, according to Dr. Appleton. Whether the Saar will belong to Germany or to France or will remain under the auspices of the League of Nations is to be decided on January 13, 1935. France needs it for industrial purposes, and Germany says she will fight for it if the 800,000 population, which is anti-Hitler although German in tradition, votes to go to France.

The other problem concerned Japan, "the most expert diplomatist the world has ever known."

Dr. Appleton pointed out the fact that the last opportunity for denouncing the Washington treaty is on December 31. Japan claims that she must maintain a fleet equal to that of the United States and England, for security, for defensive purposes, and to keep peace in Asia. For those reasons she has been trying to change the 5:5:3 ratio.

"We find it difficult to accept her explanation for she is the dominating power in the East", said Dr. Appleton. She explained the uselessness of Japan's having a fleet equal to ours and that of England, and said that if Japan is allowed to build up further it will start numerous complications. She told of the various proposals made by Japan, which were immediately thwarted, and those made by England and the United States to which Japan has answered "No". Dr. Appleton referred to the three countries as the "triangle".

Dr. Appleton concluded her most interesting talk by saying, "The vision of peace is an idle day-dream of poets and philosophers."

Dr. Schaper spoke before the Patrons' club of St. Charles High School Tuesday, December 4. Her subject was "Some of the Factors in the Development of Character."

Thanksgiving in Retrospect

By M. R.

Well, Thanksgiving is over and school has started as before. There are some sleepy people and some very tired ones, and then there are the girls who are rested and up on their work. They are the ones who remained at school while the greater part of the student body went hither and yon to spend their vacations.

There were only about fifty left on the campus.

Cicero left in a rush at noon Wednesday for Chicago and Tommy. She was with Janie Laughlin and her husband a lot. Marie Shultz went home to Michigan City, Ind. I haven't seen her since her return but she was planning to go to the College Inn one night. I suspect she had lots of fun. Eloise Worthington went to Michigan City, too, with Margaret Keck as her guest, and Mary Jane Mathias was with them, too. Mary Jane lives in the same town. All of these girls were on the same train so they must have had a good time. I imagine there were some fine tales going around when they met again on Sunday.

Mary E. Stuhler was home, Moline, Ill.; Camille McFadden, Jean Kirkwood, and Dotty Rosborough also went to their homes in Illinois.

Bunny went to Greenfield for the vacation, and then on home to Carthage and Joplin. She had lunch with Harriet Ann Gray, who's teaching dancing in Joplin again this year. Right at present she's working on the "Continental". Barbara Hall, Reba Mae Showalter, and Virginia Emerson spent their vacations in Joplin. It was Barbara's first visit since she moved to Benton, Ill. She said she really enjoyed going to dances where there were lots of stags. Barbara's such a good dancer that I know she had a marvelous time.

Jo Slack took Opal Jane McWilliams and Katherine McMahan home with her to Kansas City. I'm sure they did the town up right.

Dorothy Muirhead was in Arkansas (and how I envy her). She lives in Newport, the home of the Irwins, Kitty and Mary. Peggy McKeel lives in Bytheville and she said that she enjoyed this vacation more than any she can remember.

Juanita Jones and Jenny Green went to Johnston City, Ill. I haven't found out if Dwight was home or not. Betty Bell, Porter, and Kelly were gone and the place was awfully quiet. Porter came back with a lovely spot on her cheek.

Ruth Ann McSpadden was at home with Lib and her family in Nowata, Okla. Lib will probably be up next June.

Adele Coe went to Omaha, Neb., and of course when she left we told her to be sure and call Brownie for us and of course she forgot to do it. I heard her raving about something she met on the train—Trust Adele.

Virginia Estes was one of the first to return to school from home, (Oklahoma City). She ate dinner with her family one night. I guess Kenneth occupied the rest of her time.

As I've said there were numerous ones that went someplace. We stayed here and went to the shows..... Saw "Caravan", and wasn't it an odd picture? I can still hear them singing the "Hot-cha-cha". We had sausages and hotcakes for breakfast, and bacon and eggs. It was really a lot of fun and I finished a term theme that has been driving me crazy. But just wait until Christmas and I'll really shine.

THEN AND NOW:

Dr. Gregg Shows Difference Between 1834 and 1934.

At the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 21, Dr. Gregg spoke on "A Few Highlights of the 1830's and '40's at Lindenwood."

Dr. Gregg said that she wanted to tell only a few gossipy things about the first girls of Lindenwood. Anna Russell, the first student, was the daughter of one of the most wealthy men in Arkansas and Missouri. Miss Russell later married Mr. Thomas Allen, then attorney for her father, Mr. Allen afterward founded the Missouri Pacific Railroad. In a letter to Mrs. Sibley, Mr. Russell outlined the things that he wanted his daughter taught at Lindenwood. He wanted her to improve her mind in everything that was useful. He desired that she learn to make her own clothes and to knit, and he wished that she play with "the other good little girls." She should be taught to be particular, especially of her skin, her clothes, and her hair; her manner, her walk, and her articulation. She should be taught to read in a loud and somewhat bold voice. She should not be allowed to read novels, to attend any society balls, nor to attend the theatre until she was of sound discretion, he said.

William Russell was a very influential man and he brought many students to Lindenwood. In 1834 there were eleven students.

Dr. Gregg said that in 1836 Mr. Russell held the first mortgage on Lindenwood property and that he fell out with the Sibleys and removed Ann from the school. The cause of the trouble was that Ann had been allowed to go to church meetings at night, chaperoned of course, and Mr. Russell felt that she was not old enough to make her own religious decisions.

A siege of the cholera came, wiping out many people, including Mr. Rufus Easton, the father of Mrs. Sibley. Mr. Easton had been the first postmaster of St. Louis.

By the end of the 30's changes had taken place. It had been decided that all domestic service by the girls should be abolished except that they must take care of their own rooms and the class rooms.

Dr. Gregg told of the examinations which occurred monthly. A certain day was set and the relatives and friends came out and asked the questions.

There were two literary publications at the time: "The Experiment" and "The Violet." In an issue of one was a "want article" and among the things listed as wanted were "a sleigh to carry twenty girls," and a suitable classroom. Another article told of the girls' progress in penmanship and needlework. The slogan of "The Experiment" was, "No Effort is Lost." At this time there were 20 boarding students and 20 day pupils.

Dr. Gregg read a letter telling of the return of George Sibley from St. Louis with rope for a swing. It also told of a May Fete.

Toward the close of the '40's events conspired to make the school assuredly permanent, Dr. Gregg said. The school was a home in which the girls studied in groups. This same atmosphere has fingered down to the present, Dr. Gregg said in conclusion.

Dr. Crowe Speaks, Freedom In Progress

Dr. William Crowe, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, was the speaker at the vesper service on November 4. Dr.

Roemer in introducing him said that we had had our eyes on Dr. Crowe for some time, but to Rev. Mr. McCorgan we owe our good fortune in having him speak to us.

His text was from Malachi, Chapter 4: "But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

He began with a description of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro at sunrise. "To the left is a great spire as if some mighty cathedral had been sunk. To the right one sees the sheer declivity of a high mountain as if it were torn apart and part of it thrown into the Atlantic. Directly in front one may see the lights of the great city at dawn as a string of pearls across the water." Then look back and see the great sight. It is the spreading of a great fan with all the colors of the rose window of Notre Dame. Fingers develop from it and reach to the zenith, in saffron and purple. When you have witnessed this beauty and have seen the wonders of Rio, when you have heard the music from the shore and the answer from the ship deck, then you will think of the passage from Malachi.

Dr. Crowe cited a passage from one of Rudyard Kipling's poems which had been adjudged the best in the nineteenth century:

"We have ridden the low moon out of the sky,

Our hoofs drum up the dawn."

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," he quoted.

"The only truly free person is the man or woman who walks with God. Harry Lauder once went to see a friend of his who had been in prison for some time. When asked how he was the prisoner said, 'Do you see these drab walls? I have been here so long that my eyes, ears, mind and soul have become drab.' Mr. Lauder sailed around the world and upon returning went again to the prison. Something had happened, he saw from the prisoner's face. He said, 'Harry, I'm going to be free. You remember what I told you about these drab walls? Well, I can see through these walls now. I can see the sheep and the little children playing. I can see the primrose over the old wall'. That is the meaning of liberty."

Dr. Crowe said every person has his place in the scheme of things and then asked this question, "How are we going to fit into this scheme of things?" His answer was, "Only by the revelation of God.

"There is an ultimate fulfillment of the highest hopes we can have. It's a poor student who ever feels that he has completed his task. It's a poor artist who thinks he has accomplished his greatest work. The greatest Christian in the early church said, 'I count not myself to have apprehended, but I press forward.' Shall we not catch hands tonight and move forward as a great caravan. There is fulfillment ahead, accomplishment. The key that unlocks the mystery of life is "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

Dr. Brown Lectures

Spoke on "The Creative Spirit and Youth"

Dr. Rollo Walter Brown, author and Harvard lecturer, spoke to the Lindenwood College girls Thursday night, November 1, on "The Creative Spirit and Youth." Dr. Brown has long been a lecturer at Harvard University and is a writer and author of numerous books.

"I am coming more and more to believe in institutions of this kind, separate for men and women." Dr.

Brown said. Opening his theme he said: The person with the creative mind takes life apart, looks at it, studies it, and puts it back again.

"To write fiction, it is necessary to draw on life; you must go back to your childhood; you must take characters that are real. The elements of each character must be thought out and rearranged until all is straight in your mind. As Emerson said: 'Besiege the shrine and eventually the god will come.

"The person with a creative mind is sure of being called a fool. Every artist goes through an agony of thought before he creates. After this period, the chapters and words seem to form themselves. But while he is suffering, nothing pleases him. All is a chaos, but particularly his mind." Dr. Brown told of Mr. Robinson, a promising young poet, who studies all day, then goes home and walks the floor, sits in a chair and rocks, and after several hours finally writes the few lines of poetry.

"The world since it has entered the depression is reaching for something, it doesn't know what. If the world would recognize these artists with the creative mind, they would have this 'thing'. What we really need today is a philosophy of life. No one can be happy without a satisfying theory of life and being able to live this same theory.

"The creative mind is needed everywhere, in politics, every-day life, business, and government. The people who have this mind must have some encouragement however. Everything dies if the environment is not right. It is up to the youth of today either to cultivate this mind or to make the environment right for its spread."

Dr. Brown laid out a course of action for students to carry on if they so desired—for instance, beautifying the country and destroying the bill boards with horrid advertisements. It is up to the youth of today to reform the world and correct its flaws, he said.

Lecture Class at Night

Perhaps some of the students have been wondering about what was going on in Roemer Hall on Monday evenings, for the last six Monday nights. Well, here's the answer for the secret conclave on those nights.

Dr. Case and Dr. Dewey have been holding a night class in training religious leaders, for the people of St. Charles. There were twenty-two members in the class, which closed Monday evening November 19.

Dr. Case's course was on the prophets of the Old Testament. Dr. Dewey conducted a course in educational psychology.

One evening when Dr. Dewey was lecturing, he asked one of the members of the class how long the "lecture method" should be used. The answer was, "Until the child is 11 or 12 years old." But when Dr. Dewey asked why it should be stopped at that age, the answer was, "Because after twelve years, nobody would stand for the 'lecture method.'"

Of course everyone must realize that evidently this pupil's idea of a lecture was of the old, long-drawn-out type, which is not prevalent nowadays.

Lindenwood Alumna In The Day's News

How many have seen the ex-Lindenwood girl's picture on Dr. Schaper's Occupational Board? Miss Ruth Kahn, chief of the food clinic of Washington Medical School Clinics

and consultant of the St. Louis Hospital Social Service and Allied Hospitals, was interviewed by the Post-Dispatch on children's diet.

She believes that if a child has a faulty diet it is more due to lack of knowledge on the part of the parents than on the child's part. First the parents should find out what the child is most interested in and appeal to him or her through that medium.

When dealing with foreigners, Miss Kahn does not try to get them to change their regular foods, for she has found that with all the spaghetti, they eat lots of green salads.

The depression has aided the food problem by forcing people to buy more nourishing foods instead of knickknacks.

A child's lunch should be planned as carefully as any other meal of the day, she says, and should supply at least one-third of the food needed for the day. There are several menus offered as suggestions. One example is: Peanut butter sandwich on whole wheat bread, an apple, butterscotch cookies, and milk.

Among other items of interest on the board is the story of Miss Josephine Roach, coal mine operator, being appointed assistant secretary to the treasurer by President Roosevelt. She will investigate the working conditions of employees and inquire into individual cases as they arise.

"Dr. Bill" sees a decided field now and in the future for both psychologists and the psychiatrists, especially the industrial psychologists.

The job of an industrial psychologist is more than a "test giver". He must know the fundamentals and ranges of psychology more completely than any other psychologist.

Popular Organ Teacher Renders Full Program

The organ recital of Mr. Paul Friess of the music faculty, Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, was held in Sibley Chapel, which was completely filled with faculty members, music students, and other admirers of organ music.

Mr. Friess first explained to his audience the different parts of the organ, and acquainted them with the organ's different fundamental tones.

Mr. Friess's opening number was a "Sonata in E Minor" (James H. Rogers.) Mr. Friess chose three parts of the Sonata for the organ, the allegro, the adagio, and the fuga.

In the second group of numbers the first was "Festival Prelude" (Horatio Parker), which was delightful in its clarity, joyousness of tone and gaiety of spirit. Mr. Friess also commented on this number, saying that Horatio Parker had shown such precision in this composition that no note could be discarded, and no note added, but that each note carried its full importance in the entire piece.

"Nocturne Op. 50 No. 6" (Arthur Foote) was the next number, in which Mr. Friess made the organ sing even as the tones of night.

"L'Arlequin" (Gordon Batch Nevin) as Mr. Friess mentioned, introduces itself, for in its light, flip-pant and happy interpretation, Mr. Friess conveyed to the listeners the soul of any harlequin.

The last number "Exultation" by Powell Weaver, a prominent organist in Kansas City, was a symphonic piece for the organ and the piano. Mr. Friess first introduced Miss Eva Englehart, and expressed his gratitude to her for assisting him in this number on the piano.

Everyone thrilled to this rendition and the combination was one of beau-

ty and strengthening of tones and melodies of both the piano and the organ. The title, "Exultation" itself expresses well the feeling aroused in the audience while the number was being played, with its quieter feelings finally being aroused to such a pitch of "exultation" that everything seemed to burst its bonds.

The program ended with hearty applause from a most appreciative audience.

CAMPUS DIARY

By C. W.

Friday, November 16. There was more excitement tonight. The sophomores had their treasure hunt. Girls were all over the campus, and after six o'clock too. The sophomores were not the only ones to have some excitement. A fire broke out in the theatre and the girls who were there missed that performance but received passes for another night.

Tuesday, November 19. Play practice is at a standstill. Most of the main characters including several other students went to see "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Carolyn, you are too curious!

Thursday, November 22. Everyone seemed to enjoy the oratory recital. It must be nice to be talented.

Tuesday, November 27. Dear Diary, I have neglected you shamefully, but all the six weeks' tests are coming before the Thanksgiving vacation. Sue, What good are charts?

Wednesday, November 28. Dr. Roemer let us leave today at noon. Everyone is hilarious and the taxis are very much in demand. It was particularly nice for those girls that were taking double cuts.

Monday, December 3. Everyone is dragging. Some are awake and alert—those are the ones who remained here. Others are as sleepy as I. Vacations are nice—but tiring. We all come back to rest up.

Thursday, December 6. Dress rehearsal for "Once in a Palace". The actors are getting a little temperamental. Ragged Tailor, do you know your lines yet? We go on tomorrow night. Princess, dear one, is slightly nervous.

Friday, December 8. The play is over. The actors felt relieved and so do their friends. It does get tiresome hearing the same lines every night for a month. Now everyone can relax. The second six weeks is over; Christmas vacation is almost here; and the Christmas play is over!

Choir Goes To St. Louis

On Sunday, November 18, 26 members of the choir went to St. Louis to take part in the eighty-first anniversary celebration of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. They were guests at a tea following the services.

Miss Gieselman directed the following girls: Ruth Bewley, June Myers, Mary Jolley, Phyllis Armstrong, Dorothy Ball, Marjorie Hickman, Jo Slack, Alma Reitz, Kay Lehbrink, Carolyn Helms, Katherine Morton, LaCene Ford, Virginia Jaeger, Mary Nell Patterson, June Franklin, Marion Randolph, Margaret Winder, Bernice King, Adele Cote, Arabel Wycoff, Ruth Ann McSpadden, Evelyn Ruth, Beatrice Hill, Mary Stokes, Ellen Ann Schachner, Erma Schacht and Alice Douglas. Rachel Hinman was the accompanist.

Dr. William Crowe, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, wrote a letter to Dr. Roemer which was read in chapel, thanking the choir for singing.

Lynn Wood Dictates

"Butchy" Alward was the object of all eyes one Sunday night when she appeared in a gorgeous silver metal cloth tunic, with black skirt.

The sophomores have been strutting around in the best looking jackets. They're brown, novelty weave, swing models, and on the pocket is the soph emblem, yellow L. C., leaves, and the numerals 37. Some of the girls have bought cute yellow knit skirts to wear with the jackets.

Judge laughed at my little black hat, but have you seen her new one? It's the slickest little thing. Sits on her head like Happy Hooligan's, but I'll have to admit that it's cute.

Sally and Weary have the cutest little animals in their room. A precious dog made of this long haired gray fur, and two darling fuzzy cats. They're strictly hands off, too.

Peggy Moore wears a good looking brown wool crepe dress with large old clips. Peg's a very smart looking person, and has the most fascinating voice.

Y. W. C. A. Fosters Charity Impulse

Everyone is interested to know what was done with the \$75 given in the Thanksgiving vesper service Sunday evening, November 25. The greater part of it went to the Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. This church is in the midst of the factory district, and in a place where the trials and poverty of the people are always a crying need, and the girls of Lindenwood College, along with the faculty and the guests of the evening, should feel a warm glow within when they realize that someone at Thanksgiving and through the winter months is thanking them for their thoughtfulness.

The remainder of the money is being distributed among needy persons in St. Charles and part of it will also be used for the inmates of the St. Charles County Infirmary. Every year girls visit these aged people, and bring with them a world of cheer, and a few delightful goodies. There is tobacco for the men, and candy for the women; aside from this, the girls give them all bright rosy apples, and before they leave, they sing some Christmas carols. Last year quite a few of the girls visited these old people, and each and everyone came back with a lump in her throat, but still a warmth within for having given to some lonesome souls a breath of cheer and heartfelt gifts.

Intends Reopening Church

Bishop William Scarlett, bishop of the Missouri diocese of the Episcopal church, has written to Dr. Roemer asking if the Lindenwood girls would care to help in the opening of the Episcopal church in St. Charles. Dr. Roemer has replied to the letter, telling him that the thirty-one Lindenwood girls who belong to the Episcopal communion here would be glad to cooperate in any way possible.

For the last few Sundays St. Paul's Episcopal church in Overland has been sending cars over for the Lindenwood girls. Bishop Scarlett hopes to hold services in the church twice a month, in St. Charles.

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WHO'S WHO?

Who's Who for this week is a tall, very good-looking girl from southern Illinois, a senior, and probably the busiest senior in the school. She has light brown hair and large eyes and an odd laugh. She is an officer in the senior class, and an active member in Pi Gamma Mu and Alpha Sigma Tau, as well as other honorary sororities. Almost every day right after lunch, she goes down to the high school to teach.

She appears on the stage in chapel very often, and her subject is always the same. She leans languidly on the reading stand when she talks, and she is certainly not afraid to say what she thinks. All day the telephone rings on second Ayres for her, and her room is besieged by eager students for their—oh, I almost gave it away. Here is a hint; she loves strawberries and hamburgers.

History Teachers Meet

Plan for World Peace Movement among College Students.

Dr. Appleton represented Lindenwood College at a recent meeting of teachers of international relations and history, at Missouri University at Columbia. Mr. O. K. Armstrong, of the Missouri House of Representatives, presided over the meeting, which was attended by about twenty teachers representing Washington University, Drury College, Stephens College, Westminster College, Missouri University, and Lindenwood College. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the possibilities of organizing a movement for World Peace among college students.

A spring conference for college students of Missouri was planned. This movement on the part of the colleges around this part of the state should become a nucleus it is thought, for a movement in the entire United States and perhaps in the world. Students could hold inter-collegiate conferences and oratorical contests. Actual research into the cost of the war could be made to determine the terrible waste of it, and the peace mechanism of today could be studied. It is hoped this organization may be correlated with already existing movements.

Dr. Appleton believes: "The college student is a good field for this. You're the one to go out and mold opinions in favor of peace."

Linden Bark

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Nancy Smith, '36. Clara Weary, '37.
Mildred Rhoton, '36, Associate Editor

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1934.

The Linden Bark:

Never the low-strung tones of deeping fall
Sound on the wind but I remember all
The loveliness of surings beyond recall.

—E. Gallagher.

How About The Home Folks' Share In Vacation?

Now that the Christmas vacation is almost here, we are all looking forward to about two weeks of fun, locking our school books in our rooms at school and resolutely locking our consciences in the back part of our minds so that we won't think of uncompleted lessons, themes, book reports, and coming finals. We are planning on dancing, and eating heartily between dances. We might spend an hour or two at home with our parents, but we will be waiting for the door bell to ring so that we can go out again. As an afterthought, we may consider it wise to get a little sleep, "just 'nuff to carry us on through the holidays, you know."

Of course, a vacation is a time to have a lot of fun, to relax from the college rules, and to try to make up several months' absence from dances and parties at home. But vacations are also given so that we can rest. Our parents have missed us, and they will want to talk about our life at school and our activities in various clubs. Is it fair to them when we come rushing home and cry, "How grand it is to be home!" and then are in the home we so much only about six hours every night? Why not spend a little time talking to them, and try a couple of quiet evenings at home? We can't enjoy the dances and parties we go to, unless we are feeling completely rested and full of pep when we start to them. We can't feel rested when we dance half the night and spend the day rushing around town in the family car. So let's stay home a little while during our vacation and give our parents the impression that we really came home to see them as well as the "Bunch".

Merry Christmas To All Lindenwood

Christmas! That most important holiday, the merriest and most colorful event of all the year is sweeping down upon us with sleigh bells jingling and wreaths and mistletoe brightening every cozy home. Christmas! The very utterance of the word brings the fragrance of pine needles to our nostrils, the feel of soft feathery snow flakes on our cheeks, the vision of jostling, elbowing throngs of busy Christmas shoppers and the radiant, happy faces gathered about a resplendent Christmas tree.

Even though we are "dignified college students" we enjoy the Christmas spirit as much now as we did when we wore high laced shoes and big bows in our hair. Good old jolly Santa, pack on back brimming over with toys and candies for "good litt'e boys and girls", is as vivid a picture to us now as it was some twelve years ago, more or less. And who is there among us who doesn't get a big "kick" out of hanging up her stockings? Of course, we are "wise" to Santa now, but Christmas is plenty of fun if we play the game right. Now that we are grown up our tastes have changed a bit. Instead of sitting up by the fireplace, we tear off to a frat dance—but the principle of the true holiday spirit is the same.

Christmas! The birthday of One whose chief contribution to the human heart and mind was a message of boundless, universal love. For once, the feeling of brotherhood is fostered and selfishness is rebuked. In nearly every country throughout the world, people will be gathered in family reunion to share blessings and good fortune.

Christmas Number of Roman Tatler Shown

The Roman Tatler which has recently been compiled on the Bulletin Board is a Christmas feature.

The illustrations are concerned with the birth of Christ, and the three shepherds guided by a star. In the right lower corner are pictures of Santa Claus, and of Christmas candles. The lower center picture is of little choir boys singing Christmas carols.

Most of the material is in Latin: a Christmas story; The Birth of Jesus and the Magi; Herod's Inquiry; Silent Night in Latin, "Silens Nox"; and O Come All Ye Faithful, "Adeste Fideles". Milton's Hymn On the Nativity appears in English.

There is a most interesting picture entitled "The Spirit of Motherhood." It is a composite Madonna made by Joseph Gray Kitchell after thirty-one years of study of the features of 271 paintings which range in date from 1293 to 1823.

New Latin Member

Pi Alpha Delta met with Miss Hankins Monday afternoon, November 26. It was a social meeting in honor of Peggy McKeel who has met the requirements for associate membership in this organization. Refreshments were served.

"Lindenwood Verse"

The Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta and the Lindenwood Chapter of the College Poetry Society of America, have jointly edited a book of "Lindenwood Verse", which is an attractive compilation of poems written by the students of Lindenwood College.

The poems express those thoughts that run through every girl's mind, when she sits and dreams a while, and then again as one turns the pages of this book of verse, there can be found almost any girl at college thinking out some personal problem. It is all there in verse.

Lindenwood has been the inspiration for this book, in its beauty and peaceful charm. So let us slip across the pages in this book, and catch a glimpse of college at noon by Evelyn Brown in her poem "Fancies":

"In this green dapp'ed bower, where
the leaves
Make a weird tapestry of emerald
light,
As though the flickering flame that
noon receives
Fell from a tall stained window's
arching height".

The faculty members of the Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta are Dr. Alice E. Gipson, and Dr. Kate L. Gregg, Miss Elizabeth Dawson, who is the sponsor of the Lindenwood Chapter of the College Poetry Society of America, and Miss Alice Parker, the sponsor of Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, and also Miss Frances Stumberg.

The book of Lindenwood verse was issued in the Spring, and the price is 75 cents a copy. It is now on sale in the English office, 209 Roemer Hall.

The book contains much verse written by students that are not attending Lindenwood this year, but there are many poems in the book written by persons who still are on the campus. Among the writers is Miss Frances Stumberg of the English Department, who wrote "For a Friend In The Doldrums" and "Thought" which are presented below along with others written by students attending Lindenwood College.

For a Friend in the Doldrums By Frances Stumberg

Charcoal the mood of inner fire;
Cold metal now the flagrant stream
That was poured to mould that one
desire—
Now the aftermath of a filmy dream.
No firm thing was moulded;
There remains but the mist
Of a wet cloud folded
In a hard, dry fist.

THOUGHT

By Frances Stumberg

Sometimes
Thought
Is a pagan
Dance of lightning
On a sleek gray sky,
Wrought
From a sudden
Inward brightening
Discharged from an obvious lie,
Taught
For the universal
Frightening
Of the minds it first was carried by.

REINCARNATION

By Kathryn Fox

Have I seen this before? These
rolling hills
Behind this misty grove, See how

the line
Of trees bends back upon itself.
Haze fills
The hollow where the brooks runs
slow. Some time
I must have seen these trees, their
branches fine
And very still against this white,
round sun.
And yet I know I've never seen
them—never one.

GULL COLORS

Silvery foam and spray have
pressed
Their colors on a sea-gull's breast;
Eternal skies forever fling
Soft blue and gray on back and
wing;
And where the sun and ocean meet,
A sea-gull dips its golden feet.

RAIN

By Evelyn Brown

The rain was dripping all about,
And yet my thought, dry-shod, ran
out
Among the birches, slender set
Along the pelted rivulet,
It saw the apple blossom pale,
The red-cupped moss and snuggled
snail,
The mushroom thrusting through
the mold,
The early cowslip's budded gold.
Awhile it tarried there to bless
Those living creatures' loveliness;
Then under dripping blush and tree,
My thought, dry-shod, returned to
me.

Distinguished Visitor

Compliments Attendance

The International Relations Club met Tuesday afternoon, November 20, in the clubrooms to discuss the subject, "Is Isolation Possible or Desirable for the United States?" Olga Owen, president, introduced the subject and the speakers who represented different European countries. Dr. Hillis Lory, was present, and expressed his views several times.

Betty Baker, representing England, was the first to speak. She said: "England and the United States are neighbors. If they could get together, they could do just about what they wanted to!" Ruth Ke'ley, France, explained: "The financial outlook for France is very gloomy. France needs outside assistance which comes to a large extent from the United States.

Regina Tull gave Russia's attitude by saying that, although Russia is at present wrapped up in her own commercial problems, she wants to keep in contact with the United States. Wilma Hoen made a long speech about Germany, which country, she said, is of great economic and financial importance to the United States.

Italy was represented by Ernestine Thro. "If the United States isolated itself," she said, "she would create a sense of distrust all through Europe, and war would probably follow. The United States has a social debt to pay to Italy; and she would lose a good customer and debtor if she isolated herself from Italy."

Dr. Lory complimented Dr. Appleton, sponsor of the club, on the fine membership of the club, and the intelligent interest shown in world affairs by both the speakers of the day and the large number of listeners.

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Christmas Prize Story

Award for the best Christmas story was announced yesterday in Chapel—Eleanor Hibbard wins the prize, with honorable mention to Alma Reitz. The stories follows:

Prize Christmas Story

CHRISTMAS STAR

By Eleanor Hibbard

Emily Grayson gave a sigh of relief as the door slammed, pushed rather fluffy light colored hair and walked to her desk, slumping rather than sitting in the chair. She just sat there and looked around her. The long-needed pine tree, stripped of all gifts and of some ornaments, which lay shattered about the base, was leaning perilously and threatened to fall at any minute. Crumpled red and white tissue paper lay about on the floor; bits of gilt cord and hurriedly scanned cards showed from beneath it. The dark walls of the schoolhouse were bare and oppressing where cotton-trimmed Santa Clauses and gay Christmas posters had been removed, taken home to be shown to admiring parents and finally torn up by baby brothers and sisters.

Turning her head, she looked out of the window at the already darkening outside world. Patches of dirty snow and of trampled, freezing mud, full of foot prints where the children had played about the building, lay around every place. Sagebrush and a few tall dry grasses pushed through the snow and made dark splotches against the gray and white. Row after row of white hills, now and then slashed by a dark stretch made by some cut bank, stretched to the very foot of the silent, cold gray-blue mountains. There were miles and miles of deep untracked snow up there, blown about by cutting-cold, unceasing winds.

Glancing at her watch, Emily knew she must soon be starting to the ranch house where she stayed, to be in time for the early supper. She could leave the cluttered schoolhouse, for she knew there would be plenty of time during the long week of Christmas vacation for her to straighten it. Oh, not to be able to go home on Christmas, how unbearable! Closing her eyes, she leaned back and thought of former Christmases; warm, leaping fire in the open fireplace, subdued soft lights, red candles, gay voices and happy laughter. And the perfect food—roast goose, candied sweet potatoes, cranberries, home-made candies, nuts—and just the joy of being home—home at Christmas time. And now this year, so far away from home, for a country school-teacher's salary did not allow her to go way back to Indiana just to spend one week. She shuddered, thinking of the contrast between the two homes, hers and the one where she was staying. The low, dark three-roomed house, lighted at night only by evil-smelling, dim kerosene lamps; the bare heatless bedroom which she shared with the two little girls, and the smoky kitchen which also served as a front room. Mrs. Perkins would be cooking over the cracked kitchen range in one corner, the girls getting in her way more than helping. The turkey red curtains would shine out, matching the red and white checked table cloth, and the few carefully tended plants would gleam besides the

small, clean windowpanes, but these brave attempts would intensify the bareness and dreariness of the room. Through with the outside chores, Mr. Perkins would stomp in with muddy, snowy feet, wash in the tin basin, and sit down with his pipe to wait for supper. The plain food would be eaten hurriedly; it was always gulped down although there certainly was nothing to do after supper. Quarrelling and bickering, the little girls would finally get the supper dishes washed. Then everyone would sit around the table, Mr. Perkins scanning the paper or telling a joke at which everyone must laugh, the little girls reading or making paper dolls, and Mrs. Perkins trying to get caught up with her mending.

At this last thought, Emily put her head down on her folded arms and clinched fists and tried not to think. The wind blew fitfully outside, blowing particles of snow against the windowpane, then stopped leaving only the sound of the faintly crackling wood in the stove. Suddenly she sat up, smiled a smile using only one corner of her mouth, got up and pulled on high buckled overshoes, a sheep-skin coat, and heavy woolen cap.

She carefully locked the door behind her and stepped out into the very still, cold, star-topped night. No sound was heard except the crunch of her feet in the snow. Following a narrow path on the short cut home, she climbed a steep hill, stopping to rest a minute at the top. She looked up and saw the huge sparkling stars of a clear winter night, and far behind the silent school-house, the white mountains glimmered like radium in the pale starlight. And brighter and larger than all the other stars shone the Evening Star, glittering above the distant mountains. And all at once Emily knew that this was the Christmas Star, the same one her mother had shown her when she was small, the one they has always started looking for early in December. Why, she hadn't even noticed it before in all the glorious nights there had been! She had been entirely too engrossed in her own troubles to even bother to look up at the sky. She breathed in the cold air and held herself taut for the very beauty of it all, then quickly laughed. She must hurry to get home to help Mrs. Perkins; maybe they could plan some thing nice for the children, and she would have her own gorgeous box from home—they could share it too. She slipped down the hill thinking she was happy because she could share and give on Christmas, but really, back in her mind she knew that every night, that bright Christmas Star would shine down on her just as it did at home.

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(Honorable Mention)

RECONSIDERATION

By Alma Reitz

"No", Pete reasoned, "There couldn't be a Santa Claus."

How could there be when there was one on every corner and in every store. And didn't each one look different? Some didn't even look like they had enough to eat. And if there was a Santa Claus who had helpers around, surely they would look like Santa Claus should look—fat and jolly, with bright red suits and red cherry cheeks and button noses. They wouldn't stand around to wait for little children to come up to them either. If they were at all interested in how good you were or what you wanted they would be friendly and come talk and ask questions. But how could any one person know or remember what everybody wanted after all?

Then didn't Paul, his cousin, who was a whole year older and already going to school, say that everybody said that there was no Santa Claus? Your mother and daddy waited until you were in bed and then fixed a tree and stockings with presents and everything so that when you got up in the morning you would be surprised. Paul probably knew, too, because he got around with all those big "guys" about seven years old.

Of course it would be awful hard to say anything to Mother about something like not believing in Santa Claus because she was so sure that her Pete was still a little boy, whereas he was really five years old. It wouldn't be long until he would be six either.

And to say anything about there being no Santa Claus to his big sisters—he just couldn't. They were awful dumb, although Susan was four years older than Pete and Janet was three. If he said anything to them he might really make them think that there was no Santa Claus. And girls were so dumb that they probably still thought that there was. He'd let them find out for themselves.

So when Mother asked him what he wanted from Santa Claus he said, "Well, I need a new wagon and I want a train, but I don't know why I'd ask Santa Claus when I don't think there is one."

Mother said, "Pete, I don't know where you're going to get anything if not from Santa Claus. But that's all right, honey. It will just be that much less for Santa to get ready and deliver if he can scratch you off his list right now."

Several days later Mother had to go to town. Of course Pete was anxious to go too because he liked to see the windows with all the toys. And he wanted to get another look at a Santa Claus just to see if he wasn't right. So he went along.

Pete liked the windows and toys just fine. But couldn't he go upstairs to the toy department in the store? He didn't know whether he wanted a wagon with solid wheels or one with yellow spokes and he wanted to look at both kinds so he could be sure what kind to ask for.

Up in toyland children were looking at the gifts that Santa Claus had given them. Pete said that he would like to go through and talk to some of the helpers and get something too. He always liked to take something

home when he went down town, and if he got a present from Santa Claus he wouldn't want anything else.

But Mother wanted to know why he wanted to waste a quarter to go see a Santa Claus that he didn't even believe in. Of course, if he just wanted to go through toyland that was perfectly all right.

While he was waiting in line with his ticket in his hand, he wondered why he really did want to go see Santa Claus when he knew that there wasn't any. When he got to the place where he would get a present, he was going to be very determined and say, "My name's Pete and I'm five years old." But when he really got there and the helper asked how old he was he said, "Five". It sounded just like a little boy.

The box was wrapped in pink paper. What a sissy color! And when he shook it it rattled. What if he would get blocks?

He opened the box. There was a broken machine. A loose wheel made the noise.

"But Mother, the wheel is off and the steering wheel is bent. Do you think—?"

He almost cried.

Then mother said that he couldn't expect Santa Claus to waste a perfectly good toy on him when he didn't believe in him. That was even more crushing.

But after all a boy only five years old ought to be able to change his mind. And why was Mother so unsympathetic, taking it so for granted that he didn't care about what he got from Santa Claus?

And that night Pete said his prayers and added that he was sure that there was a Santa Claus who knew if he was good. Couldn't God please let Santa Claus know that he wanted a new wagon with yellow spoke wheels?

SLEEP VERSUS DUTY

By Jean Thomas

Occasionally, as I lay me down to sleep, I see before me only a few hours of slumber, for on the desk beside my resting place sits the alarm clock, prepared by my own hand to awaken me in the wee, dim hours 'twixt day and dark.

"Oh well," I invariably assure myself, "I'll not be sleepy. I'll wash my face in cold water, and then I won't even want to go back to bed." But for some strange season I always take what I say on occasion like that with a grain of salt. And so to bed, with all the probabilities of a dreamless night, for I am not addicted to visions of Romeos, snakes, or alarm-clocks.

Comes the dawn. The clock fairly goes mad until I quell it with a none-too-gentle hand. The moment the racket ceases, I feel myself reverting to my pre-alarm state. With great difficulty I manage to raise myself to a sitting position. Feebly I rub my eyes. I see that it is not yet light enough to study, and that the air is a little cooler than I had foreseen.

Shall I get up? Well, it is just this way: If I get up now, I shall have to study in the hall, where the light is poor. My eyes have already given me some trouble—and might not an hour's reading by poor light be damaging to them? And then there is this side of the question; I have a cold, and if I sit out in the hall I shall probably catch more and have to go to the infirmary. Then Nursie wouldn't allow me to go swimming, and

I'd have a period to make up.

"But what about the assignments?" I ask myself, trying weakly to defend my mind in the eyes of my conscience which is struggling drowsily to keep its head up.

I lie back on the pillow to figure the whole thing out. Suddenly I remember that somewhere I once read the words, "All noise is waste". That settles it. I was in the wrong at the very first in setting the alarm that so rudely broke the silence of my room. Anyway, I have no classes until ten o'clock. I can get up at seven, and study 'til ten, not taking time out for breakfast—and then—and—then—and—

My eyes open at 7:15. This time I am fully awake in only a few moments. Woe is me, for I am oh, so hungry.

WATER

By Evelyn Brown

Dark clouds
Like gray ghosts
Veering across the leaden sky;
Leaves,
Lifting their tawny heads to cry
Joyfully to the scampering wind
Rushing about to find
New ears to tell your coming.

You are magic!
Look
How the hard streets change
At your touch into strange
Shining jewels;
How little pools form
In your wake;
And how the fallen leaves
Lie in grand submission,
Fainting with your weight.

Look.
How earth takes you to her,
Hungry, greedily, as if she had not
guessed one-half your sweetness.
Even the dusty gutters sing you a
song
And the o'd drain mutters to hear
your serene patter.

ESCAPE

By Dorothy Barton

One hot, sultry afternoon in late July as I was vainly trying to keep cool out on the lawn with a glass of cold lemonade nearby and a fan, which I used spasmodically, I saw unfolded before my eyes one of the most appealing bits of drama that it had ever been my fortune to see. Wearily moving the fan to and fro in a listless manner while my head drowsily sank to one side, I lazily rested in the lawn chair. Suddenly my hand ceased its waving motion, and the fan rigidly hung in the air as I heard a small but piercing cry somewhere above to the left of me. At first the meaning of the wordless call did not register on my brain. But, directing my gaze upward to a low branch on the ancient maple tree in the yard. I saw at first glance just an ordinary robin. Strangely enough, the cry seemed to come from somewhere around him.

By that time my curiosity was decidedly aroused, and demanded satisfaction. Closer inspection on my part revealed that the robin held a fluttering, squirming locust in its beak.

The surprised, and somewhat pained expression on the robin's face was almost human. Its look said, "Now what in the world is this little, green monster I have here?" When the locust continued its thrashing movements, the robin sharply aroused himself from his speculation and admon-

ished it with a swift peck on the branch of the tree. All the while the locust poured forth heart rendering cries that finally died down to a pitious "whe-e, whe-e, whe-e."

As the locust's frantic efforts lessened, the robin laid it on the branch and firmly put his foot on the green body. However, the locust vigorously renewed its struggles and audible appeals with such force that the captor momentarily released his tight hold on the victim. The locust quickly took advantage of the opportunity and, with such a cry of joy as even I have never heard before, it fluttered upward, winging its way back to safer realms. The robin made not the least effort to retain the prisoner. He probably was most content to be rid of such a noisy, energetic creature.

As I settled back in my chair, I thought, with a smile, that it is rarely one's privilege to view such a piece of real life in its actuality.

FUTILE EFFORT

By Kathryn Dalton

"Insult is an extremely delicate art full of subtle innuendoes and potential possibilities."

Insult, ha! What is a mere verbal y hurled flower-pot to the affront I'm giving my stomach? That anatomic deity has passed the stage where it growls; it's even too discouraged to moan or gurgle. Slowly but inevitably it is growing together, wall to wall. Tomorrow, in the midst of plenty, I shall be physically unable to eat; tonight, in the midst of nothing, I have an infinite capacity. Who was the man who said, "Life is just what you make it" But I will bear this suffering with true Lindenwood spirit. I'll smile till my teeth decay from lack of use.

Mmmm—"Insult is a delicate art full of subtle innuendoes and potential possibilities." Well, I, too, have "subtle innuendoes and potential possibilities"; yet they must starve with me. I wonder if this material discomfort is bringing out my spiritual depth. Poe and Carlyle wrote their best literature when they were half-dead from hunger. I don't believe I've realized the true beauty and worth of that first sentence. "Insult is a delicate art full of....."; huh-huh. Well, Samuel Johnson wrote his dictionary in semi-starvation. "Subtle... innuendoes.....potential....." Yes, I'm more the dictionary type; maybe not even that.....just another half-inch column in the death notices. Imagine going through all this misery without any artistic reward.

Misery. When I think of that girl down the hall who has two boxes of cookies, a sack of apples and bananas bread and strawberry jam, and a cake, I realize Lenin was right. Private possession is a social evil. Would that those cookies and bananas were community property!

Now really would there be anything wrong in my just walking in and taking a box of cookies? If she were not asleep and I waked in, she'd give me some. Some? Well, one. Yes, that is just what; she'd say, "Do Take ONE," implying in a sweet way, "Oh, predatory slave to your appetite, take no more than one. It is only politeness that forces me to give you this morsel. It's just selfishness, because she's well nourished. Why, she's really too plump; her waistline is a disgrace. It would be a deed of thoughtfu' kindness to remove temptation from her. And she'd never need to know who did it..... Kathryn. You must have inherited

criminal instincts, or, perhaps, acquired some. The movie was bad for your child mind.

"And potential possibilities. To insult properly and to the best advantage, one must know all the denunciatory types and the peculiar fitnesses of each." Even salmon loaf would taste peculiarly fitting now. How I envy the bovine creatures who can chew their cud. No wonder we speak of contented cows. Ruminations..... that's probably why people can never be satisfied; it is the unknown perfection we keep striving for all our lives. Isn't it strange that I never before realized it was such a simple thing?

But why my excruciating hunger madness. I was cozily full at dinner time. Could it be possible that my appetite is the least.....well, unusual? Something might be wrong with my pancreatic juices; or, more likely, my over active thyroid gland is responsible for this condition. Ambition is certainly an awful thing; Brutus was right when he stabbed Caesar. Just because of the over-ambitious creative passion of my thyroid, my life is ruined, my peace of mind is lost. I am a mere fly to be teased by a meat loaf or cookie. Even a mental meat loaf can drive me de'irious.

"The first and most important type of insult is....." What's the use? I can't elevate my spirit. I must have food for thought.

CHILDHOOD FEAR

By Wanda Pringle

The only time I was ever afraid of one person for a long period was when I was sitting on the front porch of the house next door playing with a little girl—younger than I—who 'lived there. We were dressing dolls, I remember, and my playmate pointed to a girl of about eleven years, who was passing in front of the house. "Doesn't she look funny?" she asked in a voice loud enough to be heard out on the sidewalk, "I surely would hate to have a doll with hair like that." "I'll say so," I replied, also in a loud voice. The child on the street turned around and, shaking her first at me in a melodramatic manner, threatened, "You'd better look out. I'll get you for that." Of course, my answer was to give her an excellent view of my tongue. I wasn't worried, but I should have been, because from that time on, the Italian girl with the long braids was always in my thoughts. During the following months I learned a little about her—that she lived in a section near us called Dago Hill, which I had never seen but which had a reputation for roughness, that she went to my school, and that she learned in some way all my habits in regard to leaving the house.

Every day I dreaded to go to school and to have to come home again, even though I hated the school for other reasons. In the morning I would go to the front door, look up and down the street to see if she was here, and repeat the procedure in the back of the house. Usually I would decide on the back way as closest and after gathering up my books, would run down the alley and over the half block to the school yard, where I felt comparatively safe. There she would confine the indulgence of her hostile feelings to giving me ferocious looks, nudging up against me and giving me a push, and tripping me when we were playing hop scotch or jumping rope. As

soon as classes were over I would hurry to be the first one out of the building so that I could be home before she could catch me. However, I wasn't always successful, and I remember that once she stopped me and started a fight in which I raised a very weak resistance, ending up on the slope of a awn covered with snow, crying and very much humiliated at the sight of a ring of taunting faces, but feeling more frightened than ever.

The girl's persistence was remarkable, for she was waiting for me nearly every time I left the house, even early in the morning. During the summer I would get up about six o'clock and go down to the end of the block to buy fresh bakery goods for breakfast. She learned of this habit, and I no longer took the walks in which I had enjoyed the early sunlight and the deserted and peaceful air of the streets.

I wasn't released from my constant state of nervous terror until we moved, after about eight months, and there were several miles between us.

BOURBON QUEEN

By Nan Latham

The setting was just as it should be when they showed us "Bourbon Queen". It was late April with the smell of spring rain and newly plowed ground in the warm air. The sunshine reflected on the dazzling, white walls of the barn and on the dewy-green grass. Then a man came up the path from the field leading the beautiful "Bourbon Queen". Her legs being long, she gave at first the impression of a large horse, although she was really quite slender and graceful. Her nostrils dilated from recent exercise. Her slick, red-brown coat glistened from careful grooming. When I held out a handful of salt, she stretched her fine, thin neck with its closely cropped mane and eagerly ate the offering. I liked the way she held her head, the way she impatiently pawed the ground with a brown front foot. They pointed out desirable qualities in hoofs and teeth and knee-joints; nothing they said impressed me so much as the way the mare stood with hind legs stretching far back, front feet placed firmly on the grass, head high and looking straight forward, ears pricked up, all motionless except for quivering flanks. The horse was truly a queen as she passed there with the misty April horizon behind her. The picture made me think of the possibilities if "Bourbon Queen" were mine: of slick new saddles with the delightful odor of fresh leather; of breath-taking, high white hurdles; of cool, woodsy trails spotted with sunlight of the excitement of night horse shows with their floodlights and band music; of hard canters and lazy rambles in moddy lanes. Arousing myself from such rosy dreams, I whistled softly to the horse, lifted my hand, and patted her nose.

Sigma Tau Delta Initiates

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English sorority, held an initiation of new members in the Y. W. C. A. parlors, Thursday, November 22. The new members are Dorothy Copps, Alma Reitz, Erma Schacht, and Mary Willis Heeren. The new members each read a contribution, and Wilma Hoen read a long narrative poem. Mary Morton presided.

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SPORTS

Hockey Tournament, Line-Up, Game By Game

The hockey tournament here begun on the afternoon of November 16, and a very short opening game was played. The two teams seemed to be very evenly matched and after about fifteen minutes of play the game was called on account of darkness and a scoreless tie was the result.

Lineup; for the opening game:

Freshmen	Pos.	Upperclassmen
M. Spearing	L.I.	B. Butler
L. Null	C	N. Smith
M. Randolph	R.I.	C. Osgood
M. Schultz	R.W.	A. Reitz
B. Spears	L.H.B.	V. Rugh
B. Weber	C.H.B.	N. Platt
J. Thomas	R.H.B.	C. Lee
A. Byers	L.F.	M. E. Null
E. Maasen	R.F.	H. Foster
M. Harris	G.G.	E. Martin

The second game in the tournament was played on the following morning, Saturday, November 17. Before the start of the game captains were chosen for each team. Lois Null was elected captain of the freshmen, and Connie Osgood, captain of the sophomore-junior-senior team. This game was much faster and more exciting than the opening contest. After a hard fought battle, the upperclassmen managed to draw ahead, 2-1, to win. Goals were made by Nancy Smith and Connie Osgood of the upperclassmen and by Marjorie Spearing of the freshman team. Connie Osgood had her hands full being head of hockey, coach of both teams, captain of the upperclassmen, and referee for the day!

Lineup; for the second game:

Freshmen	Pos.	Upperclassmen
M. Spearing	L.I.	C. Osgood (c)
L. Null (c)	C	N. Smith
R. McSpadden	R.I.	C. Lee
B. Spears	L.H.B.	
J. Thomas	C.H.B.	N. Platt
K. Dalton	R.H.B.	V. Rugh
A. Byers	L.F.	E. Null
E. Maasen	R.F.	H. Foster
	G.G.	A. Martin

The third game was set for November 21, but was postponed until November 23, and turned out to be another short game ending in a scoreless tie. More players came out for this game; before there had not been enough for full teams. The upperclassmen managed to keep the ball down at the freshman goal all through the game, but could not break down the freshman defense. The game was called because of darkness after fifteen minutes of play.

Lineup; for third game:

Freshmen	Pos.	Upperclassmen
M. McCormick	L.W.	B. Kent
M. Spearing	L.I.	B. Butler
L. Null	C	N. Smith
A. Willner	R.I.	C. Osgood
M. Randolph	R.W.	C. Lee
B. Spears	L.H.B.	E. Brown
B. Weber	C.H.B.	N. Platt
J. Thomas	R.H.B.	V. Rugh
A. Byers	L.F.	E. Null
M. Harris	R.G.	E. Martin
A. Maasen	G.F.	H. Foster

Substitutes: Eleanor Hibbard, upperclassmen; Ruth Ann McSpadden, Edwina Peuter, Jane Bowman, freshmen.

The fourth and last game of the tournament, taking the place of the usual Thanksgiving game, was played

on Saturday morning, November 24. Miss Reichert of the physical education department was referee for the game. From the very beginning of the game, the upperclassmen had the ball at the freshman goal, but they again had difficulty trying to break down the fine defense of the freshmen. About five minutes after play had begun, one of the freshmen fullbacks accidentally knocked the ball into her own goal, giving the upperclassmen their first point. Another goal was made by Nancy Smith near the end of the first half, and this concluded the scoring for the game. The second half was uneventful. All through the game there was excellent passing and teamwork by both teams. Dean Gipson and Miss Stookey, head of the physical education department, were among the spectators. The final score was upperclassmen, 2, and freshman, 0, making the sophomore-junior-senior team the hockey champions of Lindenwood for this year.

Lineup; for last game:

Freshmen	Pos.	Upperclassmen
M. Harris	L.W.	G. Robertson
R. McSpadden	L.I.	B. Butler
L. Null	C	N. Smith
M. Spearing	R.I.	C. Osgood
C. Peuter	R.W.	A. Reitz
M. Randolph	L.H.B.	E. Brown
J. Thomas	C.H.B.	N. Platt
B. Spears	R.H.B.	V. Rugh
K. Dalton	L.F.	E. Null
A. Byers	R.F.	H. Foster
E. Maasen	G.G.	C. Lee

Substitutes: E. Martin, B. Kent, upperclassmen; J. Bowman, freshman. Referee, Miss Reichert.

Summary of the hockey tournament: after a rather discouraging season when very few girls came out for hockey, the game between the upperclassmen and the freshmen turned out to be very exciting, very interesting, and lots of fun for the players. The first game was a scoreless tie; the second was won by the upperclassmen, 2-1, goals being made by Smith, Spearing and Osgood. The third game was a scoreless tie. The final game was won by the upperclassmen, 2-0, goals made by Byers, and Smith. The total score in games was sophomore-junior-senior team, 2, and freshman, 0. The upperclassmen showed more teamwork all through the tournament, and the freshman defense was very strong.

Diana Watts Returns:

The Science of Perfect Poise From The Greeks.

"The Science of Perfect Poise" was the subject of the lecture given by Diana Watts (Mrs. Roger Watts) of Eng and, Thursday morning, November 15, at 11 o'clock in Roemer auditorium. Diana Watts is a nationally and internationally known personage, and has traveled around the world three times, delivering lectures in every civilized country.

Mrs. Watts asserted that the ancient Greeks knew the intimate connection between perfect physical development and the sense of well-being. She pointed out the many allusions to the co-ordination of body and spirit found in the "Iliad".

"The preliminary essential condition of all perfectly balanced movement is that of fully stretching," she said. She demonstrated this by performing a stretching exercise which is the only one she depends on to keep herself in perfect physical condition.

"Relaxation" she stated, "is extremely important but you have to

achieve complete tension first." She pointed out the value of posture in aiding one to relax and showed several pictures of Greek sculpture which substantiated this.

Mrs. Watts described her unique method of photographing her movements in a series of figures by which she created perfect geometrical curves.

"All geometrical movement is bound by mathematical law, which when repeated time after time under the same conditions shows barely a hair's-breadth of variation. Its beauty lies in the extraordinary precision of law-governed movement."

Diana Watts believes that it is possible to apprehend a certain amount of unseen force, and without the power of sensitiveness of life we must forever remain blind to the beauty of life.

Eight Music Students In First Recital

The music department of Lindenwood College presented some of its students in a recital in Roemer auditorium Tuesday, November 13, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Doris Danz, pianist, played a "March" (MacDowell). Her playing showed strongly the martial air, while her shades of loud and soft tones were played with distinction.

Mary Ahmann also gave two piano numbers, the "Two Mazurkas, Op. 7 No. 5 Op. 63 No. 2" (Chopin). Mary showed good interpretation, and fine technique in her playing.

One of the most delightful piano numbers on the program was a number written by Niemann entitled "A Chinese Quarrel", played by Arabella Wyckoff. She showed dexterity and gave a quick and light presentation. In fact all that was missing were the Chinese quees.

Anna Marie Kistner played two violin compositions, the "Canzonetta" (D'Ambrosio) and "Gavotte" (Popper). Anna Marie showed a pleasing style in her playing, and her light tones were well defined.

The other violinist on the program was Margaret Downs, a new student in the music department. Her number was "Regrets" (Vieuxtemps). Her number showed a sensitive interpretation, fine feeling, and perfect intonations.

There were three students who gave vocal solos. Margaret Lee Winder sang "Se tu m'ami" (Pergolesi); and "Clouds" (Charles). Margaret is a soprano, and in her singing she gave a clear fineness of tone, and a good presentation. Marion Randolph sang "Song of Indian Summer" (Dwight); and "Down South" (Strickland). Marion showed fine enunciation, and sang with a happy, light interpretation. LaCene Ford closed the program with two vocal numbers. The first was "Per la gloria d'adoravi (Griselda)" (Pononcini); the second, "Children of the Moon" (Warren). LaCene sang with a firm and forceful tone, and showed a finesse in her pianissimos. The last number, "Children of the Moon", was a delicate, and lovely closing number for a program as enjoyable and successful as this first student recital of the year.

Half A Dozen Excellent Entertainers

The oratory department presented its first recital November 22. The first on the program was Polly Blanton. She gave a serious reading entitled, "Gretna Green". She has a

soft refined voice that fitted in the mood of her reading beautifully.

Laura Fritz, dressed in a stunning green and gold outfit, presented a humorous reading, "Dining Out". The scene was laid in a cafeteria, and one of these women that talk incessantly was the character which Laura quite cleverly portrayed.

"Teaching a Girl Foot-ball" was a humorous reading given by Ellen Ann Schachner. Ellen Ann, naturally a vivacious girl, did her selection very well. "Laughter of Leen", presented by June Myers, was also very well done. Ruth Hughes read "Brother's Bereft". This one was another humorous reading with several catchy new "wise-cracks", which were heard in different parts of the campus, after the recital.

Mary Louise Whiteley took as her selection, "Flaming Ramparts". This was a reading different from the average type. It was done so well that when the reading ended there was a dabbling at eyes in some parts of the audience and all those present felt the tragedy in the story.

Dr. Schaper in Columbia

Dr. Schaper attended the first Annual meeting of the Missouri Academy of Science in Columbia, December 6, 7, and 8. The meeting was held in cooperation with The Audubon Society of Missouri, Missouri Section, Society for the promotion of Engineering Education, The Missouri Association of Teachers of Speech, and The University of Missouri college of Arts and Sciences.

On Friday morning Dr. Schaper gave "An Analysis of the Types of Sociological Research Reported in Four Journals of Sociology, 1929-1934," before the Sociology Section. Dr. L. L. Bernard, professor of Sociology at Washington University is the section chairman.

Seven Students Give Interesting Recital

Adagene Bowman was the first on the program of the 5 o'clock recital Tuesday, December 4, playing a piano number "Serenade Mexicaine" (Fowrey). Adagene gave a singing and happy interpretation in her playing of this number. Margaret Winder played "Coquetterie" (Grey); Betty Clark played "Humoresque" (MacDowell).

After these three piano numbers Marina Edwards sang two beautiful songs, "A Legend" (Tschaiskowsky), and "God Make Me Kind" (Wood).

Betty White then continued the piano numbers with a "March of the Indian Phantoms" (Kroeger), which she played with a keen imagination, and good playing. "Soaring" (Schumann) was one of the loveliest pieces on the program, played by Durine Riddle, who showed a forcefulness, power, and then again a delicacy in her playing. This composition by Schumann was an inspiration.

The last piano compositions were played by Beatrice Hill, the first being "Improvisation and Melody" (Brown), rendered with a fine tone and singing melody. Her second number was "Valse Gracieuse" (Romble).

Virginia Jaeger closed the recital with two vocal solos. The first being an Italian song, "Il mio bel Foco" (Marcello), which Virginia sang with feeling and clear enunciation, then "Hills" (La Forge), which was also beautifully suited to Virginia's voice.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 11:
 5 P. M., Student Music Recital in Sibley Chapel.
 6:30 P. M., A. A. meeting in Y. W. C. A. parlors.

Wednesday, December 12:
 5 P. M., Sports
 6:30 P. M., Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, December 13:
 11 A. M., Student Dramatic Art Recital.
 6:30 P. M., Tau Sigma meeting in the Gym.

Friday, December 14:
 8 P. M., Christmas party in the Gym—Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon.

Sunday, December 16:
 6:30 P. M., Christmas concert.

Tuesday, December 18:
 6 P. M., Family Christmas party in the dining room.

Wednesday, December 19:
 5 P. M., Sports
 6:30 P. M., Y. W. C. A.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer Entertains

Alpha Sigma Tau was entertained by Dr. Roemer at dinner in the tea room, Thursday, November 22. The honorary guests were Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson.

The dinner began with a fruit cocktail. The entree consisted of chicken patties, diced potatoes, fresh green peas, cranberry sauce, and olives. Along with the entree was served tomato salad. The dessert was ice cream and cake, and with it was after-dinner coffee.

There was no special program, but all enjoyed the splendid dinner and the gracious host.

Nuptials on Thanksgiving Day

Miss Dorothy Emmons, a former Lindenwood student, daughter of Mrs. Edith Emmons of St. Charles, was married to Dr. Eugene Canty of the Lindenwood medical staff, at a beautiful ceremony Thanksgiving morning at the St. Charles Borromeo church. Rev. William Bowdern, S. J. dean of the St. Louis University High School, and a personal friend of both families, officiated. Mr. Kirk Emmons, uncle of the bride, sang preceding the ceremony, and the organ was played throughout.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her grandfather, was lovely in her floor-length gown of gold, and accessories of brown. Her flowers were Talisman roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Joan Stealey of St. Louis and she was dressed in chartreuse crepe, with amethyst accessories. She carried a diminutive muff of dark purple pansies. Mr. Chauvin Emmons served the groom as best man.

The bride attended Lindenwood last year. Dr. Canty is a graduate of the St. Louis University Medical School. He is a practicing physician in St. Charles, and since September has been Dr. Stumberg's assistant here at the college.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer attended the wedding.

Dorothy Holcomb, a former student here, visited Evelyn Brown over the Thanksgiving holidays, staying at school for a short time and then visiting in University City where Evelyn lives. Dorothy is teaching a private expression class at her home in Muskege, Okla.

Dr. Gipson's Brother

Dr. Gipson visited in Chicago, during the Thanksgiving holidays with her brother, Dr. L. H. Gipson, who is the head of the department of history at Lehigh University. Dr. L. H. Gipson has in hand a prospectus of his work, "The British Empire before the American Revolution", which will be ready for publication next year. The work will be in three volumes, and will deal in an exhaustive way with the economic and political conditions in the British Empire just previous to the American Revolution. Dr. Gipson has spent many years in research, and has traveled in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada and the United States, obtaining material for this work.

German Christmas Party

Deutsche Verein, the German club, met in the college clubrooms December 4 at 6:30 o'clock. The meeting was in the form of a Christmas party or "Weihnachsfest."

There was a small decorated Christmas tree on a table. Wilma Hoen, president of the association, presided over the meeting in German, and introduced the girls who took part on the program. Two poems and a Christmas story were read in German, and then the group sang German Christmas songs.

Other than Wilma Hoen, the officers are: Alma Reitz, vice-president; and Dorothy Copps, secretary and treasurer. Dr. Evers is the faculty sponsor of the club.

Theo Frances Hull, who graduated from Lindenwood last year, visited Kay Fox for several days recently. Kay went to see Theo at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, about three weeks ago.

Thanksgiving Hostesses

Alice Williams visited Virginia Rugh in Decatur, Ill. Betty Bell went home with Juanita Jones to Johnston City, Ill. Clara Weary visited Harriett Judge in New Madrid. Madeline Hansen went to St. Louis to visit Margaret Taylor. Carolyn Courtneyp spent the vacation in Clinton, Ind., with Virginia Spears. Jane Bowman visited her roommate, Ellen Ann Schachner of St. Louis. Marion Randolph went to Marissa, Ill., to visit Peggy Hayes. Ruth Hughes went home with Eleanor Finley to St. Louis. Mary Frances Deaver visited Peg O'Connor in Oklahoma City, Okla. Ruth Bewley was entertained by June Fleming at Council Grove, Kans. Edith Ann Gorrell went home with Martha Roberts to La Grange, Ill. Jenny Sue Sparks visited Reba Mae Showalter in Joplin. Emily Watson was entertained by Betty Barker in Springfield, Ill. Peggy Jo Tittle also went to Springfield, Ill., to visit Joella Poston. June Dudley, Mell Scarborough and Martha Perry visited Martha's sister (an old Lindenwood girl) in Moberly, Mo.

Ten girls remained in both Sibley and Ayres halls. Six remained in both Butler and Irwin halls. But fifty-nine girls stayed in the freshmen hall, Niccolls.

Oklahoma Club Tea

The Oklahoma club gave a 5 o'clock tea Friday, November 16, in the library club parlors in honor of Mr. McMurry, Lindenwood's Oklahoma representative. Dr. Roemer and all the girls from Texas were guests. Margaret Downs played several piano selections, and Polly Blanton and Virginia Little gave readings.

Refreshments of tea, cake, nuts, and candy were served.

Breakfast Rides

Beta Chi, horseback riding sorority, has been holding several Saturday morning breakfast rides, which have been very successful. The riders would set out at six o'clock and ride out into the country where a hot breakfast awaited them; eggs, doughnuts, coffee, cocoa, bacon, ham, toast and butter. They they ride back to the school. Mr. Dapron takes charge of the rides.

Tests are being given for points for the Athletic Association and for pledging to the sorority. The regular members of Beta Chi are Violet Wipke, Marie Ellis, Reba May Showalter, Helen Stants, Mary Lee McKirahan, Mary Elizabeth Steuler, Nan Latham, Peggy McKee, Wilma Hoen, and Ruth Bewley.

Commercial Club Frolics

The Commercial club held a Christmas meeting, Tuesday afternoon, December 4, in the library clubrooms, at five o'clock. Instead of discussing aspects of business, games were played and several interesting contests held. Kay Morton, president of the club, turned the meeting over to Evelyn Poll, chairman of the entertainment committee, after a short meeting. Anne Willner and Ann Virginia Burke were also on the entertainment committee.

Slips of paper were passed out which had contests on them such as the cat contests, state contests, automobile contests, and scrambled songs, and 25 minutes were given to try and do all of these. Peggy Lou Stein won the contest, receiving a small leather jewel box.

New Members of Espanol

The Spanish club, El Circulo Espanol, initiated the following new members Tuesday, November 20, in the club rooms: Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Virginia Estes, Suzette Hausler, Virginia Lawes, Ruth Ann McSpadden, Jean Stephensen. The initiation ceremony was also given to a group of pledges. They are: Mary E. Bell, Ruth Bewley, Dorothy Copps, Hannah Grimes, Miriam Harris, Martha Perry, Wanda Pringle, Jane Holbrook, Matilda Robertson, Dorothy Schawver, and Violet Wipke.

Evelyn Brown, president of the organization, presided over the service and presented red carnations, the national flower of Spain, to the initiates. Cakes and mints were served.

Treasure Hunters Roam

All Over The Campus

The sophomore treasure hunt Friday night at 6:45, November 16, was very cleverly planned. Girls in every conceivable costume appeared around the flag pole at the appointed time. Virginia Rugh gave out the first clue and the five groups went their separate ways. The chase took them from the hockey field to the main gate and from the golf course to Roemer hall.

After many false starts all of the groups "got on" to the meaning of the messages. They all ended up on the plot of ground used by the botany classes for gardens. The group led by Betty Butler dug up the treasure. It was an attractive leather box shaped like a chest and containing gold coins (chocolates covered with gold paper) and a two and one-half box of Busy Bee candy.

Virginia Rugh was chairman of the committee assisted by Adrienne Griffith, Marjorie Pratt, and Betty Bark-

er. Constance Osgood and Margaret Barber were appointed to buy and arrange the food. They helped word the messages a so.

Weners, pickles, marshmallows, cookies, and hersheys were served.

Art Topics Discussed

Virginia Sodemann presided at the Art Society meeting, Thursday, November 22, and each of the members answered the roll call with a brief report on a current art subject. The most outstanding report was by Peggy McKee, who gave a very interesting article on the art of Chinese painting.

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"OUR DAILY BREAD"

FRIDAY, December 14

"THE FIREBIRD"

also

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