

LINDEN BARK

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Dr. Gipson Discusses Plans For New Curriculum

Dean Gipson presented the plans for the new Lindenwood College curriculum Thursday morning, January 6, in chapel. The place of woman in education, she said, has changed. Years ago a girl was not, in general, supposed to have any formal education. She was trained simply in household affairs. Later she was given cultural advantages, music, art, languages. At the present time the trend is to give her the same educational opportunities as men, the Dean said. But improvements are needed in this system, as her address set forth. Dr. Gipson said:

"To my mind the time has come for a very definite adjustment in all education, particularly in the education for women. I don't feel that there is not an outstanding college for women which is meeting the needs of women in the world as it is organized today. My feeling is that education for women simply cannot be done in large coeducational institutions. The chief weakness at present in women's colleges is that the curriculum in general is patterned too much after men's colleges. While such a curriculum is correct in certain studies, I think there are many things in which the colleges should work especially for women.

"Women's colleges should give the women definite patterns for living, as women, and should prepare them for the world into which they are going. With that in mind, I anticipate an absolute overhauling of the curriculum, with the following plans in mind:

"1. Women should have opportunity for better training to prepare them for the leisure which they will enjoy from now on. I am convinced that women are going to find it harder and harder to get 'jobs'. Even if they have jobs, they are going to have shorter hours of work. College women should be distinctly trained in taste, in cultural interest, and in preparation for usefulness and happiness in their leisure hours. A good share of the popular music and drama of the present day is an insult to the intelligence of any educated person. If college people find their highest entertainment in going to a night club, something is wrong with them. If their highest ideal is reading cheap sex magazines or similar literature of an inferior sort, something is wrong with them. Women should develop themselves and help others in cultural studies.

"2. There should be more dynamic training in character-building, morality, integrity, uprightness and honesty.

"3. We shall continue to train girls in vocations, giving them preparation for taking positions. They will still be trained for graduate work, if they wish to do it, but the curriculum in general is to be organized in the following four general fields.

"(a). The educated woman should be better trained than hitherto is the idea of home and family life. There will be courses given in child development in biology, in heredity, in the psychology of human relations, in the

Rev. J. C. Inglis Stresses Scientific Outlook

A scientific new deal in religion was the suggestion of Rev. John C. Inglis, pastor of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, in his vesper address before the Lindenwood students, Sunday, January 7. Taking his text from Joshua 3, he compared the people of today, standing on the brink of a new year, with Joshua and the children of Israel standing on the banks of the Jordan, about to make a trip into a 'land new and strange to them. "As they prepared for this trip", Rev. Mr. Inglis said, "they realized that there were certain things such as characters and personalities which everyone must carry with them. Rev. Inglis continued, bringing the comparison back to the present period. "We can not change them. They have been molded through the years."

Advocating the scientific outlook in character associations with people and life, Mr. Inglis suggested such books as Roder's "Romance of the Renaissance" and Jung's "Modern Man in Search of His Soul" as aids in increasing one's character associations of the new year.

"Joshua", Rev. Mr. Inglis said, "set aside a certain number of days for preparation before he gave the word for advance. We now", he stated emphatically, "are in those days of preparation, and so the word for advance will soon come to us. May we prepare ourselves spiritually, mentally, and socially for that time—may we hold to the ideal and ever look to the time when we must move."

economics of the household, in artistic planning and furnishing of homes. Most women at some time will have their own homes or have charge of other homes, and the educated woman should not be ignorant of the care of the home.

"(d). The educated woman should be trained in leadership in her own community. She should have a knowledge of community and municipal problems, recreation, play grounds, poverty and relief, juvenile delinquency and be capable of intelligent leadership in women's clubs.

"(c). The educated woman should be better informed and much more interested in her state and national government. She should be an intelligent voter, trained in problems of government and the main questions of importance in the country today. She should know the history of her country, wherein it has failed and wherein it has achieved worthwhile things.

"(d). If we are to find any solution of international problems, the educated woman of today must take an interest in and have an understanding of other countries. With this in mind, there will be very definite courses offered in international relations, in world culture, world history, and a knowledge of the problems that face the people of other

State Clubs Elect

At the various state and city club meetings held during the past few weeks the following officers have been elected: St. Charles: Dorothy Bottani, president; Mary Elizabeth Null, secretary, and Lillian Wilson, chapel representative. St. Louis: Evelyn Brown, president, Ruth Kelley vice president, and Margaret Taylor, secretary-treasurer. Missouri Club: Jane Laughlin, president, Sara Nell Pickett, vice president, and Emily Runnenberger, secretary-treasurer. Oklahoma: Dorothy Holcomb, president, Elizabeth McSpadden, vice president, and Madeline Chandler, secretary-treasurer. Arkansas: Katherine Erwin, president, Mary Roberts, vice president, and Nancy Watson, secretary-treasurer. Kansas: Marjorie Wycoff, president, Kathryn Eggen, vice president, Phoebe Taylor, secretary, and Jane Boyd, treasurer. Illinois: Jane Tobin, president, Cornelia Austin, vice president, and Virginia Porter, secretary-treasurer. Wyoming: Kathryn Fox, president, Helen Jay, vice president, and Dorothy Tull, secretary-treasurer. The Northern Club composed of the states of Michigan and Iowa have elected Wilma Hoen, president, Marie Ellis, vice president, and Betty Butler, secretary-treasurer. The Eastern Club, composed of the states of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio, have elected Madeline John, president, Virginia Spears, vice president, and Sylvia Lipp, secretary-treasurer; and the Southern Club, composed of Texas and Mississippi have elected Mary He'en Kingston as president, Sarah Louise Greer, vice president, Helen Foster, secretary, and Louise Paine, treasurer.

Sympathy Extended

Lindenwood students join with the faculty and administration in offering sympathy to Miss Clement in her bereavement at the death of her nephew, Lieutenant Everett C. Meriwether, who died shortly before the Christmas holidays. Lieutenant Meriwether, a West Point graduate, had been aide to Brigadier-General Cruikshank at the Army school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. His remains were brought to St. Louis and on to Washington, D. C. accompanied by members of the family. He was buried in Arlington Cemetery with full military honors.

countries, and of the culture of other people.

"In other words, this college aims to adjust its curriculum so that it will fit its graduates for the most useful life they can lead today, and every course in the college is going to be analyzed from that standpoint. If it is useless, it will be scrapped. It will be studied from the standpoint of whether it is old-fashioned, whether it is vital, or whether it is really fitting the needs of education for life in a modern world."

BUY YOUR ANNUAL NOW

Advertising Expert Speaks To Journalism Class

Miss Marian Denyven, first assistant in the promotional advertising department of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and former president of the Advertising Association of St. Louis, addressed members of the Journalism class Tuesday, January 9, on the subject of Advertising.

Relating a little of the history of her subject, Miss Denyven emphasized the immense growth of advertising during the last twenty years. It is within this period, Miss Denyven said, that advertising has become one of the most powerful of all businesses. That it is not at all a new development, however, Miss Denyven told the class, might be ascertained by an advertisement, appearing in the British Museum, which dates back for 3000 years. It is written on papyrus and advertises for the return of a runaway slave. Other early advertisements during the pre-printing stage of advertising were those usually printed on stone and posted by the early Romans advertising their gladiatorial combats. These, she said, were very similar in idea to the circus posters of today. The town crier, also of the pre-printing days, Miss Denyven described as being the "forerunners of advertising as known today."

The other three periods in the history of advertising that Miss Denyven named were the early printing stage, the period of advertising, and the period of rapid development. With the advent of printing advertising was created in its present form. With the discovery of steam machinery and the improvement of transportation systems, advertising received an immense stimulus and underwent such an expansion that by the year 1921 there was hardly a business or commodity not advertised.

Turning away from the history of advertising, Miss Denyven related the benefits of this field of work in raising the standards of living. "Through advertising", she said, "a desire for finer things is created." Without advertising inventions would be of little or no advantage, for it is through reading of them that people come to know and desire them. One of the most important industries that owes its development almost wholly to advertising is the automobile industry.

There is a fine chance, Miss Denyven said encouragingly, for the educated woman in the advertising field. "It takes a woman to understand a woman's view," she explained. Since women form a large percentage of the buying populace, it is necessary that advertising be planned to attract their attention.

Miss Denyven cited several examples of women who have succeeded in advertising, among whom were several St. Louis girls and a former Lindenwood girl, Mrs. Nell Donnelly Reed, who from a humble beginning has built up a million dollar business through advertising.

Positions in advertising department

(Continued on page 4, Col. 3)

Linden Bark

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Marietta Newton, '34

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1934.

Linden Bark:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."
—William Shakespeare, "As You Like It".

Let's Go Forward!

"Civilization cannot go back; civilization must not stand still. We have undertaken new methods. It is our task to perfect, to improve, to alter when necessary but in all cases to go forward," were the powerful words spoken by America's most powerful man—a man with the clear cut vision of success as a goal, not a selfish success but a nation's success.

"In all cases to go forward"—these words flung out to the nation in President Roosevelt's address to the Seventy-third Congress embody the motto of a great man, a man simple in speech, yet mighty enough to turn the faces of the nation from the abyss of the past to the sheer climb of the future. The climb looked difficult, the abyss more attractive until the great nation, the United States, saw a sentinel ahead clearing a way—heard him explaining that way step by step in clear, simply phrased language. They saw the way; they turned; they followed the sentinel. His path was new. The first to follow were forced to step cautiously, to take care to perfect, to alter, to improve it for others to come, but always to climb up and over the bulwark of the past to the future, a future loaded at first with inevitable but not unconquerable difficulties. Already some of these obstacles have been conquered on the upward journey; others remain to be conquered. Yet with the "self help", "the self control" which that sentinel, President Roosevelt, describes as "the essence of American tradition" we cannot fail to succeed.

We have made a quick decision in turning. The rest will not be quick, but it will remain for our glory, the glory of us who have faced forward, to continue ahead. To explore, to test, to affirm, or reject but never to stand still and so "to build on the ruins of the past a new structure designed to meet the present problems of modern civilization", this is the task which lies before us in our forward march.

Examination Etiquette

The week beginning January 22 is one known to the many upper-classmen as "exam week". Realizing that there are a few girls who are just entering their college career, we think it advisable to tell them exactly what this short period of time means.

We generally begin on Sunday during quiet hour, a perfectly splendid time to think of all the people to whom you might sell your last semester's books. In fact, you may become so engrossed in the idea that you jot down a few names and as soon as the 4:00 bell rings you drop a pound to each of their rooms and sit awhile and chat about the books, courses, and gradually other things. If you find you haven't called on all of the girls, why, by all means slight none of them but go immediately after Vespers; they will appreciate a lengthy visit from you then.

On Monday take your time about getting up. There's no need to go to breakfast; being questioned on an empty stomach is an uproaring experience. When you go for an exam (if they're thoughtless enough to give you one on Monday) be sure and take only one pencil; then when you get to the assigned room (taking your time, of course, in getting there) be sure and ask all the "soon-to-be" examined if their answers to probable questions coincide with yours. This argument is very advantageous, as it is certain to confuse the minds of your classmates, thus making it easier for you to make a better grade than they, providing, of course, your mind is clear to begin with. After the first fifteen minutes, it is time to break your only pencil point. All your neighbors should be informed of this deed. Your cries of alarm and self-pity should cause a prolonged halt in the examination so that someone may happily offer you her extra pencil. If possible, take a pen and forget the bottle of ink. The happiest moment in a proctors' life is when a wee small voice penetrates the studious silence with a "Pssst! Has anyone any ink?" If you should happen to finish the exam early, be sure to impress the brilliance of your intellect upon your less lucky co-suffers by rustling your blue book and whispering to your pal across the room in an attempt to make her hurry. Aside from strengthening your friendship with afore-mentioned pal, your popularity with your classmates will be doubled.

Upon leaving the exam room, don't leave the building at once, for that is a direct insult to the proctor, who adores an audience at the door of her room. Engage as many of your friends as possible in a "stage-shrteked" conversation. If necessary, and in total accord with exam ethics, rehearse the questions and compare the answers.

By doing the above for the required four or five days and insisting on having at least two exams on Friday, you will so endear yourself to the hearts of the faculty and student body that the school will be handed to you on a silver platter.

So read, heed, and profit thereby, freshmen. Many an upper-classman has denegated mentally and physically because of lack of instruction in the etiquette of examinations.

The Reality

By Kathryn Fox

That other time I'd seen black
clouds piled high,
All streaked and painted with fine
threads of peach,
Burnt orange, and flame; slim lines
which could not reach
Quite to the outer wisps of clouds,
which lie
Upon the brilliant blue around, and
fly
With delicate wings away into the
breach
Between the sun and clouds. Upon
that beach
Of liquid-seeming green these wisps
a'd die.
But when I came again to see the
sun
Flame down the sky and sink be-
yond the world,
There were no brilliant clouds. I
only found
How dark the night already had be-
come.
The brilliant banners of the sun
were furled.....
But stars had started gleaming all
around.

Marriage

By Kathryn Fox

It is so tautly quiet in the room
That I can hear the silence in my
ears.
There is no sound except the im-
pending doom
Of minutes ticking quickly into
years.
I feel the silence creeping into me
And tightening all my nerves. The
time goes by.
You sit across the room and do not
see
My loneliness, nor care to see. I
cry
Aloud for you at last—And then
you come
And smoothe my hair, and laugh,
and call me queer
For missing humdrum sounds. But
I am numb
With awe-fu! fear. I try to tell you.
"Dear,
I found just now the stillness of the
day
When I shall die." "My silly child",
you say.

Epilogue

By Kathryn Fox

Some persons move like shadows
through this world,
And you are one. You live within
your dream.
You built yourself a glowing dome,
star-pearled,
And from its quiet silence sent a
beam
Of altar fire into the dark. A ream
Of pointed lights are shining in the
night,
Your altar fire and all the stars.
They seem
To all be waiting for the One Great
Light.
Then go, my dear, and live within
your dome,
Bedight with flowers, and gloomed
with incense smoke.
Perhaps your way is right. If you
can find
Somewhere within the silent dark
a home
For truth, then leave the b'ind and
searching folk
Of this dull world, and live with
your own kind.

Read the Linden Bark.

Four Blocks

By Mary Willis Heeren

The majority of famous essays on walking have had for their setting a rural path—the desire of the author has been to enjoy a solitary stroll for the purpose of meditation, or else he has wished for "communion with nature". Perhaps it is due to the influence of these essayists that when most of us consider going for a walk we turn our steps toward the country. It seldom occurs to people to walk simply for pleasure in the heart of a big city. But last Saturday the idea of being in a large crowd, not away from one, was so attractive to me that I walked four blocks in downtown St. Louis—two of them in the rain.

How interesting people can be. How much more vital they are than a landscape. Have you ever enjoyed the amusing game of watching people in a crowd, focusing your attention on certain individuals and speculating as to their social background, their position in life, where they were going, and from whence they came. The first half of my walk was devoted to this occupation. It was an attempt, so to speak, to read the faces of those whom I met. And where, but in the heart of a city, could one find so many different types? The face of every individual that I passed conveyed something to me—wealth, poverty, elation, despondency, aristocracy, vulgarity, contentment, disgust; only one face among so many told me that I had met a dreamer.

Humor and pathos are visitors in every crowd. It was amusing to see women of sixty dressing like girls of sixteen. It was interesting to note that no two people walked in exactly the same manner. A mother tugged a reluctant child away from a toy window only to have him burst into cries that were lost in the roar of the traffic. Exciting it was to see a young man in apparently needy circumstances push his way through the feet of the crowd in an effort to overtake a donated dime that was rolling away on the sidewalk. It was as if his very life depended upon retrieving that thin piece of silver. All the force and push of the throng seemed concentrated against him. I admired the skill with which he combatted such odds, and it was with a deep sigh of relief that I saw him achieve success. Had he been picking up a diamond, his face could not have shown greater joy.

Now it had begun to rain. The drops were large and fell rapidly. The colors of neon signs were soon reflected upon the wet pavement. It was near dusk. Umbrellas were up, adding to the confusion of the crowd. Really, one should take lessons in just how to manipulate an umbrella in a large crowd. It is most difficult. How fortunate short people are—never to be poked in the eyes with them. Being tall, I had to be a most careful dodger. The dry, spacious windows on my left displayed so much beauty and style. I've often wondered what those figures might tell us of the pageant from which they are separated by only a pane of glass.

What an adventure crossing a street when we're not supposed to can be! First we must quicken our steps, then slow them. Our every movement must be timed just right; our eyes quick and keen and eager. As an accompaniment to all this motion about me was the sound of the city. The cry of newsboys, the blare of horns, the purr of motors, the screech of brakes, a riveting machine from the skeleton of a new building, a policeman's shrill whistle

(Continued on page 4, Col. 3)

Miss Hankins Speaks On Archeology

Miss Hankins spoke to the Orientation class Tuesday, January 9, on a subject as old as the world itself and yet strangely new. It is known as "the science of old things," and is called archaeology. Its purpose is to uncover past civilizations. The archaeologist is a scientist with a spade, digging for a livelihood and for pleasure. The complete civilization of one country is quite enough for one man to cover.

H. Schliemann, a German archaeologist, uncovered the site of ancient Troy, the famous scene of the Trojan war. Instead of finding only one city, he found nine, one on top of the other.

Much has been done in Bible lands, and science has confirmed many doubted points such as stories of the Flood and of the Tower of Babel. An archaeologist in the past year has made many finds in the Bible lands. Just lately the Jezebel Tower, buried more than two million years ago, was uncovered by a professor from Harvard.

The government is going to finance a project under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, in which some 1000 C. W. A. workers will excavate Indian mounds in five states in this country.

Pocket Gopher New Zoology Specimen

The pocket gopher, a relative of the ground hog, is the little animal that will be found in the zoology laboratory of Roemer Hall.

"Brownie", as he is called, is rarely found in this section of the country. He has a brown coat of fur, two very long teeth which curve down over the front of his mouth, and peculiarly sharp claws that are used for digging purposes. His name comes from the pockets in his cheeks in which he stores his food until he is ready to eat it, the food usually consisting of lettuce or some kind of grain.

"Brownie" is very easily frightened and responds only to his food after discovering it is being put in an accustomed place. An interesting fact is that he has chewed a chalk box, which was put in for his nest, down to meet the size required for his body.

Mrs. H

By Nan Latham

The telephone in the library buzzed persistently. Mrs. H.—hastily bid three diamonds, laid down her hand, and walked over to answer the call. A long silence followed her, "Yes, this is Mrs. H.—" She smiled at the three ladies whom she had left at the bridge table as she quietly held the receiver. "It must be Jack calling from St. Louis," she answered their unspoken question. Several more minutes passed. Finally she began speaking to someone at the other end of the line. "Yes—yes—yes." All this in an easy, smooth voice. Suddenly she stiffened in her chair. Her long, beautifully manicured fingers clutched the blotter lying flat on the desk and tore four long, jagged slits in it. There was a very audible gasp and she closed her eyes. More conversation followed, mostly yes and no from Mrs. H.—. Her face was bleached, her eyes, when she opened them again, only two black specks. Without moving from her chair, without lessening her clutch on the receiver, without so much as batting an eye-lid, she announced, "Jack's plane crashed."

Miss Carr Points Out Importance of Mathematics

Miss Carr spoke to the orientation class Tuesday, January 9, on the subject of mathematics.

"History shows how the development of the great body of mathematical knowledge came with civilization. That knowledge is of two kinds: pure mathematics and practical mathematics. The first, or theoretical type, is important in the development of human thought and also because it has built up theoretically a body of knowledge to be later applied as science has progressed. Practical mathematics deals with relationships and is a most important tool in this world, which is becoming progressively more scientific. No one can escape the continual influence of the principles of science in his life experiences."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following four articles were written by the members of the Journalism Class in a feature story contest.

Vacation Ahead!

By "Page Purdue"

Where is that hat? Oh, if Charlotte has taken that again! Why on earth does she have to come and get my hat every time she goes anywhere? Oh, here it is behind the bed; I should have known to look there before I insinuated so many things about Charlotte. But the excitement of a vacation is too much for my equilibrium. I s'pose I'll wear my back crepe on the train—the trip will ruin it completely but, after all, one must look decent when getting off the train. Oh, I have to buy some dark hose. I can't forget that. I wonder what sort of mind Jack will be in. Mother said he had been dating Jane and they very seldom get away from Jane after she once gets them within her clutches. I suppose that would be considered catty but I can't help it. I don't think he could really like her; she just isn't his type. He always told me he liked more serious girls. Wonder what Mother will say when I breeze in with this costume jewelry; she doesn't especially like it, to say the least.

I really feel as though I could go home and be a better daughter and sister after hearing Miss Parker speak in Y. W. C. A. the other night. Her talk was based on the Bible and was one of the most meaningful Christmas talks I have ever heard. I shall really try to keep from having disagreements with my little brothers and from arguing with mother while I am home this vacation. After all, it's only fair to them.

Now, do I have everything packed—dresses, shoes, hose, pajamas, cosmetics? I certainly do hope Jack is not very much in love with Jane, but if he is, there's always Glen, the standby. I can't eat very much on the train if I go to the city to hear Guy Lombardo before train time, only a sandwich, coffee, and maybe a slight dessert for lunch. It would be my luck to miss the train and have to spend half the night in Union Station. Maybe it would pay me to go in earlier than I had planned. Oh, how on earth will I get the spots off those back suede pumps? They look wretched. I know, I'll try Margaret's sponge on it. Here comes Ruth, I'll yell to her out the window and see if she wants to go to the tea room—I can pack any time!

Read the Linden Bark.

Term Theme Conferences

By "La Deema Talley"

Term theme conferences! There are perhaps no words in a Lindenwood girl's vocabulary that she dreads more than these three when placed in combination. From the moment they are mentioned until that time when she emerges from a tiny, dimly lighted office they are as a sentence of doom hanging over her.

The first two weeks of the sentence effect her disposition but little, but as time creeps on and a little white paper on a certain bulletin board announces that she will confer with a teacher at a near date on the value of her work under sentence, a visible change made in her character. She is no longer the happy Lindenwood girl. She is changed. A dejected manner, frequent frowns, temperamental disposition and heavy sighs distinguish her. Not commonly addicted to library study, she now woefully becomes one of its steady customers. She takes out a book, hastily scribbles a note card and then with a sigh tears two cards up, and rises to stalk angrily back to the library desk with her book. She checks out another book and agonizingly commences her task again. If that sentence awaiting her is vivid enough, if the sight of that faculty office is clear enough in her mind, she'll struggle valiantly all evening, but if it seems rather distant, if she is overcome by self pity, she may procrastinate for the night.

The day of condemnation or freedom arrives. The first unfortunate member of that sentenced group advances unsteadily into the dreaded den. She is there fifteen—twenty—twenty-five minutes. Outside a group of fifteen or twenty sympathizing patriots gather to hear the outcome. The first comes out a little dejected. Her efforts have not been justly rewarded. The second comes out—a smile is on her face. The sentence has been lifted.

A Wandering Mind

By "Chris Curtis"

Thump! thump! thump! My fingers pounded away at the typewriter finding letters that tried to make words, words that tried to make sentences, sentences that tried to make sense and they all failed hopelessly because that small necessary faculty, called Mind was far away.—Sometimes it played havoc with my imagination, making me wonder what I would do if in the wee hours of the morning I'd be left helplessly waiting on a dark, desolate rail-road platform, the wind whistling through my thin brown tweed coat while the big train that should take me home went snorting and puffing right on by and left me standing there? Should I get a flag of some sort and try to stop it? Should I put my bag out on the track and myself on it, and hope and pray that the engineer would see me there and stop? (I'd heard of trains stopping because of cows on the track). But the facts remained that it was pitch dark, I wasn't quite as large as some cows, and also not overly anxious to sacrifice myself and my bag, so what would I do?

Then as my fingers pounded on, I thought about some Christmas presents I had to buy. Should I really spend my last two dollars on a picture of me for Jack, or should I just go on and get him a fifty cent pair of socks, especially purple ones. Socks especially purple ones.

Then as I made some errors in my typing I took my mind from my Christmas presents and thought of

what I was writing—Oh My! It was awful! How foolish I would feel when it was read in class. What would the teacher say? Would I blush when she started to read it? Would I titter nervously or sit and look at the floor? But there goes my mind again. I think I'd better quit before it gives out on me entirely.

Evening Companionship

By "J. Elliot"

One quiet Sunday the evening drifted silently down over the campus. Each tree, small bush, and heavy building drew a shadow cloak about it and crept closer to Earth's bosom as the cold night approached.

The silent calm beauty of the drawing darkness enveloped me as another passing shade. I longed for companionship—someone that could share the perfection that had captured me.

We went along a wandering dusty road feeling the soft light touch of an evening breeze whispering over our cheeks and with fairy fingers catching careless curls and brushing them aside. All was ours for the feeling of it.

The sun, the artist of the day, had slipped away, but in his haste a splash of golden, crimson, silver and blue dripped from his palette upon the sky. The grass was fresh and moist; the clean smell of it and the cool feel of it invited us to rest among its sweet fragrance. We thrust our fingers through it and its green blades danced up between them in playful fashion.

A stream with an incessant murmur flung the breeze a happy chuckle as it leaped and splashed over a hidden rock.

Night let slip her veil of darkness spangled with stars and woven with threads of dreams. The artist's colors had sunk into the infinite blue and through a filagree of leaves and barren trees the evening star pierced, a mote of light upon a shaft of silver between the earth and sky.

The calmness and harmony of beauty struck a melodious chord within our hearts—strung as companions to the instrument of nature herself.

Classical Corner

The Prayer of Socrates

From time to time there will appear in this section excerpts from classical writings in the hope that our readers may see some relation of the thought of the ancients to that of this present age, and appreciate the "golden thread" of universal humanism which runs through the pattern of civilizations.

We begin with the prayer of Socrates taken from "Phaedrus":

Phaedrus: Should we not offer up a prayer first to all the local deities?

Socrates: Beloved Pan, and all the other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and the inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry. Anything more? That prayer is enough for me.

Phaedrus: Ask the same for me, for friends should have all things in common.

Read the Linden Bark.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent a very delightful Christmas vacation visiting in Miami, Florida, and other points of interest in the south. Their trip was made by automobile from St. Charles to Nashville, Atlanta, Jacksonville, and then to Miami. They were on the road exactly forty-four hours, driving only in the day time.

Mrs. Roemer very enthusiastically described the view from their spacious southern room. It overlooked the lovely Miami City Park which was full of large tropical palms and coconut trees. In the distance were seen many sail boats, steamers, and yachts passing back and forth on the famous Biscayne Bay.

Christmas day was spent at Palm Beach where they enjoyed the beach, the warm sand, and the tropical sunshine.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer also drove to the Gulf of Mexico, where they visited friends, and on to the Silver Springs. "I only wish everyone could visit those lovely and fascinating springs; they are unbelievable," Mrs. Roemer said. The clearness of the water enables one to see eighty or ninety feet down to the bottom, which is covered with soft green moss and small pebbles and brightened with colored fish. From the springs is growing a huge pine tree which has been vividly colored by the lime making it "look like a Christmas tree electrically lighted." Mrs. Roemer also told about the interesting glass-bottom boats at the springs, which were run by electricity, and about the petrified trees and Indian canoes.

On their vacation, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer stopped and visited the historic capital building at Nashville, Tennessee, which is reputed to be over a hundred years of age.

Dean Gipson spent a very enjoyable vacation visiting in the East. The first few days she spent visiting Dr. Eleanor Tupper Bjerkoe on Long Island. She saw Miss Mitchell and had a visit with her. "The thing which impressed me most," the Dean said, "while in New York was a visit to Radio City. It is the most interesting building in the world at present and has wonderful equipment. The thing and has wonderful equipment. The program I saw was gorgeous and spectacular beyond description."

Dean Gipson went to New Haven next, where she met many friends she had known while studying at Yale. Then she went to Philadelphia to visit her brother who is head of the History Department at Lehigh University.

She also visited in Washington, D. C., with a friend who is in the research department of the Treasury. While here she made inquiries of her friends and was very interested in their reactions to current conditions in the country. She had lunch with Dr. Shio Sakanishi, who has charge of the Japanese collection of books and manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Dr. Gipson had known her when she was a student at Wheaton College at Norton, Massachusetts, where Dr. Gipson taught before coming to Lindenwood.

Dr. Gipson felt that she had had a delightful and satisfactory vacation in every regard.

Miss Manning Married

Miss Manning, Lindenwood's instructor of Public School Music, was married Wednesday, December 20, to Mr. B. Ogle Burkitt, a well-known St. Louis musician. Mr. Burkitt is director of music tests in St. Louis schools which are sponsored by the Pevely Dairy Co., and given for the

benefit of all talented children under the age of 16. He also gives radio programs for KMOX.

The Linden Bark extends congratulations and is glad to learn that Mrs. Burkitt will continue her work at Lindenwood.

During the Christmas holidays Dr. Ennis, head of the biological department, attended the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Boston. Dr. Ennis was especially interested in the sections of ecology and genetics. An exhibit of interest was the Delayed-Voice Telephone, in which after speaking over the telephone one is able to hear his voice hours later as it repeats itself to him. In reference to these exhibits Dr. Ennis has placed on her bulletin board a newspaper clipping telling of the most important and outstanding inventions.

Christmas Day was spent by Dr. Ennis in the home of Dr. Eleanor Tupper Bjerkoe at Long Island. Also present at this dinner was Miss Doris Force, a former Lindenwood girl who was the winner of the Lindenwood fellowship prize in 1931.

The St. Louis Lindenwood girls tell us that they celebrated the Christmas holidays with a tea at the home of Mrs. Frank C. Webb, Wednesday, December 27, from three until five. Assisting their mother in entertaining the guests, were Misses Gertrude and Lillian Webb, both graduates of Lindenwood. The Christmas motif was carried out beautifully in decorations of holly, poinsettias, and bowls of red and green carnations. Evelyn Brown, president of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club, and Ruth Kelley, vice-president, were in the receiving line with several other Lindenwood girls. Among those on the musical program was Marjorie Hickman, a music student at Lindenwood this year.

A. A. Activities

The news from the Athletic Association tells of the basket ball season which will start this week. Louise Paine is head of basket ball and the teams will be chosen and scheduled soon. The musical comedy is the next thing to look forward to. It will be given in February. The swimming marathon will start next semester.

Y. W. C. A. Meeting

The interesting and amusing program presented by the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday night, January 10, introduced to the members two talented freshmen and an ever-popular Sophomore. LaCene Ford opened the program with two vocal selections, "The Little Brown Bird", and "Abe Market". Both songs were well suited to her lovely soprano voice. She was accompanied by Margaret Jane Stormant. The next selection was a reading by Florence Wilson, "Fourteen". Florence rendered with her usual skill and individuality the amusing story of a distressed hostess endeavoring to give a successful dinner party in the face of a blizzard. Concluding the program, Margaret Jane Stormant played a medley of several semi-popular pieces. Receiving an encore, she played George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", and was not allowed to leave the piano until she had played several of her original compositions.

Art Department Gifts

By working diligently, Kappa Pi and the Lindenwood Art Department are adding substantial sums to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. In the recent sale of Christmas cards and by various other efforts, the art students got together \$30.80 which has been presented to Dr. Roemer for the Fund. The total

for the few years since the girls of Kappa Pi and the Art Department became specially interested has reached the surprising proportions of \$748.81.

Christmas greetings were sent to the "Linden Bark" by Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Holmquist of Rawlins, Wyoming. Mrs. Holmquist was formerly Miss Pearl Hartt, a member of the graduating class of 1932 and a member of the "Linden Bark" staff. Her card was signed "Belinda", in remembrance of the column in the "Bark" which she wrote quite cleverly.

Greetings also came from Miss Frances E. Kayser, of Pocahtontas, Illinois, another popular member of the class of '32 and editor-in-chief of the "Linden Bark."

Mrs. Thomas is improving quite rapidly from her recent illness and hopes soon to be out again.

Lindenwood was very sorry to hear that Elma Cook has been called to Shelbyville, Ill., because of the death of her uncle.

Marjorie Hickman is ill at her home in St. Louis.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 4)

—all these and many more composed a symphony to which only the imaginative have tickets.

Only a few more steps and my destination would be reached. The streets were quite splashy now—delightfully so. This was fun. This was real. It was with a quickened joy in living that I terminated my walk of four city blocks.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

ments for department stores, wholesale houses, manufacturing companies, newspaper and magazine offices, and various agencies are today open to women. Miss Denyven concluded by giving some suggestions as to preparation for any of these fields: writing constantly, reading, learning the psychology of men as well as of women, and developing one's own personality.

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STRAND THEATRE

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The 4 Marx Brothers

in

"DUCK SOUP"

THURSDAY, Jan. 18

RICHARD DIX

in

"ACE OF ACES"

also

Herbert Marshall—Elizabeth Allen

in

"SOLITARE MAN"

FRIDAY, January 19

Alice Brady—Conway Tearle

in

"SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE"

also

"ANIAKCHAK"

SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 20th.

Jean Harlow—Lee Tracy

in

"BLONDE BOMBSHELL"

also

A Silly Symphony Cartoon, "Noah Ark" in natural colors, by Walt Disney, Creator of the "3 Little Pigs"