

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 12—No. 5

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 8, 1932

PRICE 5 CENTS

News from the Dean's Office

This week the Dean is attending the Missouri State Teachers' Association in Kansas City. Several addresses will be given on the general subject "Squaring the Girl of Today With the New Age", among which the Dean will speak on "The Adjustment of Her Intellectual Self".

The 1932 Linden Leaves has been given First Class Honor Rating by the National Scholastic Press Association, in an announcement received by the Dean. On the basis of 1000 possible points in the scoring of the book on such details as plan of book, theme, mechanical consideration, originality, and other details, Lindenwood's Annual received 885 points, which places it in the class of "excellent".

Dr. Laing to Address Faculty

Dr. Gordon Jennings Laing, Dean of the Division of the Humanities at Chicago University, will address the faculty on the subject, "The Humanities and the Trend in Education", Wednesday evening, November 9, at 7:45 o'clock in the College club rooms from Lindenwood. Dr. Laing will go to Kansas City, Mo., to speak before the Missouri State Teachers' Convention, November 10.

Dr. Laing, a very distinguished educator, was born in Canada and received his education at the University of Toronto, Johns Hopkins University, University of Western Ontario, and the University of Pittsburgh. He was formerly on the faculty at Bryn Mawr, also at McGill University, and has been Professor of Latin life and language, at the University of Chicago since 1923. He now teaches a class in "Roman Life", besides being Dean of the Division of Humanities. He has been editor and associate-editor of a number of classical Journals and is the author of a volume, "Survivals of Roman Religion", 1931. He is vice-president of the Archaeological Institute of America, a former president of the American Philological Association and of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South.

Dr. Dewey, Miss Parker, and Mr. Thomas, as members of the Faculty Program Committee, have been very fortunate in bringing Dr. Laing to Lindenwood.

With New Inspiration Commercial Club Begins

The Commercial Club held a meeting Thursday, October 27, at 5 o'clock in the College Club room, the purpose of which was to elect officers. These are as follows: Marie Blaske, president; Stella Louise Fischer, vice-president; Alda Schierding, secretary and treasurer. The new members of the club were also initiated at this meeting, and the plans for the coming year were discussed.

Miss Allyn, head of the Commercial Department, is the sponsor of this organization.

Why Go To College?

Dr. Miller stresses importance of Faith in Humanity

Dr. Edmund Miller, of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, talked Thursday, October 27, on the subject of why young people go to college. Some of us go, he said, because our best friends are going, or for other such trivial reasons. Others of us, however, have some ideal or purpose in mind.

People of the Eastern world ridicule the idea of education for women. We of the western world have only enjoyed that privilege of late. This advantage for women may be traced back to the conception of personality which Jesus gave to the world. Jesus showed this idea of personality by giving each a fair chance. He not only had sympathy for the clean and pure, but went about cleansing the lepers and looking after the people the Jews were stoning and ostricizing. Jesus felt the same way toward one who looked upon his fellowman with hatred and contempt as he did toward one who murdered his fellows. In the mind of Jesus these two offences were of equal gravity. The Jews scorned the disbelievers, but Jesus went out among them, saying that joy in heaven was great over a repenting sinner.

"Jesus", said Dr. Miller, "may be called the champion of personality. This was his outstanding contribution to the world. The Greeks, Jews, and Romans were full of contempt and disdain for the weak. Jesus, however, had the plan to save the souls of all, no matter how great or how insignificant. We find the same thing in our schools today. There are 'Christ-like' and 'Christ-less' campuses."

"What a man thinks of God is what he thinks of man". Jesus looked at God as a father who loved all of his children, not just a chosen few. It was in His spiritual presence that Jesus lived. The problem for us today is to maintain the teachings of Jesus in our own world. As an example of lack of appreciation for these teachings, Dr. Miller told the story of a man who lost his arm in a mine and went back several years later to find that nothing had been said of his accident, but that the foreman had remembered to note the death of a mule. The general attitude of the world today is exemplified by this story. People have so much that they can not think about others. In all probability the people living in the year 3000 will feel towards us much the same as we feel toward the medical barons who gave huge banquets in their dining halls while poor miserable captives starved in the dungeons below. Christianity is not ruining homes with bombs and wrecking lives by the use of poisonous gases; it is trying to promote peace and harmony between people.

In this day and age it is hard for us to keep faith in humanity when all around us are evidences of the cheapness of human life. But there is hope that the college and other such insti-

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"Be Yourself" is Text

Dr. R. T. Case, head of the Religious Education Department, spoke on the subject "Be Yourself", at the Sunday evening chapel service. Miss Dorothy Martin, a member of the Freshman class gave a vocal selection. The choir, under the direction of Miss Doris Gieselmn, sang "A Benediction".

A Biblical story opened Dr. Case's talk. "Gideon, delivered his people from a warring enemy nation and they desired to make him king. This was to be the first kingship of their land and Gideon realized he would have to make a throne and refused the offer. At his death one of his sons, remembering the kingship, desired to become king and assassinated all of his brothers, except Jotham, who escaped to a high cliff and here addressed to the people the Fable of the trees.

Dr. Case said: "The trees decided to elect themselves a king. They asked the olive tree to be king, but he did not wish to give up his rich oil, the fig tree did not want to sacrifice his characteristic sweetness, the vine refused, and the bramble was asked. The bramble told them that they must sit under her branches or fire would be their doom. This was Jotham's lesson to the people of Shechemites. They were to be the victims of an undesirable son.

"The sequel of this story in our own lives", said Dr. Case, "is for all of us to come down to earth and be ourselves. The people should select with sound judgment who they would have rule over them. Be able to say to yourself, 'I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul!'"

Dr. Case continued: A man once said: 'I have more trouble with myself than any other man'. The problem is yourself as to whether you achieve success or failure.

In regard to education Dr. Case said: "Some critics criticize the similarity of the product of our schools. Lindenwood places upon its students a distinctive mark and trains them to the height of young Christian womanhood. You may be yourself through a mastery of your impulses and abilities. Self assurance is usually a virtue. May you be a follower of the apostle Paul in that you believe that Christ lives within you".

Time For Christmas Stories

Each year a contest is held at Lindenwood for the best Christmas story written by a student in college. A prize of \$5 is offered for the winning story, which will be printed in the Linden Bark before the Christmas vacation. The contest will close this year on December 6.

Announcement was made in a recent chapel:

"Please have your story in Dr. Gipson's office on that day before 5 o'clock. Manuscripts should be typewritten, if possible, and should be signed with a fictitious name. A sealed envelope should accompany each manuscript, this envelope containing the real name of the author. Begin thinking about your Christmas story now".

Y. W.'s Party For Hallowe'en Queen Success

Rare collections of costumes displayed

The Hallowe'en Party, enthusiastically celebrated by all Lindenwoodites, was a gala affair. The gymnasium was appropriately decorated. The ceiling, which was draped in black, and the walls, which were covered in orange, formed a mystical background for the black cats, witches, bats, and other terrifying creatures that lurked there. The backdrops at either end of the gymnasium were also decorated. Two Gypsy Fortune Tellers predicted the futures of their patrons. The five-piece orchestra which rendered delightful music was almost hidden by tall corn stalks, at the base of which were pumpkins of many sizes. The bright colors of the costumes and the vivid weirdness of the decorations contributed to the zeal and gaiety of the merry-makers.

The important event of the evening was the presentation of the queen.

A moment of suspense came with the appearance of Anna Marie Balsiger, the mistresses of ceremonies, who again presented to the girls the candidates from the freshman class for Hallowe'en queen. Anna Marie looked charming in a black formal with a beautiful rhinestone belt. Her long earrings and bracelet were of rhinestone, too. As Anna Marie introduced them, the eleven freshman representatives walked around the dance floor. First came Dorothy Duquoin wearing a red velvet gown, the only contrast being her white slippers. Julia Ferguson appeared next wearing a white satin gown with one of those smart short jackets with puffy sleeves. Another white satin formal was worn with distinction by Flora Mae Rinnermen. Nancy Culbertson made an effective entrance in a black velvet dress with matching cape. Louise Scott looked lovely in a dark red dress, the belt of which was outlined with brilliants, and a short wrap of white fur. Isabelle Martin's blond beauty was set off by a black taffeta dress ruffled at the arm and around the bottom. A beautiful white chalk crepe gown was worn by Ellen Jane Phillips. Myra Dudley Sponables orange dress suited her brunette type very well. Jean Hawkin's tan lace gown was nicely offset by her purple wrap. A white chalk crepe dress was the happy choice of Louise Naylor. The queen Aileen Hill, was beautiful in a formal of shimmering white satin with a cowl neckline in front and cut v-shaped in the back. At one side of her dress was a red velvet bow, and her sandals were of matching red. Her accessories were of rhinestone. She also wore a smart fur jacket. Jane Bagnell, president of the Y. W. C. A., presented her with a bouquet of yellow and white chrysanthemums. After this impressive ceremony, the frolickers again resumed their quest for mischief and fun. To quench the thirst of these Lindenwoodites, sweet cider was served. At the ghostly hour of ten the merry making subsided.

There were varied and original mas-

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Linden Bark

A Weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, by the Department of Journalism.

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.25 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1932.

Linden Bark:

"I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into the hollow ear from woods fororn,
Nor lonely hedge, nor solitary thron:—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night
Pearling his coronet of golden corn."

—Thomas Hood

"Mother Roemer", a True Mother

Who thinks of coming to Lindenwood without hearing of "Mother Roemer" and her loving care of all girls? Rumors of her sincerity and kindness have spread from all old graduates to prospective freshmen anxious to select the best school for their further education.

One never too tired to hear the sorrows of a homesick Freshman or the requests of a Senior; one never too busy to listen to the troubles of a Sophomore, one never too far removed to understand the trials and tribulations of a girl of eighteen: that is "Mother Roemer".

Mrs. Roemer, the Dean of Students and honorary sponsor of the Senior Class, has long stood beside Dr. Roemer directing the course of an institution that has become recognized as the "Leader of the West", discreetly guiding it around rocks to ports of honor and lasting fame. Due to the constant efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Lindenwood has grown from a small to a large and prosperous modern college standing as high as any of its kind, mingling with the clouds and challenging the stars for competition with its superiority.

When Mrs. Roemer came to Lindenwood nineteen years ago, the school consisted of two halls, Sibley and Ayres. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer lived in Ayres and Mrs. Roemer had direct supervision of the girls with Mrs. Roberts assisting in Ayres and Miss Hough in Sibley. The dining room was located in our present Y. W. C. A. parlors, while the academic rooms were found in Sibley. It also housed a number of teachers and girls. The wisdom and foresight of Mrs. Roemer advised and suggested in all the proper steps to be taken for the development. We see the results and realize that all cannot say or feel too much gratefulness for Mrs. Roemer.

Her dignity and integrity inspired the same traits to take root in all Lindenwood girls. Her Christian character serves as an influence to all with whom she comes in contact. When the honorary clubs or classes entertain, Mrs. Roemer is ever a gracious hostess, welcoming all and sharing in the enjoyment.

To the one who understands and advises, admonishes and praises, guides and protects, every Lindenwood girl bows in deep appreciation and love.

What A Day.

The race is on. Men are running to-day a race such as never has occurred in the history of the United States before, nor will it happen again soon. It has been one long terrific drive to gain a place in the foreground. Both parties promise to us positive prosperity. How are we to choose? The one party got us into all this mess and if they should stay in, it is rather up to them to get us out. But if the other party gets in, according to their promises, we should have rolling wealth—or the nearest approach to it after this depression. How gullible are you going to be? Which of these golden promises shall you heed? Both seem almost too good to be true.

To-day, all over the United States, people are rushing to the polls to decide this weighty question. The rich man in his Rolls-Royce, the rest of us in our Fords and Dodges, and the poor man on the good old boot-and-shoe line. Each one's vote will count just as much as the other. Even those of us at Lindenwood who have a vote are all a-twit, now that we have a hand in running the affairs of the government by helping to decide who shall be our President. Then after a day of arguing with our friends as to whom they should vote for, we shall go to our rooms tonight and turn on the radio and listen carefully to the returns. Perhaps the more ambitious will get out pen and paper and work out some way of tabulating the results and so inform our friends as to how many votes Hoover has over or under Roosevelt. And so it goes on far into the night.....and what's the use? To elect a President?

Look around you. Notice the worried looks on the faces of all these enthusiastic Democrats. But, look twice at the Republicans—not quite so sure as they were a few weeks ago. This is a most exciting day in our history. Be glad you are alive, girls, and able to participate in the fun.

Hail To The Freshmen!

Did you ever stop and watch the Freshman class pass by? It is a truly interesting parade. There are girls of every type and description. Here comes one with an angelic expression, and another right behind her with dissipation written on her features. The majority of this year's Freshman

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querade costumes worn at the dance. The prize for the best costume went to Albertina Flach, who wore an authentic old-fashioned dress that belonged to one of her family in the good old days when—The bodice of old-rose color fitting snugly at the waist, with a ruff of lace at the throat and tight sleeves at the forearm widening near the shoulder to large puffs. The skirt was dark and reached to the floor in the back. Albertina had her hair done in ringlets and curls in keeping with her costume, and she looked like a sweet old-fashioned girl.

Dr. Terhune pleased everyone by coming as a senorita, wearing a beautiful black lace mantilla that she brought back with her from Spain. Miss Stumberg looked the part of Haroun What-have-you with her moustachios and turkish towelling outfit. Wilma Hoen had many girls ask her if they might look closely at the bright peasant costume that she brought with her from Russia. And who can forget Eleanor Foster as the afflicted person in the gunny sack with the sign on her back, "The U. S. if Hoover is elected". Then there were scores of little girls at the party, and two farmers in the persons of Betty Bell and Frances Vance. Gandhi was impersonated by Bessie Roddie. Jane Bagnell, president of Y. W. C. A., made a charming pirate, and Margaret Hoover, who was chairman of the program committee, looked like the proverbial Percy in her short black trousers and bow tie.

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tutions will instill into human beings the personality conception of Jesus. If we could all gain this viewpoint we would attain the ideal personality.

Dr. Miller closed his address with a quotation from the scriptures. "He that saith he loves God and hates his brothers is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment hath we from him that he who loveth God loveth his brother also".

class have long hair, although some are surprising the folks back home by sending snapshots revealing their newly shorn locks. Almost every state is represented—even one Freshman comes from Russia. They are indeed interesting, and we like them.

Because they always wear the best looking clothes on the campus, it is not hard to distinguish the Freshies from their older sisters. It is good to have the Freshmen, for they keep up the fashion moraine of the school. This was demonstrated this year—there were many candidates for Halloween Queen presented a fashion show before the student body. The gowns and the models were lovely. The upper classmen are apt to get extremely non-chalant with their clothes after wearing the same old jersey sweater for two or three years. That's one reason we welcome the new girls with their chic.

The sophomores give the freshmen a hearty welcome, especially since Sophomore Day has now passed. From the very first, the sophomores have welcomed the freshmen; at times the welcome is very touching. Sometimes the warmth of the welcome is misunderstood, but now everybody understands that those are only "love taps".

The athletes send a welcome to the girls that are strong and muscular and to those persons who can swim, play golf, hockey, and tennis. They are invited to join all their class teams and have responded enthusiastically.

The choir claims many freshman voices this year and receives the Galli-Cureis with open arms. This musical organization welcomes the bright and shining faces on its front rows.

Also, the girls with usually scholarly minds are welcomed. There are indications that the honorary fraternities will be initiating new members in large groups before long. Dean Gipson says that this year the Freshman Class members are exceptional students who have rapidly adjusted themselves to new conditions.

With such a class as this, the members should be praised and encouraged in all their undertakings for the ensuing year. Hail to the Freshmen.

Doc Weather Smiles on November

November was ushered in bright and sunny. The indications are for a generally fair and eventful November. Reports come in that the outlook on the Lindenwood campus is happy and peaceful. Six weeks tests are over—the mighty sophomores have tamed the freshmen—and all is well. Tempers should be moderate especially with Thanksgiving recess in view. Our precipitation should be mostly in form of rain, for no matter how the weather forecast is scheduled our spirits will not be weather worn—if we try—so let's give November a chance and keep smiling.

Campus Diary

Thursday, 27 October:

Such girls and clothes the Freshman Class produced this evening! Every time one of the candidate models appeared on the stage there was a series of ohs! and ahs! Black and white seem to be the coming colors for this season, but the orange crepe dress worn by Myra Dudley Sponable caused no little comment. Of course I have my own idea of who should be queen. The only thing to do now, though, is to wait and see whether or not others have the same idea.

Freshmen wouldn't feel natural if they received all praise so I will have to tell this one on one of the members of their class. When commenting on the age of the Twins, some one said they were twenty. In a tone that seemed to carry astonishment and wonder, the green-capped-one gasped, "Both of them?"

Friday, 28 October:

Busy all day running around the campus and trying to gather up something or other in the way of a costume. What a weird place the dining room was this evening. Everything was very dark and spooky looking. The only lights in the whole room were those from the little candles in the jack o' lanterns which were placed on each table. Everything was decorated in a very attractive manner. Even the food, down to the salad with its pear face and the ice cream with its bats, cats and witches, fitted in with the general idea of Hallowe'en. With everyone popping their favors, laughing and commenting over their fortunes, and feeling generally hilarious, the dining room was a lively place.

At eight the gym became the scene of the meeting of the dead, or something like that. There were all sorts of spirits, ones who merely did their walking in long flowing robes and other who really dressed up for the annual occasion. The prize for the evening went to the spirit of some old

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ON THE ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE: COLORADO SPRINGS TO THERMOPOLIS

By Lucille Meinholz

Saturday morning, August 27, at six o'clock, I was busy packing suitcases, boots, cameras, and coats into the back of "Betsy", our ancient Chevrolet. Finally, the three "musty dears", Helen, Betty, and Lucille, were singing along the road to the tune of Betsy's knock-knock-bang! Three hundred and fifty miles of unceasing noise took us to a little one-horse town, Douglas, Wyoming, where, fortunately, we had some friends. There we had a real taste of a country dance. The men wore high-heeled boots, ten-gallon sombreros, overalls, and blue shirts. The fiddlers furnished tunes for much jumping over a corrugated floor. As one cow-boy put it, "Just like the sweet potato ridges out on the farm". However, the dance couldn't hold honors over the crap table. "Natural! Come on, play the field! Let's see that natural!"

The following day we drove about thirty miles southwest of Douglas to La Prele dam. The water rushing through the spillways makes a thunderous roar, then dashes into the stream bed, splashing over boulders and rolling on through the echoing canyon. We climbed up the mountain side to the crest of the dam. From there, people at the base looked like flies moving about over a half-empty casserole. The reservoir, nearly a mile wide and five miles long, was covered with hundreds of ducks. Near the top of the dam, the water laps treacherously, licking its chaps for human prey.

Near the dam, we saw the Natural Bridge; there the water flows peacefully under an arch carved through the mountain by ages of erosion. The green grass, the gentle river, and a grove of trees at the base of the rocky, red cliffs give a beautiful picture in contrasts.

Early Monday morning, Betsy was pounding out the miles through a truly forsaken country. The wind blew gusts of dust and tumble weeds over the road. The cold pierced us to the marrow. Bits of sleet whipped our faces. The roads were like washboards. For miles, there was nothing but sage-brush, tumble weeds, sand. The sky was gray, the roads forlorn. Suddenly, we saw a sign: "Hell's Half Acre". What an appropriate name! There in the middle of this vast barrenness spread a canyon, a miniature of Hell. Great pinnacles of iron-red, gray, blue, and orange loomed up in ghostly aspect. I climbed part way into the canyon. The wind howled, formed a sort of vacuum that seemed to be dragging me down, down into the clutches of this ghostly abyss. An apparently flat surface showed here and there; underneath were great cavities, crumbling rocks, treacherous traps. Toadstool formations emerged in mid-air. Scientists believe this canyon to be a burned-out volcano or coal bed; in either case, the heat was so intense as to melt the surrounding walls to molten lava, forming the opening with its picturesque side walls and pinnacles.

Near Casper, we passed through the great Wyoming oil fields. Tank towns dot the prairie; great derricks tower over the machinery that sucks the oil from the earth.

After smelly, windy, dirty Casper, we encountered many more miles of wasteland. At last, mountains broke the monotony of the rolling plain and we entered the Wind River Canyon, near Shoshone. Here all is stupendous beauty. The multi-colored rock cliffs loom above the foaming, white Big Horn River, as it winds its way through the narrow canyon. Creeping behind the western wall, the sun re-

flected against the red and gold east wall. In the few wide spots of the canyon stand tiny stone houses, surrounded by lovely dahlia gardens and green grass.

We left the canyon in late afternoon and reached Thermopolis, the world's largest hot spring, just at sun-down. The Big Horn river divides Thermopolis: on the west side is the business district; on the east are the parks, hotels, swimming-pools, and hot-spring terraces, formed by the minerals from the black sulphur springs. Hot water ripples over the terraces, depositing tiny fungus-like formations of salmon-pink, iron-red, sky-blue, sea-green, yellow-green, white, purple and black; then tumbles over the bank into the river. The background for this colorful wonder is the park, center of civic pride. Graveled walks divide velvety grass patches; well-planned and well-kept flower gardens are set-off by evergreen trees; pavilions of red and green stone stand around the seething, blue-black springs. The only annoying feature of Thermopolis is the rotten egg (hydrogen sulphide) odor. Indoors or out, we couldn't escape it!

Monday night we went swimming. Constantly, the naturally hot water pours into the pool, eating away the bottom until here are sharp ridges and deep cavities in the concrete. We banged about, trying to ride rubber horses, diving out of swings and upsetting each other's "boats", made from truck-tire inner tubes. After two hours of this strenuous play, we cuddled into bed to dream of the pleasures yet to come in our wanderings.

THENCE.....

By Jane Duvall

On silver nerve-taut heart-strings of the night,
A quiver, vibrant, throbbing with life's euphony,
An army dense of fettered thoughts take flight
Of human stress and sobbing, pur away to die.

ALLEGORY

By Jane Duvall

There is but one sweet flower
Smiling in the nettles.
As I touch it a shower
Shatters all its petals.

Before me life unfolded;
Out came the dearest thing,
But ere I had it molded
It fled on broken wings.

COMMENCEMENT!

By Evelyn Wood

Left! Right! Left! Right! These simple one-syllable words kept repeating themselves in my weary brain, as my feet unconsciously fell into step with the commencement march. A commencement march! I laugh as I think of it now. It seemed to me more like the deep, slow rhythm of a funeral march—the end of all things, rather than their beginning. Up the aisle, banked on both sides with a mass of human beings, the steady stream of black-robed seniors marched. Left! Right! Left! Right! I cast a hasty glance at my partner's feet, to determine whether my left-rights were correct. I reached up to adjust my cap, which in the excitement seemed to have obtained a somewhat rakish angle. Left! Right! Left! Right! My hands, damp from perspiration, clutched a correspondence card—a correspondence card that had assumed a new significance. On the card were written the few words that would in my greatest hour of need serve me as no friend, no kin, no teacher could then do, for written on that crumpled card were the few

words that would prompt me when all else—memory, friends, relations—failed.

We had reached the front of the stage. We must part. My partner turned to the left. I turned to the right. Up three steps we went, then proceeded to the rear of the stage. I could feel a refreshing breeze, drifting in from an open window, blow the tassel of my hat. Left! Right! On we marched. Three steps up, then once again we were before that solid body of three thousand townspeople. We were slowly advancing towards the seats, watching the last of that train of familiar forms and faces, that seemed somehow changed and far away, wend its way up the wide aisle. Back of us was a continual scraping of feet, caused by our classmates, as they slid long to their designated seats. At last, after what seemed like hours of waiting, the last senior stood before his seat. We were all there awaiting the commencement of—we knew not what.

The invocation having been delivered, the whole aggregation of seniors, amidst a low buzzing, caused by subdued voices of the people assembled, seated themselves. My heart now was substituting a quick pit-pat, pit-pat, for that slow left-right. Something seemed almost to stifle me. I was terribly hot. I wished then that I had never contemplated such a thing as delivering a commencement oration. Then each arose and delivered his brief effective speech, based on some phase of school life. I did not listen. I could not. My turn was fifth. My whole body seemed to rebel against the idea of my giving the oration I had so laboriously prepared. I tried to repeat it over silently. "As we of the Senior Class prepare to weigh anchor and set sail upon that voyage of life that lies before us, qualms and misgivings fill the hearts of many of us." I was as far as I could advance. My eyes focused on the third speaker. I thought his hat would closely resemble a Chinese pagoda, were the four corners to be turned up. The fourth speaker was up. I was next. The blood in the veins of my legs seemed to pound, as if demanding freedom. The fourth speaker was through. He was being applauded vigorously. It was my turn. I arose, and in that instant my brain seemed to be whirling around with remarkable speed. Before it flashed a vision of myself, fainting before my family, friends, and those hundreds of townsfolk; through it rushed the beginning sentence, "As we of the Senior Class —." Then, as I took a step forward, all began to clear. I became cooler. My mind became steadier. I do not know what caused the change. I only know that I turned from a mass of jumbled nerves into a calm, cool-headed senior, about to receive her diploma. That sea of faces, that I had almost hated before, now took on a kindlier aspect. I advanced to the stand at the front of the platform. My feet seemed to have taken new confidence in me. They sturdily bore me forward. I grasped the edges of the stand. Before me appeared the kindly face of an old gentleman, whose genial appearance reassured me. I opened my mouth and let the words of my speech, the speech that had been my only waking thought for the past three weeks, tumble forth. They came out with velocity. They flowed along smoothly. They seemed to spring up in my mind with little mental effort. Only once, did my memory fail, and then my trusty correspondence card was there to aid me. And so on and on the familiar words flowed, until the conclusion, with the words of that well-known poem, "One Ship Drives East, Another West." I knew I had completed one of the most enormous tasks of my high school career. I turned and

walked towards my seat, my ears ringing with the applause.

I sat through the remaining speeches, the bestowing of honors, the awarding of diplomas, in a half-dazed manner. Then with my diploma clutched in the hand that had, only a few hours previous, held that small correspondence card, now crumpled, torn and abandoned, I again joined that procession of black-robed figures, my former classmates, as they marched once again down the aisle. No longer did that death-like toll of Left! Right! Left! Right! ring in my ears. My feet fell easily in with the rhythm. Everything before me was new—was just commencing.

NOCTURNE BY GRIEG

By Nancy Culbertson

The song of some small bird who sweetly grieves,
He knows not why or he may grieve for mate,
Is pouring through the sky and through the cool,
Dim-shadowed forest and its murmuring leaves,
A cry akin to mine that gently cleaves
To both his grief and mine; he knows my fate—
He does not for himself commiserate
But sings alike to angels and to thieves.
I see the stars dip down into a pool
Of coolness, and the mellow moonlight flowing
Upon each velvet, watchful pine-tree, knowing
Me, even in this glen,—a trusting fool.
The last wild word of that bird's song is sure:
This forest only hides what I endure

EX-PRINCESS KANTAGOOZIN

By Wilma J. Hoen

Although the revolution took from Princess Kantagoozin the name of princess, although it took her jewels, her home, and relatives, it left her still a princess. She possesses that natural beauty which is caused only by some inner light. Her hair is snow white, yet she is young, a woman in her thirties. The whiteness of her hair waves softly about a face, sweet, though saddened by the lines of age. Her eyes are so blue, so clear, so alive with the interests of all people that one does not notice her pock-marked skin. Her body is slight, seemingly too tiny to have borne so much suffering and yet remain so straight. Her entire being is filled with love for her family and friends. Her friends represent all the classes of Russia. She is herself a princess so real that hardly anything else but an atmosphere of love can surround her.

However, she has enemies. They are not all people. Since the revolution everything is her enemy; it is all so new. She is like an actress who, dressed for the royal ball, is made to play on a stage devoid of scenery. However, the royal blood runs so blue within her that instead of being just one of the million in the new Russian world, she is still a leader.

Her husband, Prince Kantagoozin, being a member of the old aristocracy, is not allowed to work. The princess herself must support, not only her own family, but her brother's and sister's families. She speaks, reads, and writes seven different languages so well that she has become chief mechanical translator for the Soviet Mining Union. All orders for machinery from foreign countries must pass through her hands. A day of this work requires so much patience and concentration that it leaves her very tired. Nevertheless,

in spite of the large salary she receives, she works over-time at translations. For these she receives extra pay, valuable experience, and an engineering education. The work, though tiring, is interesting. It pleases her to learn, for she hopes sometime to become a mechanical engineer, which is a very common profession for women in Russia.

Moreover, she is a mother. Her work may take her days, but her evenings are her family's. Home means everything to her, even life itself. It is two rooms of love and happiness, a tiny bit of her old world. But just as the Soviets tried to erase all traces of that world, so do they try to wipe out what little she now possesses. It takes fight, grit, and conscientious labor to keep that little home.

But this home she must keep, for she has two children whom she must rear and educate as best she can. Her daughter was born during the beginning of the revolution, nine years ago. Such a period, so unlike any her mother had ever known, seems unable to bring forth anything but children blind to life's finer things and communistically inclined. But Mrs. Kantagoozin has, for a daughter, a tiny princess, perfect in every way. Her son, at seventeen, is a gentleman, a true blue boy, prepared to give his life to protect his mother and sister.

With two such children all obstacles are much easier to meet. Even the G. P. U. men, the governmental detectives, who are constantly bothering her, can be withstood. It is life that is harder to fight. That she must fight alone, not with her children, but for them. Life has taken everything from her but life itself. Of that she has made a new beginning, in a new world with a new purpose. She is a princess still.

Ship Manned by Dead Men Sinks Entering Harbor

Mystery Ship Reaches Kirkhill, Scotland and Sinks, Only One Man Rescued Alive from Death Craft.

By Marie Blaske

(Editor's Note: The following article is a newspaper reporter's account of the incident in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".)

Kirkhill, Scotland, November 20, 1730

A mysterious ship manned by two hundred dead men sank in the harbor here last night. Investigators were baffled by the phenomenon of the crew of corpses which can be explained only by a half-crazed sailor who was found floating in the sea where the ship had sunk. The story he tells is fantastic and unbelievable, a tale of untold horror and suffering.

The sailor was confined to his bed today and presented a wild uncanny appearance to the interviewers. He could, however, give a disjointed account of his wild adventures which ended with the sudden sinking of the ship.

The ship, according to the sailor, left port late this summer bound for Lisbon. The crew consisted of 200 men most of whom came from the vicinity of this town. The ship was struck by a storm when they were near Lisbon and was blown to the icebound Southern Sea, a hitherto unknown place.

They remained icebound for some time until an albatross appeared. They fed the bird, which seemed to bring warm breezes in its wake and soon they were able to leave the terrible icebound sea. The albatross followed the ship, whereupon the crew made it their mascot. At this point the sailor took on a ghastly and unearthly appearance and became quite hysterical.

After he had quieted a bit he whis-

pered that he killed the albatross. His shipmates first shunned him for this rash deed but soon praised him for it because the breeze stopped and fog settled, for which they blamed the bird. Soon, however their attitudes changed as the ship became becalmed in the Pacific Ocean whither they were driven and where the crew were subjected to horrible suffering. They were tortured by thirst and unbearable heat. As a punishment for his crime the mariner (as he called himself) was forced to wear the dead albatross about his neck.

Relief seemed to appear in the form of a sailing vessel but as it drew near they saw only a phantom ship with two passengers who, the mariner claimed, were Life-in-Death and Death.

The sailor shuddered as he recalled his experience and was given a stimulant to revive him.

He then told of the game the two weird phantoms were playing. The prize of two hundred men went to Death while Life-in-Death won the mariner. No sooner was the game finished than the two hundred men dropped dead one after another, leaving only the mariner to a tortured and lonely existence. For many days the sailor endured this suffering while he felt that the dead men cursed him silently.

At last he came to bless the slimy creatures who kept him company. His luck turned at this point, for the albatross dropped off his neck, rain fell, and he heard a loud wind which although it did not come near, moved the ship. With the movement of the ship, to his horror and amazement the dead men rose up and took up their accustomed places and manned the ship. A dawn, however, the souls left the corpses and they lay down again for their long sleep.

From time to time the mariner had to be given stimulants in order that he might go on with his gruesome story.

The ship went on without wind or crew until noon when it stopped so suddenly that the mariner fell to the deck in a faint. In his swoon he heard two spirits tell how the ship was being driven too fast for human endurance so that the mariner was kept in his faint. The sailor woke again to find the ship being borne along by a wind which, strangely, did not ruffle the sea. The sailors rose up again but as the ship neared here they lay down again and the mariner saw on each corpse a seraph clothed in heavenly white.

The mariner was overjoyed to see his native hills once more. He was still more delighted to see the pilot, Capt. MacDonald, the pilot's son Jock, and the hermit John coming to meet his ill-fated vessel.

Before the rowboat reached them however, the ship sank, leaving only this half-dead, nearly crazy mariner floating on the water.

The story is beyond all belief but is vouched for by the derelict who has had too terrible an experience for human mind to stand. Some are of the belief that he is entirely crazy and merely has hallucinations brought on by shock.

Reporters are inclined to believe the mariner since they also visited Captain MacDonald and hermit John.

Captain MacDonald says that the ship had a deserted air about it and he feared something unearthly in connection with it. He claims that the mariner looked like the devil in human shape. Jock MacDonald is suffering from intense shock from the experience and it is feared his mind may be impaired permanently. Hermit John affirms what Captain MacDonald said and adds that he saw the corpses working the ship before it sank.

In the face of this evidence it is

safe to say that this is the most unusual and unheard-of story ever recorded. Its truth may be doubted, but the interviewer is inclined to believe the sailor's tale although it seems too weird and terrible to be possible.

A DEFINITION OF A Highbrow

By Eleanor MacKenzie

A highbrow is a person who can walk slowly across a ball room floor with serenity and loose joints, or can put on a new pair of kid gloves in public without a frown. A highbrow is a person who can pronounce "tout ensemble" without a lift in her voice and can look "hors d'oeuvre" in the face without a flicker of an eyelash. A highbrow can wear old clothes during depression because old clothes have "a certain individuality" and not because she has to wear them. Although she may not play a musical instrument she knows a good piece of music when she hears it and she doesn't think of an art museum as a shelter from the rain. In other words, a highbrow is a cultured person and a poised person.

COWS ARE A BIG SUBJECT

By Doris Casemore

Until about two years ago, a cow to me was a domestic animal that was found on most farms. They were seemingly peaceful, dumb animals that were valuable to farmers in many ways. It did not occur to me that these domestic, peaceful, dumb animals might have horns or might kick or bite.

My enlightenment came one day two summers ago. I was visiting distant relatives on a farm in Canada. Much to my surprise, I found myself very much fascinated with everything about me. The fields, crops, cows, chickens, horses, sheep, barns, chicken houses, and all of the objects scattered around made me realize how nice farms are and how necessary they are to our comfort and health. We visited the milking room in a barn and I saw for the first time a milking machine. What a wonderful invention such a machine is! I was tremendously interested in watching a man milk a cow by hand. My cousin, noticing my interest, said, "Why don't you try it, Doris? I dare you to." Thinking it would be fun and not wanting my cousin call me a poor sport, I accepted the dare. I listened carefully to the directions and then started toward the cow with the bucket that was given me. I felt very silly and awkward. When I was about three feet away, the cow turned around and looked at me. Ooh! What long horns she had! They looked sharp enough to do some real damage.

Her eyes were not exactly as peaceful and dumb as I had expected them to be; unusually intelligent eyes for a cow, I thought, and they seemed to have a rather defiant look in them. That little inner voice that we all have seemed to convey to me the idea that this creature was not exactly afraid of me. Suddenly I felt as though I were shrinking. The cow was getting larger. My inner voice said, "Goodness, what a large cow!" And at the same time, "How small you look, Doris!" Well, thought I, maybe I have overestimated my stature. I felt as little Red Riding Hood must have felt. "Oh Cow, what sharp horns you have. What a big mouth you have. And oh Cow, how perfectly huge you are." "What's the matter, Doris?" said my cousin. "We're waiting to see you milk." I took one step further, but my poor heart sank down into my toes. Milking did not seem interesting any more, nor did cows seem peaceful, dumb animals. My feet would not move. I tried to make them,

but they were cemented to the floor. This was a terrible situation to be in. What could I do?

I heard a gong sound faintly and wondered if it was one in my brain announcing my doom. "Oh shucks, Doris. That's the dinner bell and you won't be able to milk." I dropped the bucket and said as sweetly as I could manage, "No, I won't, and I did want to try it." My inner voice spoke up and said, "Tsk! Tsk! That's a bad fib. You know perfectly well you didn't want to go an inch nearer that cow."

Lives Of Men Are Dramatic

By R. S.

"Obscure Destinies", Willa Carter. Published by A. A. Knopf, New York, 1932.

"Obscure Destinies" is composed of three stories, all, as the general title indicates, of humble lives. The shortest is the last, "Two Friends". The background, a new country town in Kansas, is so drab, the two men, Dillon and Truesdale, so average, the events in which they participate so meagre, that the account of them hardly holds one's interest. It is made into a story and bound together by a slight idealistic thread, and the admiration of a little boy for these two men, the sense of something solid and fundamentally trustworthy that he derived from observing their friendship and his disillusionment at its rupture, from which he never fully recovered.

"Neighbor Rosicky", the first of the stories is the description of a Czech immigrant's farm life in Nebraska. Rosicky, too, is a homely and unremarkable man, but he is so simple, genuine, and good hearted that we are completely won by him. His love of family and country life after his hard and lonely wanderings in the streets of London and New York is touching. It forms the substance of this narrative.

"Old Mrs. Harris", the middle story, is far the longest, numbering more pages than the other two combined. It is the account of a family rather than of the grandmother. Space here is insufficient to describe the relations between the various members of the household and to give each of children some individuality. The scene and the people are very life-like and human. Again we are won by the simplicity and kindness of the main character.

WHO'S WHO?

She is tall and slim, and many say she is the most graceful girl at Lindenwood. Yes, she is a dancer, and a teacher, too, if that helps you in guessing who she is. Her pupils are constantly complaining of stiff backs and sore muscles, because, being efficient, she makes them work. She teaches swimming and modern dancing; her ability in the latter is excellent. She lives on third Erwin. President of Tau Sigma is the high office which she has attained. She has dark brown hair, an olive skin, and hazel eyes, and her charming personality, both in dancing and in her daily school life, has brought her much admiration. She is a Sophomore, and if you still can't guess who she is, surely you remember the girl who received so much applause for her acrobatic and toe dancing in the Spring pageant. You know?

Of course. Who else could she be?

Read the Linden Bark.

READING GUIDANCE

Dr. Gregg Gives Book List in Orientation

Dr. Gregg gave a valuable talk to the freshmen during the orientation hour Tuesday on the subject, "Books and Reading".

Dr. Gregg said, "When we were children we played at life, we made play houses and imitated the life around us. It was our childish way of taking on life. Now that we are college women, we have put away childish things. However, there is not a college girl here who does not want to put on life and more life. The reading of books is one way of taking on life.

"In our reading we do not want fake, we want pure gold, not fool's gold, but the real thing. No one should dictate to you what you must read, because if there is anything that is personal and individual it is reading. When all is said and done, it is one's own life that one is building, and it is nobody else's business who one reads. However, there is another way of looking at it. College women want the real, but how shall they be guided. In my classes, I have found that there is confusion as to what writings are of true value. Some read and read and never get anyplace, life slides away under them, and they do not get near the real thing. You cannot make a life out of that nothingness that floats on the tide. A life of worth is planned and then made.

"Of one's will one ought to control what she reads to build to a purpose. What shall that be? What constitutes the good life is an individual conception. I shall only draw up a few things that I think might help. If I were a freshman again I should take into account that I did not want to be a back number, so my reading plan would include reading a daily paper, and once a month, perhaps, an evening's browsing in current magazines where I should come into contact with book reviews. I should also read some new books, but I should remember that there is more life in the past than in the present, and I should provide for coming into the life of the past through the literature that has been written. It would be wise for one to develop a balanced reading habit as one would choose a balanced meal. One would not rear a life exclusively of fiction. Fiction is all right if it has a solid foundation. Why not read biography and other material not fanciful, but founded on fact".

Dr. Gregg next discussed, "How to Read". She said, "The words of Francis Bacon, written three hundred years ago still hold good", "Some books are to be tasted, some to be swallowed, some to be chewed and digested". One should learn when to do judicious skipping and when to give careful scrutiny to material. How much one gets from a book depends somewhat on how one approaches it. One should try to develop a friendly attitude toward an author, because it is a true statement that you must love an author e'er you know him. One cannot force an author, so to learn life one must enter it on his terms.

"Get off a sliding stage where you read and get nowhere, get out of the wilderness where there are no signboards. Get a plan of reading—make one of your own—with a reading plan you are taken out of boredom, loneliness, provincialism, ignorance, mediocrity, to high places where you are shown the kingdom of the world for you to enjoy. Be merged in the stream of humanity, and your rewards will be infinite; you may catch gleams, visions, aids, goals of life as you want it to be. You are the will

Helpful Lectures

Miss Anderson and Miss Tucker Speak

Miss Anderson and Miss Tucker spoke to the Freshman Class on Thursday afternoon, October 27. Miss Anderson spoke on "Food and Its Relation to Health". She said each person ought to know her requirement for food and the value of it. There is a close connection between our well-being and diet, for health is the result of right use of food. People whose health is below normal are irritable and hard to live with. Young women are perhaps the worst offenders in matters of diet. They do not realize that nothing contributes more to their success than good personal appearance and glowing health.

The average person usually needs between 2,000 and 3,000 calories a day, varied according to exercise.

The following is a list of foods with their calories:

- 1 large apple
- 1 medium orange
- 1 bunch grapes
- 1/2 grape fruit
- 2 pears
- 2 halves canned peaches
- 4 prunes
- White bread, 2 slices
- 1 slice graham
- 1 lb. butter
- 6 or 8 olives
- 2 large heads of lettuce
- 4 cups of chopped celery
- 4-5 cups shredded cabbage
- 2 lbs. of cream cheese
- 4 small soda crackers
- 1 chocolate nut caramel
- 12 halves of pecans

Each item 100 calories

Three important minerals are: calcium, which is found in milk, carrots, celery; phosphorus, found in lettuce, eggs and milk; iron, in raisins, lettuce, and eggs.

The vitamins that are most important are found in butter, whole milk, carrots, shedded wheat, graham flour, fresh fruits and vegetables.

Miss Tucker then spoke on Clothing. She stressed the importance of wearing plenty of clothing when dieting, to maintain even body temperature, to keep dry, and to keep clean.

How to Wear Clothes

A series of helpful talks will be given to the beginners' sewing class of the Home Economic Department, each Friday morning at 11 o'clock. The purpose of the talks is to help the girls select the most becoming styles and colors for the silk dresses they will soon make.

Eutha Oids, a senior spoke to the class on November 4, about pleasing lines in clothes. Her speech was very helpful to them in selecting patterns.

Next Friday, November 11, Agnes Bachman will give a lecture on color. She will plan an individual color chart to suit each girl's hair, eyes, complexion, and personality.

in charge of your life making it what you want it to be."

Dr. Gregg said that this was her one chance to talk to the freshman class as a body, and that as a memento of the occasion she was giving them her compilation of a reading list booklet for this year. Since the list has been published important books have come out. Dr. Gregg had time to mention three of them—"Inheritance", by Phyllis Bentley; "Adventures of Jonathan Drew", by Christopher Ward; and "I, John Lewis", by Gilbert Gabriel.

Read the Linden Bark.

English Upper Life Depicted Next Friday

The Thanksgiving play which is sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. organization will be given Friday evening, November 11, at 8 o'clock. This year the play will be Ernest Denny's "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy". It is an extremely humorous story of English "uppishness". At the beginning Mrs. O'Mara, played by Margaret Ethel Moore, and her daughter, Peggy, played by Janet Winnett, are visiting at the home of the Crackenthropes at the invitation of the oldest son Anthony, played by Dorothy Holcomb. Anthony has much in common with the O'Maras because they, too, are interested in spiders. Lady Crackenthorpe, Florence Wilson, is much perturbed by their visit because she is afraid that they want Peggy to marry Anthony. In order to stop this arrangement Lady Crackenthorpe and her brother, Major Phipps, Beulah Geyer, plan to make Jimmy, Elizabeth McSpadden, try to get her to fall in love with him to keep Anthony from falling in love with her. However their plan fails when they find that the two have fallen in love and of course many complications have set in. The final outcome is most unusual.

Others in the cast are: Millicent Keppel, Evelyn Brown; Mrs. Colquhoun, Mary K. Dewey; Jack Menzies, Maxine Bruce; Lucas, Ethel Gard Barry; Parker, Ella McAdow; and stage manager, Nancy Watson. Miss Gordon is directing it.

Honor to Graduate Student

University of Illinois Recognizes Miss Wilhoit's Ability

Margaret Jean Wilhoit, a 1932 Lindenwood graduate, has passed the examination in English and American literature, for the degree of master of arts in English, which exempts her from a year's graduate work, at the University of Illinois.

In writing to Dr. Gipson Margaret Jean says, "Early in October, first year graduate students were required to submit to a general examination in English and American Literatures. The questions were designed to cover one year of graduate work. Those who pass this examination are exempted from the general oral examination given in the spring. I believe that the recently published announcement which I enclose speaks well for the high standards of Lindenwood's English Department". The announcement enclosed in the letter stated that four students, of whom Margaret Jean was one, passed the examination out of a group of 20 that had taken it.

Margaret Jean has always been an exemplary student of whom Lindenwood has always been exceedingly proud. Her modesty gives the credit to the English Department, which credit no doubt is not ill founded, but all friends of Margaret Jean know of her own exceptional ability and intelligence and congratulate her on this new honor most heartily. Margaret Jean was the recipient of the \$500 Fellowship Scholarship last June, which can be used in any University in this country or in Europe. She chose the University of Illinois, her native state.

Choice of Royalty

Roemer auditorium became a modiste shop Thursday night, October 27, when the Freshman class presented to Lindenwood its annual style show. Eleven gorgeous girls, members of the Freshmen class, were chosen for their beauty and queenliness, to display the latest in fall and winter evening gowns and wraps.

B-a-r-k-s-!

"Watch your step, girls", say two upper-classmen to you and me, "because there is a large store in St. Louis that will be on the look-out for Lindenwoodites". It seems that one tall blond had considerable conversation with a floorwalker in said store to convince him that she wasn't trying to carry off half the merchandise. The other blond had "bill" (it isn't written with a capital, if you please) trouble. But to the relief of those concerned it was all a mistake.

Here's an old one that's still good. In the library the other night someone asked a senior who wrote the book of Matthew. The senior answered, "St. James, didn't he?" Had she read her College Humor, or had she?

To the freshmen who haven't found it out yet, there is a senior on campus with the same surname as the president of the United States. So, in general conversation, when someone is talking about "Hoover", remember that the person lives in Butler Hall, not the White House.

Oh, this invigorating climate! Since last Tuesday there are some girls that cannot get enough of the great outdoors. They make trips to St. Charles every day, now.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 4)

fashioned girl. She must have been one of those lovely southern belles you read so much about. Some of the ghosts even took to electioneering, demonstrating what the country would be like after the election. This is something new and different for "shades".

Sunday, 30 October:

One of the dreary days. All that is any fun to do today is sleep. Listened to some one playing "Ave Maria" on an organ this morning. It was so sweet and pretty that the room was as silent as a tomb. Some of the occupants, I shan't mention names, however, even did a little weeping. Another organ came later in the day. Mrs. Sibley's ghost walked quietly up to the one in Sibley Chapel and gave her traditional Hallowe'en Eve recital. Really, Miss, it is a ghost that plays the organ!

Tuesday, 1 November:

Well, I have heard of people doing funny things, but this one is the best. Imagine inviting anyone down to your room for tea at four, and then going to sleep and forgetting all about it.

Meeting of the state clubs. What an ideal way to know people from your own part of the country. There are so many people here from Oklahoma that I would never have met them any other way. Some states were not quite so fortunate though. One club in particular had enough members to enable each one to hold an office. Just my luck!

Wednesday, 2 November:

Ah! Another party. This one sounds very interesting. The Juniors are certainly planning big things for that evening. Imagine taking the whole school on a show boat for the night. I have heard that they are going to put on a real old time 'melodrammer'. Shrieks and wails from the sidelines and everything.

Sigma Tau Delta meeting this afternoon. The Dean gave a very interesting talk on Pages from Rare Old Books and illustrated it with the very pages themselves. The Sigma Tau Deltas had a short pledging service for four proud English students. Then they invited all the Junior and Senior English Majors and Minors to attend the tea and the talk. You should have seen the new pledges gallantly offering to wash the dishes and clean up. They'll never be initiated at that rate. They are too valuable as pledges.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 8:
5:00 P. M.—Student Recital

Thursday, November 10:
11:00 A. M.—Address by Dr. Russell Paynter.

Friday, November 11:
8:00 P. M.—Y. W. C. A. Play.

Sunday, November 13:
6:30 P. M.—Vespers.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer has announced that the Thanksgiving recess will begin Wednesday, November 23, at noon and will end Monday, November 28, at 8 o'clock.

Tau Sigma Pledges Honored

A delightful tea was enjoyed by the members and pledges of Tau Sigma, on October 28, when Miss Stookey, sponsor of the sorority, entertained them at her apartment.

Harriette Anne Gray and Dorothy Miller, charter members of the sorority, assisted Miss Stookey in serving delicious cheese sandwiches, cake, tea, and Mexican candy.

Several new pledges were taken in, Kathleen Breit, Myra Dudley Sponable, Martha Dean Stanley, Betty Jane Sterling, Mildred Rhotan, and Julia Ferguson. Others who attended the tea were Ruth Griesz, Bessie Roddie, Dolores Fisher, Helen Everett, Albertina Flach, and Ruth Schaper.

Miss Stookey proved herself a very charming hostess, and everyone who attended the tea reported a most enjoyable afternoon.

Poetry Society Entertained

Mrs. B. S. Walker of St. Charles entertained the members of the Poetry Society with a charming informal tea at her home, 557 Clay Street, Saturday afternoon, October 29. Dr. Gipson, Miss Parker, Miss Stumberg, Miss Dawson, sponsor of the society, Ella McAdow, Betty Hart, Carlene Holt, Theo Frances Hull, Audrey McAnulty, Mary Helen Kingston, and Sarah Louise Greer were guests. Boston brown bread sandwiches homemade teacakes, olives, orange confections, tea, and coffee were served. Mrs. Walker's apartment was artistically decorated with fall flowers and lighted with tapers.

Dorothy Allen went home to Pawnee, Ill., this week-end.

Martha Pearl, Freda Belford went home with Betty Patton to Divernon, Ill.

Elizabeth England went home with Gretchen Hunker, to Salisbury, Mo.

Mildred Stout spent the week-end at the home of her grandmother.

Anita Crites went home for the week-end, to Gillespie, Ill.

Susan Jane McWilliams, Ethelda Gross, Katherine Blackman and Wilma Hoen visited in St. Louis this week-end.

Doris Elliott and Elsie Tucker visited in Florissant, Mo.

Mr. McFadden visited his daughter Arametha this week-end.

Isabelle Wood went home for the week-end, to Auxvasse, Mo.

Dorothy Hope Miller spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Louise Warner spent the week-end in Winfield, Mo.

Betty Hoover and Camille McFadden, visited in Springfield and Taylorville this week-end.

Jane Duvall visited Forest Park with Mrs. R. Liggett.

Marian Ringhauser visited her home in St. Louis.

Marion Goran visited her home in Pacific, Mo.

Catherine Poeben, Mary Ellen Bethel, Virginia Ellis, Betty Baer, Betty Sterling, Carolyn Rosenfeld, Catherine Lambert, and Margaret Conger spent the week end in St. Louis with their families.

Holly Droste and Ava Oltz visited Holly's home in Omaha, Nebraska.

Barbara Scott visited at Columbia, Mo., on October 29.

Catherine Kuster entertained Camilla Haskins, Mary Elliott, and Mary Helen Gray, at her home in St. Louis.

Mary Greer visited her home in St. Louis.

Kate Ames visited her home in Bowling Green, Mo.

Martha Levy visited relatives in University City.

Elizabeth Stratton and Lena Swimmer, accompanied by Louise Aiewel and her parents, spent the week-end in the country.

Dorothy Hamacher, a student at Lindenwood in 1930-'31, was the week end guest, October 28, of Alice Rice Davis and Katherine Erwin. Dorothy's home is in Richmond, Missouri.

Alice Rice Davis spent the week-end October 28, in Columbia, Missouri, visiting Emily Lavelock. Emily was a student at Lindenwood in 1929.

Maxine Bishop, a last year's Lindenwood student, spent the week-end with Emily and Elnor Runnenburger.

Sybil Powell of Rolla, Missouri, a freshman at Lindenwood last year, was the weekend guest of "Bunny" Robertson.

Jane Laughlin of Kirksville, Mo., and Hazel Lynn Wheeler of Texarkana, Texas, were week-end guests of Shirley Haas, Mary Helen Kingston, and Sarah Louise Greer.

Virginia Green of Belton, Missouri, a member of last year's graduating class was a most welcome visitor at Lindenwood for the week-end. She was the guest of Virginia Keck, Betty Fair, and Maurine Davidson.

Eutha Olds, Elizabeth Wheeler, and Kathryn Leibrock attended the Kansas-St. Louis U. Football game at the St. Louis Stadium Friday evening, October 28.

Madeline John visited at the Reith home in Kirkwood over the weekend of October 29. Miss Helen Reith was a student at Lindenwood the past two years.

Thelma Harpe, Dorothy Jopling and Martha Dean Stanley went to hear Kochanski, the famous violinist, at the Civic Music League the evening of November 1.

Geraldine Robertson, Betty Galford, Emeline Lovellette visited Ellen Jen-

nings, a former student of Lindenwood at her home in Kirkwood, Mo., over the weekend of the 29th. They were joined by Miss Sybil Powell, a student of last year.

Thelma Harpe visited Mrs. Arthur S. Goodall of St. Louis the week-end of the 5th. Thelma played when Mrs. Goodall entertained her Club Friday afternoon. Miss Lucille Lynn of Sparta, Ill., joined Thelma and visited in the Goodall home. Both Mrs. Goodall and Miss Lynn are former students of Lindenwood.

TEARS

By Kathryn Fox

I ran away one night—
Away from the tiny, stifling room,
The voices, the laughter, the songs.
I ran away one night
To the stilly air,
The quiet, ghostlike trees.
I cried there, my face buried in soft grass,
'Till I was tired.
Then I went back.

Read the Linden Bark.

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Jean Harlow—Loretta Young
Robert William in
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THURSDAY NIGHT

Dorothy Sebastian—Lloyd Hughes in
"THE DECEIVER"
also Buffalo Bill, Jr. in
"RIDERS OF GOLDEN GULCH"

FRIDAY NIGHT—SATURDAY MAT.

Lee Tracy (Star of "Blessed Event")
in
"THE WASHINGTON
MERRY GO ROUND"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Geo. M. Cohan—Caudette Colber
Jimmy Durante in
"THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"