

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 10—No. 13.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, January 19, 1932.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## News from the Dean's Office

Work that was begun during December on the new catalogue will be completed during the course of the month, and will appear in February. The courses being offered are particularly outstanding and offer unlimited opportunities along both vocational and liberal arts lines.

The schedule for final examinations has been posted and an effort is being made to arrange all examinations satisfactorily for everyone concerned.

Registration for the second semester was held yesterday and today. Work on many of the schedules has been going forward, and many new and interesting courses are being offered. Among the new courses will be PROBLEMS OF RELIGION offered by Dr. Case; MASTERPIECES OF ARCHITECTURE given under the direction of Miss Hankins; DEBATE, continued under Miss Cracraft; METHODS IN TEACHING ENGLISH offered by Dr. Gipson; METHODS IN TEACHING SOCIAL SCIENCES under Miss Schaper and Miss Mitchell; METHODS IN TEACHING MODERN LANGUAGES offered by Miss Wurster; STATISTICS given by Miss Schaper; ENTOMOLOGY offered by Miss Jahn.

The list of Freshmen allowed cuts for the second semester will appear soon after the grades are recorded in the office.

Dr. Gipson is working particularly hard to be sure that the seniors graduating are equipped with all the necessary courses to fit them for the vocations they have chosen. Special effort is being made to check up on the schedules of those girls planning to teach next year. Recommendations are going out from the office every day.

## Registration This Week

### New Courses Offered

Tuesday morning chapel was in charge of the student board. At first Dean Gipson explained that she would be glad to help any one who was considering a change in school plans for the second semester. She announced that registration would take place next week, before examination, with any necessary changes being made at the beginning of the second semester. Also, she explained a number of the new courses that are being offered by Lindenwood second semester.

On January 11, Dr. Case made his short Wednesday morning chapel talk on the fascinating and inspiring life of Dr. Alkert Switzer, telling of his success in theology, music, medicine, and life.

## Sympathy Extended

The faculty and students of Lindenwood College extend their sympathy to Miss Sayre in her recent bereave-

## Lindenwood Choir Very Successful

### Giddings Presbyterian Church Enjoys Choir Program

Lindenwood's choir, under the able direction of Miss Gieselman, furnished the musical part of the Sunday evening service, January 10, at Giddings Presbyterian Church, Washington Boulevard at Sarah Street, in St. Louis, where the members helped observe the fifth anniversary of the church organization at its third location.

Members of the congregation came to the college in cars for the forty members of the choir and brought them back to the campus, as they did last year when the choir furnished the music for an evening service.

Dr. Arthur Limouze, Promotion Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions of Columbus, Ohio, delivered the evening anniversary sermon. For his sermon theme he told of the inability to predict the stability of a city church and said that for a church really to last it must adapt itself to its community, through the loyalty of its members.

The Lindenwood choir furnished a very substantial part of the program, and made it truly a success. They entered in their white robes to the procession, or, with the proper spirit, after which the pastor, Rev. Mr. Leigh O. Wright, introduced Miss Gieselman and turned to the musical program over to her.

This was followed by the doxology, invocation, and prayer. Very appropriately the choir followed this with Hamblen's beautiful anthem, "Prayer", which they sang with much expression.

After the scripture lesson and evening prayer the choir sang another anthem, this time Manney's "Were You There?" This number, although short, was lovely. The unusual shadings and humming were especially effective.

Alice Denton then sang the offertory solo, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." This was especially suited to Alice's voice and she sang with her usual ease and a great deal of expression. The melodious, soft ending was lovely.

After the sermon the choir sang as its last anthem, "God, Thou Art Great", by Spohr. This difficult but well-sung number was a fitting climax to the delightful music which the choir rendered.

As their recessional hymn the choir sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers".

Doris Oxley, who regularly accompanies the choir, played for all of the numbers.

The entire congregation seemed to enjoy the music immensely, and Rev. Mr. Wright expressed his deepest appreciation to Miss Gieselman, the choir, and Dr. Roemer for helping the congregation observe its anniversary in music.

Her mother died December 16 at Pomeroy, Ohio.

## Plays Of The Season

### Miss Gordon Tells "Y" What Is Best to Be Seen

Miss Gordon gave a very interesting discussion at the Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday evening, January 13 on the Current Plays of the Year. Critics agree that Broadway is suffering from a dearth of material; and those plays presented are not particularly good. The actors, however, are quite up to the standard, yet even excellent acting cannot make a good play out of a mediocre one.

Although New York is suffering, we are to have some real nice things in St. Louis, from the consensus of opinion given on the following plays.

Miss Gordon said that the most artistic and the most successful play was "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with the artist Katherine Cornell. This play in which she is directed by her husband, is said to be her best. The plot is woven around the love story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, and is beautifully done.

The Pulitzer prize play, "Alison's House" by Susan Glaspell will appear in St. Louis, although critics do not agree that it deserved the prize. It is written about the life of Emily Dickenson and the play is dominated by her personality although it takes place after her death. Susan Glaspell also wrote the one act play "Suppressed Desire", which has been read on the campus.

St. Louis does not manifest the interest it should in drama, and there are only two organizations striving for the betterment of legitimate drama, the Drama League of St. Louis and the Theatre Guild. The Drama League opened the season with Channing Pollock's play, "The House Beautiful". However, the Little Theatre is doing better work all the time. The director is a man who was associated with the Goodwin Theatre of Chicago, and he is assisted by a man of the Theatre Guild of New York.

Elmer Rice, author of the Pulitzer prize play, "Street Scene", has written another play, "The Left Bank", which concerns two American couples who go to Paris to find the colorful life of the Parisian and instead find each other. It is more entertaining though not so far-reaching as "Street Scene."

Miss Gordon said that George Bernard Shaw was writing a new play, which would be an interesting bit of news for us. It is "Too Good to be True".

Ferenc Molnar has written a new play, "The Good Fairy", a favorite on the continent, with Helen Hayes, the star of the motion picture "The Sin of Madelon Claudet", in the lead.

"Journey's End", one of the best war plays written, was produced by Maurice Brown, an Englishman who came to America and is now doing other plays. The "Improper Duchess" is a scintillating play, and "The Venetians", which is regarded as very good

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

## FIRST VESPERS OF 1932

### "Is Jesus Welcome Today?" Questions Rev. Kenaston

The first vesper sermon of 1932 was delivered by Rev. Mr. R. S. Kenaston, of the Fifth Street Methodist Church of St. Charles on Sunday night, January 10, at 6:30 in Roemer Auditorium.

Rev. Mr. Kenaston's text was chosen from the first book of John: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." The title of his address was "Is Jesus Welcome Today?"

We assume that Jesus would be welcome, but would he fit our present civilization? "Let Earth receive her king!" Rev. Kenaston asks, "Is Christ king? Does he rule our national affairs? Is America Christian?"; then he avers, "Yes". Our coins have the motto, "In God We Trust" and Congress opens with prayer.

The United States is telling Japan to stop her moves toward the Chinese in Manchuria, but her own past is blemished by her marine occupancy in Nicaragua. Rev. Kenaston again asks, "Does Christ rule in international affairs?" There is a great deal of falsehood and deceit which is against the principles of Christ. After the treaty of Versailles did the countries concerned cut down armaments as they promised to do? Does Christ rule where many women and children are working to support families? A great man said, "If a Christian society is ever to be formed, we must cease using men and women to make money, and use money to make men and women."

A new book by Allen calls the period from 1920 to 1930 the "dizzy decade". During this period, the leisure time of people was for the most part spent very uselessly. Many foolish games and the like were participated in to the extreme, but now there is a turning toward deeper thinking. The world is tired of "confetti and muted trumpets" and it is now beginning to listen to more important voices, and the voice of Jesus is heard.

"If we probe our lives for the deepest values, our path will cross the life of Jesus Christ." We should not ponder whether Jesus would fit our lives, but we should make our lives fit Jesus' philosophy of living. Are we afraid of the challenge to follow Jesus. It is difficult, but simple, and can be attained only by probing the deepest thoughts and values of life.

## Musical Comedy Coming

The Athletic Association has been quite active lately and shall become more and more so as the musical comedy approaches. February 19 is scheduled as the date for this, and practice will begin on February 1.

On Monday, January 11 an Initiation Tea was held in the college club rooms, and fifteen new girls were received into the association.

# 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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Frances Kayser, '32

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1932

### The Linden Bark:

Suddenly the sky turned gray,  
The day,  
Which had been bitter and chill,  
Grew soft and still.  
Quietly  
For some invisible blossoming tree  
Millions of petals cool and white  
Drifted and blew,  
Lifted and flew,  
Fell with the falling night.

Melville Cane.

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### Assets Of A Christmas Vacation

Vacation! The word is synonymous with good times, days without work, and home. We eagerly look forward to our Christmas vacation and just as eagerly accept it as here, then spend much of our time after it is over in vain regrets that it has passed without considering just what it has meant.

If we ever stop to evaluate Christmas vacation, to see just wherein its real assets are, we could find several such assets. For one, Christmas vacation affords that much needed "change". With responsibilities and work for four months, we can appreciate spending three weeks of play and rest, getting ready for a continuation of study.

Then again, we see our family, relatives and friends, and reassume home relationships. We renew old friendships and make new ones, meet many problems during our stay and are stimulated to new thoughts by various people with whom we come in contact.

We enjoy freedom, cars, and entertainments, which comprise vacation days and we forget the routine of classwork. Then we return to the beginning of a New Year, to resume school activities, with the chance of bettering our record and accomplishing new things, rested and in a better frame of mind.

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### Needed Advice For Exam Crammers!

In two more weeks we'll be thrown again head-long into that much-talked-of period, examination time. The anticipation of final examinations has bothered many of the freshmen since last September, but really there is no reason for this worry. It has been a known fact among school people for a long time that the student who has prepared his lesson each day throughout the semester has no cause to worry about examinations. Therefore, why should any Lindenwood girl be at all uneasy?

In case there might be one or two girls who feel that they do not come under the above statement, we might make a few suggestions for their benefit. Being in this latter class ourselves, we feel free to make these suggestions and feel that, because of our extended experience, they should be accepted as authentic. Although it is a little late in the season, it might be well to start carefully preparing your daily lessons from now until the end of the semester. This will remove at least some of the great body of material which will have to be consumed in that one last cram. If there is any time left after the careful preparation of daily lessons, it might be well to start a thorough review of that one subject which has frightened you to death ever since you started to take it—if you have such a subject. If you are not the proud possessor of such a course, just flip a coin and start anywhere.

The last minute rush will be upon you almost before you realize it. There is your opportunity. Close your doors to all people—friends, neighbors, and even room-mates, if it is necessary, to make a peaceful environment for yourself. Make yourself comfortable, although not so comfortable that you will go to sleep, and then concentrate. Concentrate as you've never thought of concentrating before and that is the end of the process. If luck is with you, you will pass the exam with flying colors, even though the knowledge you have gained will last only a day or two.

After the exam is over, there is only one thing for the conscientious person to do; that is to make a New Year's resolution to prepare her lessons from day to day in the future, and then make a second resolution to keep the first resolution.

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### Leap Year

Leap Year with its priceless opportunities is here again. Some girls know that there is a certain something about this year that is all-important, but they fail to realize the full significance of it. So it is only fair that those girls be instructed as to the proper tactics used by their sisters every four years. This is the year to acquire a husband. Various methods can be employed in doing this. However it is best to decide just what type of husband is wanted before faring forth to hunt him. Are you short, blonde, and very sensitive? Then by all means confine your search to a lazy-looking dark man; he will be too lazy to say anything to hurt your feelings, and your flowerlike coloring will go beautifully with his darkness. If you are a brunette, be sure to keep your eyes open for blonde men, for contrast in coloring is very good this year. A word for the red-heads; be temperamental.

### Roark Bradford's Latest

By M. N. R.

"JOHN HENRY" by Roark Bradford (Harper and Brothers).

This amusing book is Roark Bradford's latest effort in the literary world. He has presented again the characteristic negro of the old steam-boat days with his worries and songs, loves and superstitions. This tradition of John Henry is told as the negro imagines it. You must have an Uncle Remus-complex to enjoy it. This work is worth while from the standpoint of dialect alone. Mr. Bradford is an artist in painting the language. His style follows the easy, rhythmical cadences of the negro speech. Some of the passages are pure polyphonic prose.

When John Henry was born he weighed forty-four pounds, and he held a cotton hook in his right hand. He became a roustabout on the 'Big Jim White' and was known as the best cotton-rolling man in the South. He said of himself, "I'm six foot tall and de fo'ks name me Hohn Henry. I kin outwork any man bawn to die, and ain't nobody kin stop me. I rousts like a fool and I labors like a dog, and I swings me a nine-pound hammer. I comed f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine, and my feets don't tetch de ground."

There was nothing John Henry couldn't do when it came to work, and there was no man's time he couldn't beat when it came to the women. His greatest rival was Sam, and his greatest love was Julie Anne. His life was spent going from one job to another, 'funning', and bragging. He was known as the biggest and strongest negro round-a-bout. John Henry's worst enemy was the steam winch that "rolled cotton like ten good men." John Henry tested his own strength against this mechanical device, loading bale by bale as much cotton as the winch. But he died from the strain. Julie Anne "seed John Henry go down, so she followed after", she had killed herself with his cotton hook.

### Words of Japanese Fit Present Exigency

During the holidays Dr. Roemer received a most interesting Christmas and New Year's greeting from Dr. H. M. Crooks, president of Alma College, Alma, Michigan.

In his wish for the New Year Dr. Crooks told a very clever, relevant story of a Japanese in a Presbyterian Oregon college who once wrote of a Concord stage trip across the mountains: "Much time it was smooth and very pleasant; but most time one must sit urgently, with great courage." His wish was that "if urgency exists, may you have great and overcoming courage in 1932."

Dr. Crooks is remembered here as having given the Commencement address in 1928.

Propose to a man and then while he is busy planning his trousseau—for why shouldn't the Leap Year Groom have the trousseau?—tell him you have decided it would be best if you didn't marry after all. After he has cried for several hours and has moaned about the honor of his family, you may grudgingly consent to go on with the wedding. His complete happiness will make you realize that you can count on him to be a faithful husband.

Another opportunity of Leap Year is that you can always get something besides a husband out of the deal. If a man accepts the girl who proposes to him during Leap Year, he has to buy her a dress. Of course, the more money a man has, the better dress his wife can have, so it is absolutely necessary to be systematic about proposing. First make a list of all eligible men; placing the one with the most money at the top of the list. Propose to him first. If some other girl has beat you to him, don't be discouraged. Go right on down your list. Oftentimes a girl is forced to take the last man on her list—the one with the least money. In this case, the girl gets a good job and makes her husband happy as can be, and every night when she comes from work, there he is waiting at the gate for her. Girls, take advantage of Leap Year.

### New Calendars Are Artistic

Have you seen the new Lindenwood Calendar for 1932? It is really the loveliest we have seen, and it proves as ornamental as it is useful. It has pictured on it a scene of Nicolls and Sibley Halls in perspective, which has two backgrounds. One is black resting upon the other which is silver. This color combination is very striking, and makes it unusual in the way of a calendar. The paper is tan forming a fitting background for the black and silver smaller backgrounds. It is rumored that around four thousand of these calendars have been sent to former students, alumni, and friends of the college. It is hard to appreciate the beauty of these unless you have seen them. You will be impressed with their artistic qualities.

### The Spirit of Our Washington Still Leads Us

Two-hundred years ago George Washington was given to our country. Have you seen the calendar in Mr. Motley's office? It shows Washington hovering over the nation, still acting as a guiding star in the country.

Next month we will celebrate the 200th birthday of the father of our country. The writer of this wonders if George Washington would not expand his chest a bit if he could see the United States he so tenderly cared for in its very early youth. Certainly we should be a bit proud to know that a man like George Washington started the "ball-a-rolling" in a great country like ours.

Perhaps if he could be living at this time the depression "complainers" and propagandists would be a little more quiet. The spirit that kept George Washington during the times of Valley Forge and the trying times of his term is the same spirit that shall guide 1932.

Take a look at the calendar in Mr. Motley's office sometime when you are passing by the door. See if you don't feel, after two-hundred years, that he is still hovering over the country.

### Vocational Talks Close

The members of the faculty who have spoken to the class in Orientation and Vocations this semester are: Dr. Gipson, Miss Kohstedt and her assistant, Miss Eggman, Miss Stockey and Miss Reichert, Dr. Stumberg, Dr. Ennis, Miss Anderson and Miss Tacker, Dr. Gregg, Miss Schaper, Dr. Case, Dr. Dewey, Miss Morris, Dr. Linneman, Miss Criswell, Miss Gordon, Miss Allen, Miss Lear, Dr. Terhune, Dr. Tupper, Mrs. Underwood, and Miss Hankins. Today Dr. Gipson gives the final lecture, bringing in the importance of finals and how to prepare for them. The final examination in the course will be given on Thursday at the regular class hour.

Lindenwood sympathizes sincerely with Laura Hauck who lost her father on December 21.

## VIVIEN

By Ella McAdow

Silently a slender girl in white held open the rudy-studded door for her mistress to pass. "Thank you, Elvine," said her mistress, holding high a flaming torch that lighted her way into the long, dark hall. The light burned the golden net binding her burnished hair, warmed her ivory forehead to a flush, and burned again in her hard eyes, black and glistening. Flickering a moment on the heavy necklace of gold, it picked out the silver embroidery on the sleeves and hem of her crimson satin gown. Even a tiny glimmer touched the tips of her silver sandals. A step behind her hobbled a hideously misshapen dwarf, clad in scarlet satin with a gold-lined cape falling over his humped back to his knees. From distorted features no more than the sly slits of his eyes beneath puffed eyelids could be seen. Upon a salver he carried a goblet rimmed in rubies and filled with wine. Passing down the hall, making faint shadows upon the gold figures adorning vermilion walls, they came to a couch where sat an ancient man robed in black stroking his long grey beard.

Handing the torch to the dwarf, she took the goblet, knelt before the man, and whispered, "Master within this cup is the magic potion of two-fold power that I have made for thee—what, now, wilt thou have me do?"

"Vivien," muttered Merlin, "in this wine by the light of the torch, we can see him who passes near this magic castle. And if, when we bring him here, he shall drink of this, he shall love whosoever drinks the remainder. Child, thou art learning full well the secrets of sorcery, and soon thou canst make the invisible elements take form at thy will. That is all I can teach thee," he turned sadly, "and then thy love for me shall die."

"Nay, Master, I shall love thee as always". Black eyes glittered harder in the flame. The dwarf held the torch high while Vivien, on her knees, stared long into the smooth surface of the wine. Bending too, Merlin gazed fixedly, breathing strange phrases above her soft hair.

Then in the wine-mirror they saw a young knight in armor who rode wearily along a dusty path grey in the moonlight. Below a brass helm he wore a suit of banded steel rings that were sewed upon a covering of yellow cloth. A great surcoat of saffron velvet lined with silver cloth he flung over his shoulder to fall occasionally over the jeweled handled sword caught at his side with a silver baldric. He rode easily on Gualigone, his horse, in a saddle of smooth bone inlaid with emeralds and rubies. Long silver tassels fell from his saddle, shaking softly in the moonlight. The knight looked apprehensively at the thick forest looming like a dark cloud before him. Lines worn into his forehead from the worry of a year of constant search, of the most difficult hardships, had stolen a mark of his youth. In the fall when he had started on his search he had loved his wanderings while the chill winds flapped the cape against his armor, and bare branches struck out like sooty fingers against the sky. Winter drew him through unknown forests where he fought strange beasts and slept in frosty caves over icy moorlands. Spring came now with trees dripping blossoms under sapphire skies, but he felt he would never find her whom he sought.

Drawing a breath of courage, the knight spurred Gualigone until he streaked down the grey path into the forest. He raced along an old trail under the dismal trees where branches and roots twisted about like serpents in the darkness, where no light pene-

trated the interlaced foliage. Wondering what could be beyond him, the knight forced Gualigone on until they rushed into a valley so beautiful that it dazzled them—the Valley of Delight, dived in silver moonlight, quiet as a sleeping child. In the center lay a lake so clear and smooth that it looked like an immense oval shield of silver upon the flowers beyond the lake, its walls of ultramarine and vermilion rising to corbels studded with luminous jewels. From the turreted roof sparkled these words spelt in diamonds: "Castle Wisdom". The knight, thinking that he had never dreamed of such beauty as this shimmering vision beneath the moon, hurried over the bridge to the gate.

At that moment Vivien lifted her eyes from the wine-mirror to those of Merlin saying, "Master, thou art the most wonderful man in all the world! So! he is here and soon we shall try this love potion upon him. I shall try it upon him. I shall try it upon my fairest companion, Elvine, too!"

Merlin stood with grey beard brushing his knees to draw her to him, "My dearest Vivien, see that thou dost not love this knight thyself."

Red hair tossed back shot with gold lights and black eyes glistened quickly. "Master, if thou wilt teach me all thy wisdom, then no man may have me". The dwarf lit torches down the hall before the silent painted figures on the walls, and then led Merlin away. Vivien's hair like fine-spun fire spread over the silk cushions as she waited, flushed, for the knight.

Entering hesitatingly he walked slowly down the hall to the couch where Vivien lay, and kneeling before her, his golden spurs clicking, he said, "Fair lady, they say this wondrous place is thine, and for thy true hospitality I give thee my heart's gratitude."

"Sit here beside me, noble knight—be careful lest thou send that chalice to the floor. Tell me who thou art and where thou goest under the glorious moon."

"Wondrous lady, since last the sky was blue, tempered with warm winds, and the wood green with leaves newly born, I have searched in faith for my dear sister. I am Sir Epinogres, the son of the king of North Umlerland. As a child I was sent to France to become versed in the ways of knights. Many marvelous adventures had I there, yet my family have I not seen these many years. Some say my sister Vivien was seen last at King Arthur's court, others claim that she disappeared as if by magic; but nothing shall hinder me 'til I hear of her welfare!"

During this speech Vivien's eyes glowed a moment to darken again in thought. They remained silent, he frankly admiring her warm beauty, she studying the wine in the cup.

"Sir Epinogres", she returned slowly, "wilt it is that thou were led by Castle Wisdom, for I alone can tell thee of thy sister. Fair Vivien loves me above all, and well I know that she is happy. Thou must give up thy search, for when she is ready she will return to thee and thine . . . Thou must be tired and thirsty after thy journey; before retiring thou must have some wine with my beautiful companion."

When she claped her hands a second time, the dwarf appeared. "Send Elvine here". A moment later Elvine came toward them, her face wonderfully clear, like ivory whiteness, wherein two eyes extraordinarily bright shone like two black jewels. Hair, unblemished by any luster fell like dark clouds over her glimmering white gown. About her neck she wore a collar of pearls set in gold, about her wrists bracelets of finely wrought metal, and circling her waist a girdle of tiny pearls.

Softly she asked, "And thou wishest to see me?"

"My dear, a young knight, Sir Epinogres, tired of his wanderings and thirsty too, wishes to drink of this wine. Company, too, he wishes, so I have called thee." Her fingers curled about the gold cup, ruby lips brushed the jeweled rim, and then she passed it to Elvine. Dark eyes drank from those of Sir Epinogres as Elvine swallowed the lone potion. Sir Epinogres, gazing at Elvine, quaffed the remainder from the chalice.

Vivien lay still for a long while after her eyes had followed Elvine's white satin gown sweeping against Sir Epinogres' silver armor as they passed from one torch to another down the hall. And when the last flame flickered to die, she still was thinking.

When morning came Elvine slipped into Vivien's room and to her couch where the sun streaked golden ribbons across the satin cushions.

"Vivien, art thou awake?"

"Yes".

"Today, Vivien, I must leave thee, for I love the knight, Sir Epinogres, and he loveth me. We desire to go unto his father's land to dwell within his castle. Wilt thou give me leave to go?"

Vivien's mouth hardened into two cruel lines, "Listen well, Elvine. To thee I shall give leave to live with thy knight wherever thou wilt, but if ever by look or word thou let him know that he hath received his lodging and his bride from his sister, instantly shalt thou lose the love thou cherish."

"I promise thee, Vivien, by the magic of Merlin that thou holdest so dear, that never shall my love know who thou art."

It was mid-day and Merlin sat studying his books. The click of his study door with the slap of a sandal upon the floor made him look up to see Vivien standing before him.

"Master they have gone—so now, I come to thee to learn another secret of thy wisdom."

"Gone?"

"Yea—I leaned against the pearl gate to cool my face on its surface and watched them go. Together they rode, she in azure and gold on a milk-white palfrey, he in shining silver and yellow velvet on a gray steed. With no eyes but for each other, they rode past the green sparkling lake, past myriads of flowers of divers colors and kinds waving in the golden warmth—farther and farther away from our Wisdom Castle. And, then, when they reached the end of our Valley of Delight, no larger than specks of blue and gold, they disappeared in a cloud of tawny dust."

## AN ATTEMPT AT A SONNET

By Louise H. Walker

Miss Parker said a sonnet I must try,  
And though it seems but foolishness to me,  
I may not, dare not, ask the reason why,  
For fear my grade might even lower be.  
So must I scratch and scribble, though I lie!  
She might relent, could she my struggle see.  
This heavy burden under which I lie.  
Oh, grant my words this day may flow as free,  
As ever lark's wings fluttered toward the sky;  
That thoughts and ideas from me may not flee,  
Nor scamper round inside my head 'til I  
Have urgent need of friendly sympathy!

My verse from greatness is a fearful cry,  
Yet none can say I did not truly try.

## YOU

By Kathryn Hull

When I look into candid eyes of brown,

When I see curls of gold beneath a cap  
Of ocean blue; when I hear coming down

The stairs, the steps of dainty feet,  
The tap

Of tiny heels; and when I gaze at you,  
So calm and undisturbed in midst of strife,

Then with each quiet, stolen look  
Anew

I see you, steadying my shaking life.  
Then ever do I solemnly declare

My lot is joined to yours forever on  
Until the day the final trumpet's blare  
Shall call us all, our harships ever gone.

So stand you near—forever at my side,  
And peace with me—and you—shall ever bide.

## THE INTRICACIES OF GOLF

By Pernis Remmers

The Scotch are always interesting, yet hard to understand; that must be the reason that they take to golf. Not having difficulties enough with my other studies, I have started golf lessons. The game looks easy when an experienced player, graceful as Apollo, is seen making a long, straight drive. After having dug up a good measure of valuable ground with a golf club, I am convinced that the game is hard work, and that a beginner is not graceful.

My father gave me a golf bag and a set of matched wood and iron clubs. The number of clubs that must be employed to hit one little golf ball sent my brain into a sea of confusion. "Why so many? Wouldn't one good, handy club do?" I asked my exasperated teacher. Before trying the difficult and, the closer I got to it, terrifying task of hitting that white ball, I practiced swinging at dandelions. My confidence increased as I successfully negotiated decapitating several of these yellow weeds. When, with practice, my proficiency increased, I moved to the tee. I have heard golfers speak of "mental hazards". I had a vague idea of what it meant; now I know. I never realized that an inoffensive looking ball could so disconcert a person. I stood before this ogre. I gripped the club with desperate perspiring hands, and wriggled my feet to what seemed to be the right position. (Golfers call it "stance"). The club was swung backward in preparation for the vicious, downward stroke. I kept it poised for a second, and then I brought the club down with a swing that should have sent the ball over the distance of a city block, had I hit it. But I didn't! Swish! That was all I heard as the club went through the air. The ball was still perched on the pin. It seemed to laugh at me and say, "Gosh, but you looked foolish taking that ungainly swing at me. You'll never take the enamel off of my face that way."

Irritably self-conscious, and mumbling excuses to those with me, I again took my stand with a mental attitude so full of depression that I felt as if I were to be struck instead of the one to do the striking. This time I hit the ground behind the ball where the force of the swing was spent before it reached its aim. What a relief! What difference did it make if it only rolled a few feet away!

And so far, far into the afternoon, the battle raged between me and my enemy, the ball. Exhausted, I learned that dandelions were much easier to hit than golf balls; the mental hazard isn't there.

## SIR TOR

By Theo Frances Hull

For fifteen days Arthur's Court had resounded with revelry, gay talk and jest, song and dance. Now Christmas-tide was ended, the New Year had come in, and the gallant company of knights and ladies, fairest of all Christendom, was parting until such time as feast or widely heralded tournament should bring them together again.

Sir Tor, son of King Pellinore, rode gaily on his way. His mind was busy with thoughts of the holiday, for never had the gathering been so brilliant, the carols so lively, the maidens so mirthful and full of coquetry. So pleasant were the recollections that even the rough, wild path seemed less lonely, and the thud of the horse's hoofs on the hard ground was not displeasing in its monotonous regularity.

Sir Tor himself made the only bright spot in this part of the gray-brown world. Each tiny steel line of the chain mail suit that covered him from head to heel was polished until it shone with a hard, metallic glitter. His outer garment was of very fine woolen cloth, deep azure in color. It was divided in front and back and hung almost to the ground on either side. A small sword was fastened to his belt. His horse was a magnificent animal; its giant muscles moved easily under a sliver coat of satin smoothness. The trapping were all of azure blue cloth, richly embroidered with silver threads. The saddle was studded with sapphires and decorated with silver and blue fringe. Only a lance of dull steel, fitted into its socket by Sir Tor's right foot, did not gleam.

Through the realm of Logres Sir Tor rode errant, hoping for adventure, always performing chivalrous service. Resting by a stream, one day, drinking of the water, he beheld a strange thing. Out of the depths of the water came a knight on a great white horse girt with a white saddle richly embellished with riches. The saddle skirt was of scarlet cloth embroidered with golden cord. The knight's armour was white, but the thongs of his greaves and knee caps and cerisses were scarlet. Not only his spurs but also his shoes were gold, curiously fashioned of flat sheets covered with interlacing bands of the precious metal. His hand, in a gauntlet of gold studded with red stones and pearls, grasped a gold-tipped spear.

The two knights sat looking at one another for a moment, then the stranger spoke. "Wilt joust with me, Sir Knight?" "With all readiness of spirit", answered Sir Tor quickly.

Each knight took his assigned place and dressed his spear for the encounter. They shouted suddenly to their horses, and, driving spurs into flanks, rushed toward one another, the hoofs of the war horses sounding like thunder upon the hard earth. Each knight smote the other in the middle of the shield. The unknown knight struck with such violence that Sir Tor rocked in the saddle and the gold-tipped spear shattered. Sir Tor struck with such terrific force that the challenger was lifted out of his saddle and over the crupper of his horse and thrown violently into the dust. He sprang up immediately, however, apparently unhurt, and drawing his small sword, rushed at Sir Tor, who quickly dismounted to engage with him in combat on foot. The stranger seemed gifted with a superhuman power, for his wounds seemed not to hurt him his wopunds seemed not to hurt him but rather to give him added prowess. Sir Tor was sorely hurt, but at last, seeing an opening, he smote with such force that the head of the other was completely severed from the body.

Then Sir Tor swooned.

When he awoke he saw a lady standing where the body of the fallen knight had been. She was dressed in a flame-colored satin gown, girded with a belt of twisted gold threads that hung to the bottom of her robe and swished against her tiny sandals. A jeweled clasp fastened at her throat the long red cape, lined with cloth of gold, that fell from her shoulders. Soft red-gold hair, massed high on her dainty head and confined in a net of thin gold, framed a delicately oval face of unusual beauty. Her eyes were large and dark and tender. Her pretty but rather weak mouth was offset by a very determined little chin. Her hands, slim and graceful, were covered with beautiful rings, diamonds, rubies, and curiously fashioned bands of gold.

The lady came close to Sir Tor and spoke. "I am Igerne, sister of Uwayne. Morgana le Fay was affronted with King Arthur when he chose Sir Tor rather than her son Sir Baudemagres to fill the vacancy in the Round Table caused by the death of Sir Perceval. Both are very honorable young knights, but Sir Tor is the better, for, although late come to court, he hath performed several very excellent and famous adventures whilst Sir Baudemagres hath not yet any very great achievement in the field of chivalry. Morgana spoke of her ire to her husband but he rebuked her. She was very wrathful when she left him. I was the first person she met. When she spoke of the selection, I defended Arthur, praising Sir Tor. Morgana in a rage enchanted me, turning me into a knight and decreeing that my head should be severed from my body. Vivienne, however, being jealous of Morgana le Fay, was pleased to help me. By using her knowledge of sorcery, learned at the feet of Merlin, she modified Morgana's enchantment to such an extent that if I was killed by a Christian knight of Arthur's Court, I would be freed. Thou art such a knight and I am free. Tell me who thou art that I may thank thee."

The knight spoke. "Men call me Sir Tor. Happy am I to have been championed by one so virtuous and fair. Let us go to King Arthur's Court together and tell them of our strange adventure."

And when they came to Arthur's Court there was great rejoicing. Lady Igerne gave to Sir Tor her lacy cap to bind on his helmet as a sign that he was her knight.

## A DAY IN ST. LOUIS

By Margaret Hill

To a freshman a day in the city means exciting shopping expeditions, thrilling picture shows, and endless amounts of rich food. The whole affair is novel, and therefore interesting and exciting. But to a sophomore, these pleasures have aged, and more joy is to be found in observing the people who constitute the crowd, rather than in enjoyment of the pleasure itself. Hence, my interpretation of a day in the city.

Men are funny. As I was sitting at breakfast in a cafeteria, enjoying my waffles, I heard a man at the next table say "Girl!" The waitress approached him rather hesitantly, and he waited until she reached his side. Then, scrutinizing his plate of eggs, he pointed to them saying, "Are these what you call scrambled?" She nodded, but hastily assured him she would get him others if those were not to his taste. He nodded grudgingly, and she walked away with the eggs. I followed her with my eyes, watched her rearrange the plate, add a little more, and then return. He smiled with a satisfaction, and started eating. I saw a potential Damrosch today,

in the form of a tiny boy with large brown eyes and tangled curly hair. He sat behind me in the theatre, and when the orchestra began to play a selection from Tannhauser, he stood up and beat time with his tiny fists. His eyes were sparkling as he watched the every movement of the conductor. People were amused by his attractive bit of humanity, but he ignored their glances. But when the music changed to jazz, it lost its fascination for the little chap, and he sank back in his seat with a disappointed expression on his face.

She sat in front of me at the show, this short, fat woman with greasy hair. On her fingers there were rings with flashy sets, obviously from the emporium with the red front. On her lap she held a box of rich chocolates, which she continually diminished. A group of girls came in who wanted seats in the center of the row, which necessitated her arising. She clutched the candy and boosted herself out of her seat, waited for them to pass, and then slid down with a decided bump, making the seat squeak in protest. Everybody around her stared, but she was obviously unaware of the hostile glances. There she sat in her world of dreams, gazing at the sentimental picture and gorging chocolates quite content.

Life is full of absurdities which we seldom notice. For instance, imagine if you can, an orchestra playing an operatic overture. Then, out of the darkness come the clear notes of a clarinet solo. You sit entranced with the beauty of the music. But suddenly a spot light is flashed on, and before you, in a rounded balcony in one corner of the theatre, there sways a bald-headed man wearing a green velvet smoking jacket. Behind him is a background of ornate gold, formed by wood which has been cut into various fanciful figures. There he stands, swaying to the time of immortal music, dressed in green velvet, against a background suitable only for Louis XVI. It must be optimists who dignify us with the expression "civilized".

At the entrance to an exclusive St. Louis residence district there is a brick structure which must resemble a medieval tower. It has iron gates on either side, and in the tower itself are three windows, two of which are above, and one in the center below. Between the two upper windows is a huge iron clock face, with figures and hands painted gold. As I rode past tonight this old building looked like a benevolent grandfather, with windows for eyes and mouth. He had a benign, self complacent expression representative of the atmosphere of the district whose streets he guarded with his iron hands.

## TO END IT ALL

By Virginia Lee Porter

Cats, cats, cats! Everywhere I go that is all I hear. I try to calm my distracted thoughts by reading a *Linden Bark* and lo and behold, the first thing that meets my eye is an essay on cats. This has been going on for months. During that time my mind has been in constant turmoil over the subject. That last essay by Miss Zimmerman was too much. I can contain myself no longer. May this essay be the last written upon the subject.

Let's suppose that I had killed a man and was being punished for it. The worst punishment that I could receive would be a command to live with a cat for a companion for the rest of my life. It is beyond my power to conceive anything worse, unless it would be two cats instead of one. I hate cats! Hate is a mild term to use. If there is a cat around me for awhile, I am a complete nervous wreck by the

time the ordeal is over. Cats affect me that way. Think of living all the rest of your life with a cat for a companion. Rather would I be exiled to Devil's Island itself than to undergo such torture!

The word cat to me means two things. One of these is a slinky, sly, deceitful dirty animal. The other is a person just like the animal. I can just see some of you bristling with indignation over the description of the cat itself, yet you admit that those adjectives describe the person exactly. If they describe the person termed as "catty", why don't they describe the animal whose name is given to the person having the above named characteristics? Those adjectives describe the cat perfectly, too. Why shouldn't they? A cat is all of these things. Let me try to prove it to you.

A cat is slinky, everyone knows. Rub a cat and he changes into several different shades, winding himself around your leg like a snake. Is that a pleasant sensation? Who has not seen a cat slinking around at night, with a sly look in his eye, just ready to jump into the ice box the minute the opportunity presents itself. A cat is also deceitful. You can be as kind to him as possible, yet the minute he gets a chance he scratches you. I have had this happen to me several times, when I had not touched the cat at all. Last of all, cats are dirty. Calm yourselves, now, and I will tell you why. Don't all doctors tell you that cats carry germs? Of course. Well, do animals that aren't dirty carry germs? Assuredly not! Therefore, it is agreed that all cats are slinky, sly, deceitful and dirty.

Think how unpleasant cats are to have around. Come home from a party late at night and try to get inside the door without waking Mother, who is a very light sleeper. What is the first thing that happens? You step on the family cat, who let's out a screech like war whoop of a band of Apache Indians, at the same time springing around and tearing several runners in your five-dollar silk hose. Perhaps you won't love kitty so much then. Try to sleep after you get in. Can you, with a bunch of cats holding their own operatic concert right outside your window?

Everything considered, I don't like cats.

## THE WIND

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

The wind is a naughty little girl,  
Tearing crisp brown paper into squares,  
The wind is a naughty little girl,  
Tearing crisp brown leaves into squares,  
To toss them carelessly to the floor.  
Now all the servants spend their time  
Gathering up sycamore leaves.

## BEFORE THE STORM

By Marion Carlson

The thunder was loud and metallic, like the rattle of sheet iron and the lightning broke in great zigzags across the heavens, making everything stand out and come close to me for a moment. Half the sky was splattered with black thunderclouds, but all the west was luminous and clear; in the lightning flashes it looked like deep blue water with the sheen of moonlight on it. The mottled part of the sky was like marble pavement. Great warm splashes of rain fell on my upturned face. All about me I could hear the beat of the raindrops on the soft dust. Gradually the drops came with greater force and more frequency, until at last I fled to shelter from the downpour.

## The "After Vacation" Diary In Confession

Wednesday, January 6, 1932:

What a life! What a life! I sometimes question the necessity of this so-called "higher education", particularly when the higher part has to come right after Christmas. What a way to start a New Year! Believe me, if this old adage about doing all year what you start the new year doing, I'm gonna strike. No perpetual Final Examinations for mine—I'd rather wash dishes—at that, washing dishes mightn't be so bad. Ho hum, I feel like the Bridge of Sigs. Prepare yourself, Morpheus, here I come—may your bag of dreams inspire me to sail on! and On! and On! Rotten grammar, I guess, but a plenty good idea at that.

After thought: I rather appreciate all the uproar at that. If only everybody wouldn't try to talk at once, and give me a chance to tell what I did at Christmas, as well as listen to everybody else's story!

Thursday, January 7:

The positive "noive" of some people. Here I take my bright and shining countenance to class this morning only to be met with the blasting announcement that I'm supposed to write a paper. A paper! My countenance shall never shine again. I have spoken. Went to the library to study tonight (statistics—ugh!) and was surrounded on all sides by "bebble wid colds in by head". Tonight I shall certainly take up Christian Science, and then use Listerine for something else than "indoor popularity".

Friday, January 8:

The most charming sound of the week to me is the stroke of the campus clock booming three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Whee! The weekend has arrived. Got myself into a bridge game tonight, and when it comes to "forcing" Mr. Culbertson has nothing on me. Of course, he might not exactly approve my system, but everybody to his own way of thinking, (and bidding) says I. After all, its "kinda swell" to go out in the hall and yell for somebody, without seeing Mother's eyebrows elevate a trifle at young lady daughter. Well, the moving finger has now written, so its my cue to move on (apologies to Omar). Day is done.

Saturday, January 9:

What a beautiful thing is sleep! I've had eight lovely hours of it, and if it hadn't been for ambitious neighbors I think I could have squeezed in a couple more minutes. Now to work—even on Saturday I must slave—and justice is an elusive thing if you ask me.

Many hours later: I have written a masterpiece that even the most eminent Sociologist would adore. The city is luring me, but up to date I have withstood the lure. My eyesight is really being affected from the reflection of so many gorgeous diamonds. My prospective state of single blessedness is beginning not to appear so attractive.

Sunday, January 10:

What a pretty day. I even walked to church and enjoyed it—both the walking and the church. Everyone is seemingly laboring under a very pronounced let-down. Could hardly coax a grin out of the girl-friend. Oh well, went to tea and ate shrimp. Tried to tax my imagination to the point of thinking I was in Benish's but I didn't have the will power. A shrimp is a shrimp, however, whether he's in the dining room or somebody's ocean (maybe they aren't "he's"—I hadn't thought of that). Vespers tonight—I never saw such a crowd so conspicuous by its absence—it was a nice

sermon, too. To bed! To bed! I can't wait to see how blue Monday will be. Monday, January 11:

And was I ever right! It was a blue Monday with a vengeance. Those shrimps evidently were a bit peeved at being taken out of their natural habitat. Anyway, something surely created a havoc with the general run of digestive systems. Otherwise the day spun along very much as days will spin. Somebody reminded me that the Senior dinner-dance is to be Friday. What price formality—my one and only formal suffered the pangs and arrows of outrageous fortune during the course of New Years. Oh, to be different and go clothed in sack cloth and ashes. Debate club met tonight, and I added my little bit. I am still a little uncertain as to whether or not Germany should pay her reparations, and as for insurance for the unemployed, I am quite willing to let the state or the government or most anybody else handle it as long as I'm not asked to. Toodle-oo.

Tuesday, January 12:

This was my easy day, and as a consequence my inaptitude resulted in little activity. I finally gathered up nerve enough to approach the final examination schedule and observe what hours were to be dedicated to my struggle for maintenance of an average. From Monday to Friday am I to dwell in the depths of the river Styx—or river by some such name, anyway. And then another week will I dwell even lower while I wait in fear and trembling for the results to be made known. Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow ye may flunk out! Attended a meeting this afternoon and noticed by the general concensus of opinion that it might be well for me to swell the treasury by paying my mite of dues. Will the depression never end?

Wednesday, January 13:

Thank goodness it wasn't Friday. Wednesday, the thirteenth was bad enough. First I have an unexpected little "now I'll ask one", then I give a report, and then I give another report, and then—but this could go on indefinitely. On the whole its been a very nice day—and I mean the weather. I have a sneaking suspicion that I have spring fever. Could that be what's wrong with me? No, it can't—I just looked at the heading of this, and it very explicitly said January 13th, and who ever heard of spring in January? Mr. Conner must have mixed up his ingredients and sprung June in on us instead of January. Oh well, I like it, and it saves the wear and tear on my winter coat!

Thursday, January 14:

First Thursday morning chapel since the exodus last year. Last year! Doesn't that sound queer? Anyway, there was a student recital and it was really awfully good. Wish I could do something besides listen, but guess I was born to make one of these good listeners that poor speakers are always praising. Oh well, following isn't such a bad vocation—you don't have to think very much. Another club meeting. I've almost come to the conviction that life is just one club meeting after another. I wonder if there is such a thing in the world as mail (note spelling). The ghosts of my past are haunting me, I suppose, for neglecting to answer letters. Had my schedule made out for next semester. Time is a queer old buzzard, he just keeps marching on whether you want to get older or not. What does one do when one quits going to school anyway? I can't imagine. Guess I'll sleep on it.

The entire college offers its most sincere condolences to Miss Stookey, whose mother died at her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on January 9.

## A Peppy Linden Leaves Staff

Plan Linden Leaflet, Benefit Show, Leap Year Dance

In spite of no chapel—announcements since vacation, work is still going ahead on the Linden Leaves. The material for the Linden Leaflet, the shopping guide containing advertisements from our patrons and much wit and humor, is being collected and will be sent to the printers this week. This little book will come out sometime before Spring vacation, and should receive special attention from all Lindenwood girls. When you shop in St. Charles or St. Louis, refer to the shopping guide and patronize those who patronize us.

Arrangements have been made for a benefit picture show to be given at the Strand Theater on Friday, February 12. Later announcement will be made of the picture that is to be shown. Besides the picture, there will be an additional attraction on the stage, some of Lindenwood's own talent on display.

Other plans which are not yet definitely completed are those for a Leap Year dance to be given on Saturday, February 6, by the Student Board and the Annual Staff. The dance will be a tag dance with the girls who do not have dates cutting in on the other girl's dates. There will be a slight charge of admission. Get busy and get your dates, girls, so the stag line will have plenty of choice.

## Mrs. Underwood Talks On Woman Journalists

Mrs. Underwood, director of Journalism at Lindenwood, and religious editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, talked to the Orientation class Thursday, January 7, on "The Opportunities for Women in Journalism."

Unless a girl enjoys journalistic work and is really in love with it, is not annoyed by contacts, has patience with others, and has not a nervous disposition, she should not plan upon entering the field of newspaper work, Mrs. Underwood said.

A person with a good sense for news can find something to write about everywhere: whatever people say, eat, or wear, for instance, always makes a good story. An article for publication in a newspaper, in the news columns must be written with a detached attitude and impartiality. The use of the first person is taboo.

Often an opportunity presents itself to develop a new field such as the column of love problems, child management and welfare, household management and cookery, of comparatively recent times. Many more "features" remain to be discovered.

If a girl can obey the seven cardinal laws of journalism, requiring "responsibility, freedom of the press, independence, truthfulness, impartiality, fair play, and decency"; and "is patient, likes humanity, is alert, and can submerge her ego, she is in a fair way to become a newspaper woman."

## Christmas Card Sales Very Successful

The Art Department of Lindenwood under the direction of Dr. Linneman should be highly commended for its splendid success in the sale of hand-painted Christmas cards before the holidays. Most of the girls in the department made cards and all helped in the sales.

The total amount for which a deposit was made to the Mary Easton Sibley Fund was \$37.70, which represents a great deal of work and enthusiasm on the part of Dr. Linneman and her classes.

## WONDER WHY?

We wonder why there are such things as term themes? Everyone has stopped dieting? The Library has become so densely populated? The weather has been acting so much like a prima donna? Morton Downey gets paid for sounding like a woman? Lindenwood students are acting so blasé? Exam notices have such a deadly effect on the natural spontaneity of their victims? The price of chewing gum doesn't come down? Lifge is like a bowl of applesauce? People call Catsup, "Catch Up"? An apple a day keeps the doctor away? Movie actors and actresses get engaged, married and divorced so often? The longer one goes to school the less one knows? Your turn to wonder now!

## WHO'S WHO?

Maybe you overlooked her the first time, but you couldn't the second even though she lacks many inches in height. She's dark, too, and cuts her own hair, which is rather original! An athlete in a big way for a little girl, head of tennis, and a vicious hockey player, fond of getting her thumbs smashed for the excitement of it! Occasionally she juggles books and cards in the library, too, when she stays on campus long enough. She's a Junior, girls, and a smooth Southern belle with a drawling "Yaaaas, ya-haas" over the telephone to numerous interested personages. Is she popular? We-ell, rawthah, my deahs!

## German Dancer Here

When Mrs. Lisbeth Hoops-Ebers visited Lindenwood on Monday, January 11, she fascinated all the girls who witnessed her dancing and listened to her lecture. The latter was a brief history of dancing and emphasized particularly interpretative dancing, for she has been a teacher of Modern German Creative Rhythmic Movement and Natural Body culture for ten years—only three years of this time having been spent in the United States and the other seven having been in Germany.

After her talk Mrs. Hoops-Ebers chose Gilda Ashby, Roberta Tapley, Madeline Johnson, Mary Ellen Herndon, Helen Rieth, Frances Pedler, Harriett Ann Gray, and Eleanor Head to be a model class; she then put them through a series of movements which she teaches as preliminaries to creative dancing.

She herself presented two dances, one—"Lamentation"—was very sad, while the other—"Caprice"—was fast, gay and joyful.

## ON THE CAMPUS

School days are here again—  
Exam days are near again—  
Let us sing a song of cheer again—  
Ole school days are here again—  
Vacation over.....Diamond rings on third finger left.....Men gone wrong.....Women elated. Weights down.....Library getting a big "rush". Term papers due soon.....Exams little more than a week off—lots of cramming. Semester nearly over.....with new schedule posted. Big time had at the dance on Friday last.....Leave it to the Seniors to think of something clever. Everybody going "ga-ga" over the new Southern Mammy songs—"Sleepy Time Down South".....sung by Bing Crosby.....Cremo Hour.....A good five cent cigar.....with Russ Columbo as a close second. Prayers not forgotten.....

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, January 19:

5:00 p. m.—Student's Recital.

Thursday, January 21:

11 a. m.—Prof. Andre Morize, Harvard University, "American Education as Seen by a Frenchman."

Friday, January 22:

8 p. m.—Faculty Recital, Miss Craft, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Sunday, January 24:

6:30 p. m.—Charles W. Miller, Kingshighway Baptist Church, St. Charles.

## Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent a delightful holiday of ten days in Chicago, at the Palmer House. Most of the time was spent attending the latest shows, theaters, and like entertainment, with some intimate friends. Among the many interesting things which the Dr. and Mrs. Roemer attended was the Negro play, which is to come to St. Louis within the near future and which has proven to be a huge success all over the country; "Green Pastures", based on the book by Marc Connelly. The plays as a whole were good, bad, and indifferent.

Dr. Gipson spent the first few days of the Christmas vacation in St. Charles. Then she went to the Ozark mountains, to Van Buren, Missouri. Van Buren is a town situated on the Current River and is one of the most beautiful towns anywhere. One of the most interesting features here is the Big Spring. This natural spring has a capacity of five million gallons of water a day, and is one of the wonders of the country. It is situated in the State Park and in the summer thousands of tourists come there. Dr. Gipson returned to St. Charles for the remainder of the holidays.

Miss Mabel Clement spent a very happy Christmas in Fayetteville, Arkansas, visiting with her nephew, Mr. E. B. Meriwether, who is an instructor in the law department at Arkansas University. A sister of Miss Clement and another nephew, who is a Lieutenant at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, were also in Fayetteville, making a family Christmas party.

Miss Anne Gauss, the President's secretary, has been suffering with a severe cold since the opening of the Christmas holidays. The week between Christmas and New Years she was unable to be out. However, she is now back and her condition is much improved.

Mrs. Williams of Palmyra, Wisconsin, sister of Miss Nye, former Home Economics teacher, visited on the campus Tuesday. She is on an automobile tour of the south.

Mary Louise Bowles spent Monday night in St. Louis with her sister and saw the Ziegfeld Follies at the American Theatre.

Everyone was glad to see Virginia Keck back at school after a week's absence, due to an automobile accident. Virginia is from Blytheville, Arkansas.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

for it presents the characters of another age and makes them belong to our age.

John Galsworthy, who excels as a novelist rather than as a dramatist, although he is considered a very good

dramatist, has written a new play, "The Roof", which has received commendation from critics.

The romantic operetta, "The Cat and the Fiddle", has received some good criticism, and was put on by the man who directed "Three's a Crowd", which is booked for February, and is considered a fine play. The same producer did "Band Wagon" which excels everything in perfection of stage shifting and unification of character. There are no waits throughout the play; it is a marvelous piece of cooperation.

Mrs. Fiske, preeminent American actress, has revived the role of Becky Sharp. She last appeared here in the "Merry Wives of Windsor", with Otis Skinner.

"No one can be interested in drama without recognizing the supremacy of Shakespeare," said Miss Gordon. "Few actors do him justice but we were fortunate in having the Stratford on Avon players this season in St. Louis. Now there is the promise of a play of Shakespeare's, with an unusual combination of players, Otis Skinner as Shylock, and the return of one of America's favorites, Maude Adams, in the role of Portia. No one is educated who has not seen Shakespeare acted well. At least one production of Shakespeare should be seen, and this presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" gives promise of being an extremely good piece of work."

"The House of Connelley", by Paul Green, should be particularly interesting to the people of the South, in that it presents the struggle of the traditional old South and how difficult it is to maintain the old standards. The author is a Southerner, and treats the subject very understandingly.

"Green Pastures", the Pulitzer prize play by Marc Connelly, has been three years getting to St. Louis, having been two years on Broadway. It is concerned with the religious conception of the negro race as we are familiar with it. Mr. Connelly has presented it as truthfully as possible with a sympathetic stroke, and though we may be adverse to negro drama, we see him as he is thinking his own thoughts and living his own existence. This play is due in February.

Other plays which we are promised are "Grand Hotel", charmingly played by the lead of "And So To Bed"; "Reunion in Vienna", full of intrigue and innuendoes, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fantanne, who so ably played "Elizabeth the Queen" last season; and "Cyrano de Bergerac" the most dynamic production of recent years, with Walter Hampden.

Miss Gordon closed by saying, "To know about drama, we must know that the dramatic impulse is common to all of us. We should see what is being shown and cultivate that inherent taste. Drama grows on us and Lindenwood offers accessibility to the cultural advantages of a big city. This season would be quite worthwhile for us to see some very good things in the drama."

## That Ever Present Evil Of College Life

Woe! They are upon us again. What? The FINAL EXAMINATIONS. After having been revised to suit the majority's convenience, the final schedule is up. "Isn't this grand? I get through on Wednesday," "Well, I have exams until three on Friday. Isn't that luck?" Exclamations such as these are heard on campus now. Wonder what the different classes think about these semester battles with their courses? The Senior is probably saying, "This time next year, I won't be getting ready for Finals. That won't be hard to take

## Interesting New Copy of Roman Tatler Posted

A red-cheeked, blue eyed baby, abandoning his toys and Mother Goose Rhymes for a First year Latin book, is the outstanding picture in this issue of the Roman Tatler. Under the pictures are these words, "Abandoning All Else I Love But Thee."

A Bit Of Advice is a clever article. It advises us to watch our verbs. Here is a little verse at the end of the advice.

Can and Will are cousins  
Who never trust to luck,  
Will is the child of Energy,  
Can is the son of Pluck  
Can't and Won't are cousins, too  
Always out of Work.  
Won't is the son of Never Try  
And Can't is the son of Shirk.

A long list of common chemical elements come from classical derivations. Then there are numerous words that one often uses without even knowing they are almost directly Latin. The numerous jokes are worth reading.

## Archeology A Science

Miss Hankins of the classical language department spoke to the Orientation class on Archeology, on Tuesday, November 12, Archeology, says Miss Hankins, is a new science of old things, and the archeologist is a "scientist with a spade", who draws conclusions from the material found, ranges his material and so makes history—or unmake it.

In order to be an archeologist many characteristics are necessary. The archeologist supervises a number of workers so he must have the ability to lead and to handle people. He also needs tact and enthusiasm for his work. A knowledge of languages, history, geology, and anthropology are all needed by the archeologist. Keen power of observation is an attribute without which the archeologist would find his work difficult.

Schliemann, a German, might be called the father of archeology. When he was just a boy he decided that he would find Troy. This idea led him on and finally in later life his purpose was accomplished. He found not only one Troy, but nine, one on top of another.

Archeology is not only very interesting because of the many unusual things unearthed, but it also has its purpose in certifying history and making it more accurate.

.....h'mm, but I wish I weren't graduating." The Junior is chanting "Just one more year" as she plays Bridge instead of studying. The Sophomore tells how scared she was last year and adds, "But now I know they don't amount to much." The Freshman writes home enclosing her exam schedule so that her family can see just how abused she is. Then gathering her books about her she sits gazing at a certain photograph on her desk and finally murmurs something about being glad if she did flunk so she could go home and keep an eye on Him.

"A hundred years from now nobody will know whether we flunked or made 'E'. Now that is a bad, bad mistake. For it is a known fact that one's family is bound to talk and when conversation lags how do you know that they won't tell the neighbors all about those low grades? And even if they were kept strictly within the family for another generation, just how would you feel if your granddaughter said to her schoolmates, "My grandma flunked her finals when she was in college. Yes her name was Letty Lindenwood". Let this be a warning, gals.

## On The Way Home

Who said that things didn't happen to people on the train? They certainly could not have been referring to Lindenwood girls and their trips home. Have you heard about some of the amusing incidents that happened to our fellow "Alma Materers?"

Did you know that some of our Irwin girls rode to Nebraska in a private car? It seems that our fellow students decided they wanted to get into the club car and they found a car that looked like a club car, only it did seem a bit luxurious. . . . They proceeded to sit down and make themselves quite comfortable when a waiter . . . seemingly a waiter . . . came and asked them if they wished some lemonade or a bite to eat. They assured him they did not care for any and finally, true to store-book style the owner came back to the car. He assured them it was quite all right for them to remain back there and our playmates were well taken care of during the rest of the trip.

Private cars seem to be the hobby of Lindenwood girls. Doris Martin who boarded the train in her home town, was ushered in to a private car by mistake and the train went off and left the private car, which they pushed back into the yard leaving poor Doris and her father in the isolated car. Now what could be more interesting than a private car in the railroad yard? Doris and her father then had to board a freight train and ride in the caboose, huddled about a stove in the middle of the car. The trials of being a college girl!

Ripley hasn't a thing on the writer, but did you hear about the two girls, a little dark senior and the tall blond junior who were entertained on the train to Chicago by the Illinois legislature and Senator Barr from Illinois. When asked about it the little senior said, "Oh we had a lovely dinner and everything" . . . . Some people have all the luck!

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## STRAND THEATRE

Monday  
Ken Maynard in  
"THE FIGHTING LEGION"

Tuesday—Wednesday  
"THE DREYFUS CASE"  
(Road Showed at American Theatre)

Thursday  
"MEN OF CHANCE"  
With Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez

Friday Night and Saturday Matinee  
Greta Garbo—Ramon Novarro in  
"MATA HARI"  
With Lionel Barrymore—Lewis Stone  
Saturday Night, Two Shows, 7 and 9  
Loretta Young—Walter Huston in  
"THE RULING VOICE"