

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 7—No. 11

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 9, 1930.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## Fine Opening Programme

Choral Club and Orchestra Afford-  
ed Real Enjoyment

The concert given on last Monday evening by the Choral Club and Orchestra was a big success. Although this was the first public performance of the orchestra, everyone feels sure that all the practicing they have been doing for the last few weeks has not been in vain. For, really, they are a very talented group of girls, and have been working under a very efficient director, Mr. Joseph F. Skinner, of St. Charles. Both of these things were quite evident in their part of the program.

And, the ability of Miss Dorothy Detweiler and her Choral Club was just as evident. The Choral Club is large this year, and appeared once before—as a part of the entertainment for the Bankers' Association, at their convention here. In the concert, the girls sang eight numbers, for the large audience, which, aside from the regular student body, included a great number of the faculty, old Lindenwood girls, and guests from St. Charles. All in all, the concert was a fine beginning for both organizations. The girls were dressed in light, pastel shades,—for the most part—greens, pink, yellow, blue, white, and pretty flowered dresses. The entire audience showed their appreciation of the event with much applause.

## News From The Dean's Office

The contest for the Christmas story has been of great interest the past week. There were fourteen entrants. All of the stories were so well written that the judges found it difficult to make a decision on the winner. The two winning stories are to be printed.

Examinations have been prominent in the school program for the past week or two. It is the end of the second six weeks. Next week when the grades come out, students will know the results of their labor.

The topic of greatest interest both in faculty and student circles is the oncoming vacation. Nothing definite has been heard concerning plans of the faculty. However the subject is being given quite serious thought by everyone.

## USEFULNESS

By Gladys Crutchfield

Almost everything I have,  
Is of some use to me.  
My feet can walk, my lips can talk,  
And my two eyes can see.

I have two hands,  
A figure-fair—  
My cheeks are red—  
And so's my hair.

But there's one thing that will not  
do,  
And that's my nose. I know!  
The only thing that it will do,  
Is blow, and blow, and blow!

## Gladys Crutchfield Wins Christmas Prize

Lindenwood claims a group of very good story tellers this year. The Prize-winner for the annual Christmas story was written by Gladys Crutchfield, and the title of her story was "Zaryn". Josephine Peck won Honorable Mention for her story, "The Gift that is Different".

Dr. Roemer and Dean Gipson commended the girls very highly on their work, stating however that the stories were all so good that they had a hard time picking the two best.

These two stories will appear in full in the supplement of the Linden Bark next week.

## "Jesus Is A Person"

President Gage's Impressive Sermon  
on Third Visit Here

Dr. Harry M. Gage, President of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa addressed the Sunday Evening assembly in Roemer Auditorium, November 30. Dr. Gage mentioned the friendliness and warm spirit of Lindenwood College as an institution. This is his third visit to the college which bespeaks his popularity among the students and faculty. He said:

"College life means friendliness and cooperative spirit if it means anything at all. So many of the values and the beauties of life are bound up with friendships and associations.

"About friendship, I make two or three statements. There is no friendship between things such as sticks, stones and chemical affinities. There is no friendship between a person and a thing, although sentimental personified affection may be regarded as such. Friendship exists always between persons.

"Persons are the changing objects in the world. Life is one thing after another and cannot be rearranged. Friendship is always between persons and must always be kept up to date or in other words readjusted every day. We cannot rely upon any past blessedness in the relation of friends. The blessedness and the brightness of the past will not reunite men who at the present time have nothing in common.

"Jesus is a person; so your relations to Jesus is a personal relation and you cannot rely upon past blessedness for present friendship. So many of us have followed Jesus and 'Now I lay me down to sleep', through the 'Sunbeam' class in Sunday School and into college with the same juvenile conception. That is one of the reasons why so many grown people, men and women, are wonderfully embarrassed in these relations with Jesus."

"As you go through college and as you go on renewing your friends on campus and with the friends at home, keep your communications up to date and make them worthy of the intelligence of college women."

## Love To Hear

Dr. Gregg Read

Sundry Poems Enjoyed by Y. W. C. A.

The girls attending Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday night, December 3, in Sibley Chapel had a delightful surprise in the way of Dr. Kate Gregg reading to them some of her favorite poetry.

The meeting opened with good attendance and the singing of the Lindenwood Loyalty Song.

Dr. Gregg held the entire attention of everyone in reading poems written by Carl Holiday, William Davies, Benjamin Hall, Courtie Cullen, William Butler Yates and Thomas Hardy. Many gasps of pleasure were heard when bits were read from Allen, Faust, Lindsey, and Masters.

A few of the poems read by Dr. Gregg were "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," "Ann Rutledge," "The Priest and the Pilot," "The Pasture," "Brown-Curled Head," "Wind in the Pine," "Old Prof. Dickson," "When You Were Old", and "General William Booth Enters Heaven."

All good things have come to an end and the seven-thirty study bell rang all too soon. The meeting closed with the Y. W. benediction.

## Annual Christmas Play

Ten Characters Listed for Comedy

Alpha Psi Omega will present "I'll Leave It to You" as the Christmas play in Roemer auditorium on Friday evening, December 12, at eight o'clock. This is a light comedy of three acts written by Noel Coward. Miss Lucile Cracraft of the Oratory department is in charge of the direction.

### Cast of Characters

Mrs. Dermott	Audine Mulnix
Oliver	Marjorie Burton
Evangeline	Sheila Willis
Sylvia	Ruth Talbot
Bobbie	Marjorie Taylor
Joyce	Louise Warner
Daniel Davis	Gretchen Huncker
Mrs. Crombie	Florence Schnedler
Faith Crombie	Dorothy Winter
Griggs (butler)	Margaret Atkins

Stage Manager: Virginia Horn  
The action of the play takes place in Mulberry Manor, Mrs. Dermott's home, a few miles out of London. Time: Present.

Act I—Hall of Mulberry Manor. Five days before Christmas.  
Act II—The same. A summer's day eighteen months later.  
Act III—Seven-thirty on the following morning.

## BRAVADO

By Dorothea Knepper

A memory  
That hurts,  
A tear and a sigh.  
A lipstick,  
A powder puff,  
Why should I cry!

## Happiness Condensed In One Brief Speech

The day of the 28th of November is behind us but Dr. Roemer's announcement in chapel upon that day is ever before us.

What was it? Girls you surely have not forgotten that Dr. Roemer changed our going-home-day for the Holidays from Friday until Thursday. One day earlier certainly means a lot to those girls who travel far beyond the state of Missouri.

This announcement was received with hearty hand-clapping and every girl's face was wreathed in smiles. But what about Dr. Roemer with his serious look. How hard he tried to act as if he had made no unusual announcement but well he knew how happy that short announcement had made Lindenwood Girls.

## Honored at Tea

By Sigma Tau Delta

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, entertained at a tea in the club rooms at five o'clock on Wednesday, December 3. The guests were members of the English faculty and all students of the two upper classes who are either major or minors in English.

As the guests arrived, they were served with tea and cakes. Then the meeting was called to order, and the president, Mary Louise Wardley, presented the new members with their certificates of membership.

Dr. Gipson, dean of the college, was the honored guest and speaker of the meeting. She talked briefly about her novel, *Silence*, which has been so successful. Giving her reasons for writing this book, Dr. Gipson said that she believed everyone should keep up an interest in something outside of his own particular field. It was this idea which led her to write a book, and it was her love of the far west which led her to choose the phase of pioneering described in *Silence*.

Dry homesteading, so far as can be discovered, has never before been treated in this way, so that Dr. Gipson has written something unique and quite far removed from the traditional manner of describing the settlement of the west. Believing that her subject and the scenes of her own state were particularly suitable for use in a novel, Dr. Gipson wrote *Silence*.

## With Other Artists

Miss Alice Linnemann, of the Art department, attended an important meeting in St. Louis of the Artists' Guild, of which she is a member, on Friday evening, December 5. Many artists from out of town were present who acted as judges of the exhibition of paintings by St. Louis artists. The meeting was held at the Artists' Guild's house on Union Boulevard.

Read the Linden Bark.

# Linden Bark

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DECEMBER 9, 1930.

## THE LINDEN BARK:

And after him came next the chill December;  
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.  
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,  
The same wherewith Dan Jove on tender yeares,  
They say was nourisht by th' Idaean mayd;  
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,  
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.  
SPENSER.

## Hail!---Doris Force Popularity Queen

### "Variam Et Mutabile Semper Femina"

In the good old days when woman's place was in the home instead of in the Senate, proper young ladies engaged in many occupations and pastimes which now belong to the category embracing dinosaurs, winter underwear, and other extinct species.

No really cultured young ladies could hope to be well considered unless they could sing charming little ballads, paint china, and read aloud in a nicely modulated voice. Whenever a group of young ladies and gentlemen congregated in the best parlor, there was singing around the upright piano. And such singing! In the *Shade of the old Apple Tree* and *Just a Song at Twilight* were great favorites. If music became tiresome, they retired to the kitchen and pulled taffy.

Girls were then proficient in the fine art of embroidery and tatting. Their fancy-work was marvelous to behold. And the bride-to-be always monogrammed almost enough linen to furnish a hotel.

Reading poetry was a favorite form of recreation, too. How many a worn volume of Burns, Wordsworth, or Byron has sheltered pressed flowers between its sympathetic pages! Poetry and pressed flowers always went together.

Shades of our grandmothers! Now we think that a needle is used only to play a victrola; we can't even darn our own hose. As for pulling taffy, it's really too messy. And besides, the corner store always has much better candy than we could ever make.

We still read poetry, of course. But we read Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, or perhaps the *Phantom Lover*. And we can't be bothered saving dead flowers since the current boy friend keeps us well supplied with fresh ones.

Our musical tastes run to things like the *Fraternity Blues* or the *Kiss Waltz*, depending upon whether we're riding to a big game in the rumble seat or whether we're dancing to the distorted yaltz rhythms of a jazz orchestra.

How times have changed! But does anyone really regret the passing of these feminine fashions in view of the present vogue for vital, wide-awake, modern girls?

### Don't Pass Up The Home Folks!

With Xmas vacation drawing so near, every one seems to be making plans for the holiday season. Parties, dates, bridges, teas, and dances, have been discussed from every point of view. The gifts which we are expecting, and the clothes that we will wear at the various functions, have been filling our minds these last few weeks. In short everything seems to hang on the time when we shall get Home. We wonder just how much home and family is going to see of daughter, if she carries out all that she is planning to do in the all too short three weeks' vacation. Somehow or other, home to so many of us seems to suggest an ideal place to station ourselves in between parties or to catch a few hours rest after them.

All that the family sees of the college sister or daughter, is a breathless meeting at the train—a dash for home where telephone calls and visitors keep everyone answering either the telephone or the doorbell—parties, parties, parties—hasty scramblings for clothes—and pretty soon preparations to return to school, before either mother or dad has had a chance really to discuss anything seriously with their college girl.

Dances and the like are ideal things for the Christmas holidays, they help add to the gaiety of an already gay season. But why not strike a balance? Surely a few afternoons and evenings could be spared to get reacquainted with the family, and tell them all that we neglected to in our letters. And then if there has been any changes made in the house, or in our room, a new radio, or perhaps a new piece of furniture, they love to have us notice it and comment upon it. They like to feel that they have their own child with them again, instead of feeling that they are entertaining a college girl who has returned a complete stranger, and who must be treated, and waited on as a guest.

Really we'll have a lot better time, and come back to school with a much better feeling if we have a sensible ration of vacation, than if we return and suddenly wake up to the fact that we had forgotten to ask the brothers and sisters about their favorite sport and how their pet hobbies were coming on; or that we just hadn't found time to tell mother and dad so many of the things we had planned to when we went home.

So right now let's all resolve to have a wonderful time this Xmas, but to

## Festal Dinner And Music

Thanksgiving dinner was a gala affair at Lindenwood. The dining room was crowded to capacity with guests as well as students, and an air of gaiety prevailed the whole room. Dr. Arnold, the speaker at the Thanksgiving services, gave the blessing before the meal.

The dinner began with fruit cocktail, celery and olives. Accompanying the traditional roast turkey and dressing, were mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, asparagus tips, and rolls. Cranberry ice and tomato salad finished the main part of the meal. Pumpkin pie with whipped cream was served for dessert. Coffee, nuts, and candy completed the meal.

The tables were appropriately decorated with a centerpiece of fruit in a basket made from a pumpkin. At each place were little booklets containing the program of the day and the dinner menu. These were illustrated with bits of verse which were most apropos. The nuts were held in little paper holders made to look like sheaves of grain.

Aside from the actual meal, which always commands most of the attention on Thanksgiving, there were other things of importance taking place in the dining room. Dr. Roemer had the freshman class sing for the guests, and he introduced several of the old girls who had come back for the day. Dorothy Gartner, who recently won the Atwater Kent radio audition in her division, was called upon for a song; and Adeline Brubaker, last year's May Queen, stood up at her table to be introduced to the guests. Helen Henderson, Mary Sue Wisdom, and Mary Catherine Craven, all students of Lindenwood last year, were called upon. Miss Craven took her position at the piano and played one of the college songs, while Miss Wisdom led the singing.

## Weather For Winter Forecast By Seer

Have you ever heard the old saying that the first three days of December may be taken as a forecast of the weather? If not, here is your chance to be a weather prophet! But, perhaps you should try it out one year, first, to see how authentic the old legend is, because nothing is so humiliating as to have one's sage prophesies cruelly upset by the weather man.

According to this theory, December will be a rainy month, because Monday, December 1, started out with a shower. The cold wind of December 2 says that January will be a wintry month. February will be warmer with a drizzly rain which will dampen the spirits of everyone. What a discouraging outlook on the weather! Not even any snow over which Santa Claus can drive his reindeer and sleigh!

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have part of that wonderful time with the family, and make them feel that being Home, means being with them.

## Christmas Gift Giving

Soon the greatest holiday of the year will be here. We all look forward to Christmas and we all begin to think of gifts. We wonder what we are expected to give this person or that person. Without realizing it we find ourselves thinking of nothing except presents in regard to Christmas.

The exchanging of Christmas gifts is a very lovely sentiment. That is, it is lovely as long as it is not made a wholesale business. When people begin to consider all the little courtesy gifts they must give and what sort of returns they will bring, gift-giving is no longer part of the Christmas spirit.

It is at this point that we all find ourselves loaded with quantities of little things that we never will use, in all probability. The only possible retaliation we can offer is to carefully save doubtful compliments and have them in case of emergency.

In spite of these little things that we experience occasionally we find ourselves anxiously for the holiday season to arrive. The Christmas spirit is really jolly and after all gift giving has its advantages. We might even volunteer that we like exchanging Christmas gifts—well, rather!

## Thanksgiving Tea-Dance

L. C. Keeps up Reputation as "Port of Well-Dressed Women"

The Student Government association entertained at a tea dance in Butler hall from three until five on Thanksgiving Day. Doris Force, the president, acted as hostess and was assisted by Elizabeth Thomas, Elizabeth Clark, Lena Lewis, Maurine Brian, Audrey McAulity, Eleanor Kriekhaus, Virginia Lewis, and Anna Louise Kelley.

The color scheme was green and yellow. The gymnasium where the guests danced to the music of a five-piece orchestra was decorated in green, and the tables in Butler parlors where tea was served followed the same combination, carried out in yellow candles and green glass ware.

There were many lovely dresses to be seen in the gym on this festive occasion. Doris Force wore a stunning tea gown of black crepe trimmed in blue velvet with jewelry of blue. Marjorie Florence was dressed simply but beautifully in black and ecru lace; her dress was very long, nearly reaching the floor. Betty Brown wore a rust-colored dress in the new tunic style; it was trimmed with gold buttons, and she wore black suede slippers to complete the outfit. Rosalyn Weil wore a striking gown of red crepe, and Ethel Kleiger combined oyster white and black very successfully in her costume.

## Instrumental And Vocal

There was a student recital held in Roemer auditorium Tuesday, November 25 at five o'clock.

The first group was composed of two piano numbers, Hazel Wood played *Le Jongleur* by Hackh and Margaret Brainard played *Valse Charmante* by Frontini. The second group included a violin solo by Edith Knotts, who played *Sonata, A Major* by Handel.

Two songs were sung by Albertina Flach. *The Lotus Flower* by Schumann and *The Asra* by Rubenstein. Lucille Winkelmeier sang *To A Hidden Violet* by Brown and Ho! Mr. Piper by Curran. Katherine Martin played a violin solo, *Canzonetta*, by Tchaikowsky.

The last group consisted of a number of piano pieces. Marie Wagenseller played *Bourree, B Minor* by Bach—*Saint Saens*. Elizabeth Jane Thomas played *Gnosienne* by Satie and *The Lake at Evening* by Griffes. Millicent Mueller concluded the program with *Romance* by La Forge.

## STORM-TWISTED

By Jane Tomlinson

A ragged evergreen  
Torn by the wrathful winds of nature,  
Aren't some men  
Buffeted in the same way?

By  
My Fath  
cat,  
And kick  
And we y  
To see if  
And say,  
(Me and  
Kitty g  
And he c  
A Three-  
When y  
And I g  
You can  
And I'll  
You can  
And I'll  
You mu  
And I'll  
You'll b  
I'll be d  
When y  
And I g  
Lectricity  
I just wor  
God keeps  
A-burnin'  
Mother se  
Out in fro  
So I just lo  
But I know  
You're rea  
moon  
And your l  
And you're  
When I'm  
But you ju  
So you wer  
And just su  
On top of c  
I know a p  
'Bout my M  
They've too  
Each thing  
They spel  
school,  
Or learning  
—Why I co  
That they  
wrong!  
But I think  
And listen  
And let 'em  
—I learn lo  
Making  
The girls of  
been doing so  
on Christmas  
of Miss Alice  
department.  
gesso work,  
pots, shoe tre  
sets and en  
done some w  
tionery and  
chiefs and so  
have designe  
Christmas ca  
of these are  
which they w  
The student  
will do some  
taking the in  
have been wo  
on some very

By Frances Datesman

## Revelation

My Father got mad at Tippie, my cat,  
And kicked him out the door.  
And we wuz at the window—  
To see if we cud see more,

And say, we saw the strangest thing,  
(Me and Spotty, my pup)  
Kitty got kicked up awful high  
And he came down standing up!

## A Three-Year Old To His Father

When you grow little  
And I grow big

You can have my curls  
And I'll have your wig;

You can have my "trike"  
And I'll have your car;

You must stay in the yard  
And I'll travel afar;

You'll have to be washed  
I'll be dirty as a pig

When you grow little  
And I grow big.

## Extravagance

'Lectricity is so 'spensive,  
I just wonder why  
God keeps so many 'lectric lights  
A-burnin' in His sky.

## Knowledge

Mother sez you're a street light  
Out in front of our door,  
So I just let her think it  
But I know somethin' more.

You're really a great big yellow moon  
And your home's up in the sky,  
And you're going to go back up there  
When I'm sleeping by and by.

But you just got sorta' lonesome  
So you went out for a stroll  
And just sat down to rest a bit  
On top of our street-light pole.

## Secret

I know a peachy secret  
'Bout my Mother and my Dad—

They've took to spellin' evenings  
Each thing I've done or had.

They spell about the things at school,  
Or learning a new song.

—Why I could even tell 'em  
That they're spellin' some words wrong!

But I think I'll just keep quiet  
And listen to what they say

And let 'em keep on spellin'  
—I learn lots more that way.

## Making Beautiful Gifts

The girls of the Art department have been doing some very interesting work on Christmas gifts under the direction of Miss Alice Linnemann, head of the department. They have done some gesso work, and have made flower pots, shoe trees, cookie jars, and salad sets and enamels. They have also done some wood block work on stationery and on fabrics for handkerchiefs and scarfs. Many of the girls have designed their own individual Christmas cards. The cuts of some of these are being used for the cards which they will sell.

The students of the private art class will do some batik work. The class taking the Introduction to Art course have been working for the past month on some very attractive posters.

## Sports

The green of the Freshman has apparently had some effect upon the A. A. for points are now being given for archery. Practice was held Tuesday afternoon, the test being given Wednesday, December 4. Six arrows were shot over a range of thirty feet. Anyone scoring ten or more points out of a possible thirty was given twenty five more A. A. points. The sad part of the story is that no body passed the test.

Robin Hood and his merry men were generally garbed in green. No doubt that all of the green to which the school has been subject lately gave someone the idea of reviving archery; hence the range and the A. A. points.

If, some morning, you find the corpse of a class mate lying on the quad unconscious, be not surprised, for she will probably have fought a duel, and lost. Fencing is being taken up in a serious way here at school. Classes meet every Monday and Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, Central Standard Lindenwood Time, in the Y. W. parlors. Miss Stookey is in charge of the class. Also the class is still open, so that if you have a hankering to challenge your girl friend to a duel, you yet have a chance to learn the points of the game. And don't forget the Dormitory fencing tournament: who knows, you might be the one to carry off, victorious, the colors of your Dorm.

The basket ball classes are getting under way, and good players may be observed in the making, in the gym almost any day. A hard game of basketball is a big help in taking off those extra pounds that we all wish to lose around Christmas.

By the way, good posture is quite essential to those of us who haven't taken off that extra weight. For a while good posture seemed on the rise out here, but now a general slump is observed, due no doubt to the business depression. It has been suggested that all ugly women be drowned, for beauty is with in the reach of any one who will stretch for it. So if you don't want to be drowned, do pull in your stomach, and straighten up your back, for good posture is necessary for beauty.

Fashions in Headgear  
Seen on the Campus

Hats! They are as changeable as a woman's mind. The campus is an ideal place to observe hats in all the shapes and shades. The majority of this season are a sort of felt—bravely worn. They are decidedly off the face and close. Hats match the rest of one's costume always. For anyone with an obsession for hats it will be quite difficult to regard the present depression.

One of the winter's most fascinating combinations is a white felt hat worn with a black costume. A few hats are just individual enough to have brims. These brims are cut in such a way that they do not shade the face and are striking on the fortunate ones who can wear them.

But while speaking of hats there is something else to notice. The Freshmen no longer sally forth daily in kelly green caps. They are things of the past. With the disappearance of the green caps upper classmen have been made envious by the lovely new hats all around them.

## Languages and Business

Opportunities in Both, Reviewed  
by Teachers

The Vocational Class of Tuesday, December 2 was of a threefold nature. The heads of the business department, the French department, and the Spanish department talked on their respective subjects.

Miss Allyn spoke of the necessary requirements to become a business woman. First of all, one must have personality, patience, and perseverance. One must be suited for this kind of work and have a real desire for a business course. There is a fascination in this field that one cannot resist. The advantage of a business course is that one is always prepared to return to her work if necessary. Miss Allyn gave examples of some of her former students who had secured very good positions in large cities.

Miss Stone, head of the modern languages department, spoke on the French language and the advantages of being able to speak it. French is used more than any other foreign language and is a great help to one when abroad. It makes the trip seem "more human and pleasant when you can talk in the native tongue." One cannot be "taught" to speak French. The rules and grammar are taught but it is up to the individual to apply these rules and get the correct pronunciation.

Dr. Murrie said that he was surprised to see that there were not more students in the Spanish department. Spanish is one of the most beautiful languages. The literature and history of Spain are not well known because there are so few people who really know the language. In literature Spain is represented by two great works, Don Juan and Don Quixote. The Spanish Language is very prominent in the southern countries and borders on the United States as it is spoken in Mexico.

Lindenwood's Blondes  
Refute the Barber

In a recent newspaper there appeared an article that blondes with curly hair were purely fictitious. Mr. C. A. Belmont, vice-president of the Master Barbers' Association, said that blonde hair would not curl of its own accord. Either the color or the wave is artificial when a blonde with curly hair is seen.

Right here in Lindenwood can be found examples that repudiate this statement. Take Betsy Davis for example, her blonde hair almost curls in ringlets all over her head, yet she declares that she doesn't use peroxide or any other bleaching solution, she does not have a permanent, and has never put combs in her hair.

Gretchen Nitcher is the possessor of fair locks that curl around her face. Esther Grove's blonde beauty is brought out by her wavy hair. Dorothy Hamacher has light hair that insists on curling in a very cute way.

Aren't these enough examples to prove the falseness of the statement of Mr. Belmont. For after all there can be natural blondes with naturally curly hair even if the larger per cent are blondes owing a great debt to science.

## HAPPINESS

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

Elusive as the scent of lavender or myrrh,

Like silver poplar leaves against a dark blue sky,

Or thrilling quivers from a distant violin,

Have been my hours with you.

## ON THE CAMPUS

Everybody leaving for Thanksgiving week-end—exams and term themes, accompanied by much tearing of hair—wild cheers in chapel at the announcement of longer Christmas vacation—Mr. Motley's annual announcement about baggage and Christmas seals—Betsy Davis and Dudy Tralles on a diet of hard-boiled eggs and tomato juice—and, most important of all, the Popularity Queen—and that's the dope for this week.

## Among the Books

British Writer's Novel

By L. W.

Arnold Bennett, famed author of *Old Wife's Tale*, *These Twain*, and *Hilda Lessways*, has turned out a new book, *Accident*. It was an accident that Alan Frith-Walter should have boarded the same train as his daughter-in-law, which his son later boarded; it was an accident that he should have found them quarrelling; and that the train should wreck itself was the climax to a series of accidents.

Arnold Bennett, with urbanity and humor, has found in the train a microcosm: "a cargo of opulent beings of fleshly ideals and aspirations." Out of this situation he has written a fine, slightly ironical, humorously tolerant story of human adjustments. Here is realism tempered by an interpretive quality which places *Accident* among the best and the most unusual novels by Bennett.

## WHO'S WHO?

She is a little girl from the south and has the brogue that goes with it—she is a Senior and proud of it—she lives on third floor Irwin and can be easily recognized by her tripping walk. At any time of the day she may be seen quoting Shakespeare as she strolls about on the campus. She wears a light tan caracul coat that almost hides her. Her pet aversions are athletics of any kind and she prefers a nice warm room, and one might add a bed, to a hockey field or a tennis court. She is continually talking and laughing. Who is she?

She is a senior and is known on campus by her last name. She is of medium height and is on the "I must reduce" list. She was at one time associated with the royal order of 'Beetle-tail'.

Need one say that the favorite color of this charmingly individual student is red? Her room is done in navy blue and red and she has done away with that conventional piece of furniture the dresser, and has substituted a small box in the closet.

Anyone desiring an interview with this senior might turn her steps toward second floor Butler; the 'mystery Miss' will probably be found toe-dancing along the corridors.

She is prominent in sports, social and literary activities on campus, hold various responsible offices being Editor-in-Chief of *Linden Leaves* and is one of the privileged girls who spend every week-end at home.

Read the Linden Bark.

## College Calendar

Tuesday, December 9—  
5 p. m.—Music students' organ recital. Sibley Chapel.

Thursday, December 11—  
11 a. m.—Music students' recital.  
6:30 p. m.—Dinner and dance for the St. Charles Retarians and Rotarians in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Motley.

Friday, December 12—  
8 p. m.—Christmas play.

## Sidelights of Society

With the Thanksgiving holidays a thing of the past, and Christmas so near in the future, the girls at Lindenwood have settled down to some degree until the time when they will leave for a vacation. However there is always something going on this very spirited campus; always something that the girls are planning and arranging.

Ruth Gibbs attended the S. A. E. dance at Washington U. St. Louis, and furnished a very lovely evening of entertainment for her friends by recounting the affair, and incidentally almost turning them green with envy.

Lucile Coffman breezed on the campus for Thanksgiving, without giving a word of warning to her friends. Needless to say, Lucille, was a most pleasant surprise, and welcome guest.

Martha Jane Keesling spent the week-end in St. Louis, and from her account seems to have had "a most enjoyable time".

The faculty too, are not to be outdone by the students, as was proven on November 23, when Dr. Gregg, Miss Parker, Miss Schaper and Miss Lear entertained the St. Louis college women of Pi Lambda Theta, of which they are members, at a luncheon in the club rooms. This is a national honorary sorority for women in the field of education. The luncheon, which was planned and cooked by Dr. Gregg, consisted among other things of chicken salad, French peas, hot graham rolls, and wild blackberry jelly. The program consisted of a most interesting account of Miss Parker and her experiences in Cambridge University, which she attended this summer, and by Miss Schaper who spoke of the current economic depression. After the program the guests who numbered eighteen, were escorted around the college, and seemed much impressed by the beauties of the campus and the buildings. Mrs. Roemer was the guest of honor, and several other women of note were among the guests. Mrs. Crowe, and Mrs. Knipper were present, as also were Miss Schaper's two sisters, Mrs. Long and Miss Margaret Schaper and Miss Mathilda Gecks who is very prominent throughout Missouri for her work in the National Association of Education.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Christmas Art Sale

The students of the Art department have designed and colored Christmas cards which they will sell this year. The sale is being put on by the department and the Lindenwood chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary Art fraternity.

## LOOKING THEM OVER

By Edna Hickey

Like the bear that went over the mountain to see what he could see, let us open the door to the classroom and get an unobserved, but none the less inquiring peep at the types represented therein. Shall we judge them as a movie director, pronouncing this one a "perfect" Spanish type, and that one a rare Titian beauty? Or, like the professor, classing them in the many ranges of intellectual types? No. We'll consider them as human beings and deal with them as such.

Be on the alert for the over-zealous type. There is no mistaking her. Before you have known her five minutes, she has imparted to you in no uncertain manner that her favorite actress is Greta Garbo, that she uses Violet Salt in her bath, that she dislikes one of her instructors because she wears her belt low, and that her father has a corn on his left foot. Another five minutes and you would know all there is to know about her. Then there is the quiet type. Following the zealous one, she is like the calm after the storm. She never speaks unless spoken to. Only after knowing her for weeks, do you find out that she lives five miles from your own home town. The retiring type is the quiet type magnified and frozen a little. She neither speaks nor wishes to speak. She is sometimes dubbed "snob". You might carry on a one-sided conversation with her for hours and receive in return only a fusty smile and a stare. She has a shell that's hard to crack, but once cracked, discloses a delightful interior. Lastly, let us scan the aggressive one. Personally, I dislike her. Other students are merely as stones lying in her path, to be pushed aside by a volley of words directed at the intruder. She repeats the same meanings in different words and has any number of acquired gestures with which to appall her listeners—if she has any. She engages her instructor in little private conferences before and after class for a very obvious reason. Her pointy elbows are forced into everything. And, horrible fact, there is not a classroom without her.

Secretly, I always believed that the aforementioned bear had his nose flattened by someone on the other side of the mountain. We had better close the door to the classroom before we suffer the shock of discovering ourselves as one of these types.

## THE EVENING FOG

By Frances Henderson

A dark, drizzly day,  
And thick dark clouds  
Cover the sky.

The wierd winds play,  
In smoky shrouds  
Fearing to die.

Nights pleads delay  
But stately, proud,  
Stifles a cry.

## HANDS

By Jane Tomlinson

Long and slim and white,  
They move gracefully;  
Hard, rough, and square,  
They move efficiently;  
Firm, cool, and competent,  
Nimbly they move.  
What character is expressed  
In hands!

## Transported to Rome

True Delineation in Roman Tatler

"The Roman Tatler" of this week is quite enlightening in several respects, to those who are not definitely interested in Latin, as well as to those that are.

First of all, there is an Editorial on Classical Education, and Business, commenting on an address given by the Director of the School of Business at Columbia University, who said, "The School of Business insists upon cultural training as a prerequisite for admission, and welcomes most heartily and enthusiastically the student who has enjoyed a four-year college course, especially if it includes the much abused classics." This is an authoritative encouragement to advocates of classical education as the best general preparation for entering the great practical business world.

There is also a story of America's interest in uncovering the ancient city of Athens. It is quite interesting to know, too, that Greece, though often conquered, remains a conqueror in her arts, and that "America has taken marble from one of the isles of Greece to pay her lasting homage to the "Immortal influence of Athens".

The Tatler of this week is full of variety, too. There is a picture of John Law with a team of Missouri mules who won a chariot race in Florida, entitled, "Did the Romans look like this?"

An interesting column, too, is that entitled, "Those were the days" In it are such bits of information as pictures of a Roman schoolboy and girl, with the suggestion that they look much like the modern schoolboy, a story of a Roman school, in which the teacher was usually a slave, and received a salary ranging from three to eight or nine dollars, added to somewhat by the pupils who were expected to bring gifts to their teacher, pictures illustrating the harsh punishments of Roman life, a bedtime story, of the famous Tarpeia; the story of how the Romans captured the Sabine woman, an original translation of Virgil's Aeneid, and a picture of the Alban Lake, across which lay the oldest city, Alba Longa, founded by Ascanius, the son of Aeneas.

Then, too, there is a list of English words which are actual Latin words, and have not been changed since the times of the Romans. Their purpose is to remind one that Latin is after all, not a dead language.

"College Humor" is the name given to still another column, and it includes everything from Mother Goose rhymes in Latin to punning riddles, such as "What feeling often brings us to grief?—and the answer—"Angor". Also "What do we do to the lamps when we want the evening to be joyful?—Lae-tum".

"Odds and Ends" contains familiar slogans for Palm Olive and Woodburys Gold Medal and sayings by the florist. And finally we come to the following, entitled "What Our Enemies Say"—

"All are dead who ever wrote it:  
All are dead who ever spoke it:  
All will die who ever earn it,—  
Blessed death, they surely earn it!

And the answer—  
"But the dearest dead of all that  
larn it,  
Is old "Born-Short", who couldn't  
larn it.

So around he goes,  
And he blows and blows,  
'Down with Latin, consarn it!'"—

Read the Linden Bark.

## ATTEND THE

## Christmas Play

### "I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU"

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12

## STARS

By Margaret Jean Wilhott

Watch for the stars of Christmas.  
Moonlight on fresh-fallen snow;  
The sparkle of a Child's bright eyes  
When he receives a meager, public  
treat:  
Fragile, mirror spheres of green and  
gold  
And blue and flame, hung  
From spiny branches of fragrant ever-  
greens;  
A dim and flickering candle in a dark  
window,  
A signal to the boisterous carolers  
To sing for the poor, helpless, paraly-  
tic there within;  
The tears of those who know what  
Christmas means.  
Watch for the stars of Christmas.

Read the Linden Bark

## For One Week Only...

Starting December 9

## Choice of the House

of our better Dresses at

\$13.65

Including

SUNDAY NIGHT FROCKS  
FORMAL FROCKS  
FROCKS For DAYTIME  
WEAR

At St. Charles' Most Popular  
Ladies' Store

## Braufman's

Main and Washington

## STRAND THEATRE

MON. TUES. and WED.

JOHN GILBERT  
in

## "Make Way For A Sailor"

Wallace Beery—Polly Moran  
Leita Hyams

THURSDAY FRIDAY NIGHTS  
Saturday Matinee, December 11, 12, 13

NANCY CARROLL  
in

## "Laughter"

FREDERIC MARCH

SATURDAY NIGHT

Marion Nixon—Jack Whiting  
in

## "College Lovers"