Linden Bark

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

Published every school year. Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Sarah Lorene Grover

EDITORIAL STAFF

Anna Marie Bullock '20
Lois Borch '34
Amy Moniquel Cologhoun '34
Mary Gomez '24
Jessie McFarland '20
Bethany Allman '20
Kathleen L. Lee '24
Patsy Fox '25

CATHEDRAL STAFF

Gordon Becker '23
Maurice McLean '23
Margaret Ethel Moore '23
Robert Ham '25
Rosemary Smith '25

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1932.

Linden Bark:

"I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into the hollow one from winds forest,
Nor lonely heart, nor solitary thron;
-Shaking his tattered cloak all dew bright
With tangled garment that fell by night
Pearling his corset of golden corn."

—Thomas Hood

"Mother Roemer", A True Mother

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

One never too tired to hear the sermons of a homestock Freshman or the recitations of a Student; one never too busy to listen to the troubles of a Sophomore, or to listen to the trials and tribulations of a gift of entrances; that is "Mother Roemer".

Mrs. Roemer, the Student's President and honorary sponsor of the Student Class, has been beloved beside Dr. Roemer directing the course of an institution that has become recognized as the "Lauder of the West", correctly giving it society and culture as part of honor and selling "some" of the constant efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Lindenwood has grown from a small to a large and prosperous modern college standing as high as any of its kind, winning with the chucks and challenging the stars for competition with its superiority.

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

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

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

What A Day.

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

To-day, all over the United States, people are rushing to the polls to decide this weighty question. The rich man in his Rolls-Royce, the rest of us in our Ford and Marmon, are casting their votes for government by ballot for the President. Then after a day of arguing with our friends as to whom they should vote for, we shall go to our rooms tonight and turn on the radio and listen carefully to the returns. Perhaps the ambition will get out paper and pen and work out some way of inquiring the results and so inform our friends. There may vote for a President. Then and go on far into the night; and what does it all mean? To select a President.

Look around you. Notice the worried folks on the faces of all these enthusiastic boys and girls. It has been quite a season—no quite as long as the others. Ask them what it all means? To select a President. Then go it far into the night; and what makes them so urgent? To select a President.

Hail To The Freshmen!

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

(Continued on page 1, Col. 4)

Campus Diary

Thursday, October 27:

"Buchs girls said that the Freshmen Class produced this evening! Everyone time one of the candidate models appeared on the stage in a series of oh's and ah's. Black and white seems to be the coming colors this year. The candidates for the coming Faculty drama wear by Myra Dudley Spenale caused no little comment. Half of the audience who should be Queen. The only thing to do now, is to wait and see whether or not others have the same idea.

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

Friday, October 28:

Every day all running around the campus and trying to gather something or other in the way of a costume to wear to the "Buch's" Halloween. The dinner room was this evening. Everything was very dark and spooky looking. The only light was a candle in a glass with a red candle holder. Wilma Howe had many girls ask her if they might look closely at the bracelet. The pleasant comment is what she brought with her from Russia. And who can forget Eleanor Foster as the affable person in the gangly suit with the bird on her back. "This U. S. President is elected". Then the girls were scores of little girls at the party, and two farmers in the persons of Mrs. Churchill and Frances Vance, or if you prefer, the latter's grandmother, was impersonated by Beside Riddel, Jane Bignell, president of Y. W. C. A. with the charming glasses, and Barbara Hooper, who is chairman of the program committee, looked like the eccentric Percy in her short black trousers and bow tie.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

Trotters will inflit into human beings the personality conception of Jesus, we could gain this viewpoint we would gain the ideal personalities.

Dr. Miller closed his address with some of the rich girls from the southwest, that smith he loves God and hates his brothers is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God when he hath not seen. And this commandment hath he given us that we should love his brother also.

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

Because they wear the best looking clothes on the campus. It is not to distinguish the Freshmen from their older sisters. It is good to have the Freshmen, for they keep up the fashion moire of the school. This was demonstrated—"Missouri" third in military formal.

This was very much in evidence recently when the candidates for Halloween Queen presented a fashion show before the student body. The gowns and the models were lovely. The upper classes are apt to get extremely wretched with their clothes after wearing the same old jersey sweater for two or three years. That's one reason we welcome new girls with their clothes.

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

The athletes send a welcome to the girls that are strong and muscular and to those persons who can swim, play golf, hockey, and tennis. They are interested, but the girls must be encouraged to get on the teams.

The choir clams many freshman voices this year and receives. The Cell-Curbs with open arms. This musical organization welcomes the bright and ardent faces on the campus. Also, the girls with usually scholarly minds are welcomed. There are indications that the honorary fraternities will be initiating new members in large classes before the day is through.

The Freshmen Class members are exceptional students who have rapidly adjusted themselves to new conditions.

Because this is a close class, the members should be praised and encouraged in all their undertakings for the coming year. Hail to the Freshmen.

Doc Weather Smiles on November

November was subdued in bright and sunny. The indications are for a generally fair and eventful November. Reports come in that the outlook on the Lindenwood campus is happy and peaceful. Six weeks tests are over—the fall play and sophomore play—and all walks of life should be moderate especially with Thanksgiving recess in view. Our precipitation should be mostly in form of rain, so no matter how the weather forecast is scheduled our spirits will not. We may say—if we're lucky we'll give November a chance and keep smiling.