

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 12 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 26, 1940. \$1.00 A Year

## • College Calendar •

- March 30—Saturday:**  
Art Museum: Art Class.
- March 31—Sunday:**  
6:30 p. m., Dr. Theo. Smylie.
- April 1—Monday:**  
4 p. m., Home Economics style show and tea for faculty.  
5 p. m., Y. W. C. A. Cabinet meeting.  
6:30 p. m., Freshman class meeting
- April 2—Tuesday:**  
5 p. m., Athletic Association (club room).
- April 3—Wednesday:**  
5 p. m., Speech Recital (Little Theatre).  
6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
- April 4—Thursday:**  
5 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu (club room).
- April 5—Friday:**  
A. A. Roller Skating party.
- April 6—Saturday:**  
8:30 p. m., Date Dance (Junior Class Sponsor).
- April 7—Sunday:**  
6:30 p. m., Elda Vettori.
- April 8—Monday:**  
5 p. m., Pi Gamma Mu (club room).  
8 p. m., Pierre Van Paassen.
- April 9—Tuesday:**  
4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital.  
6:30 p. m., Delta Phi Delta (club room).

## "The American Way"

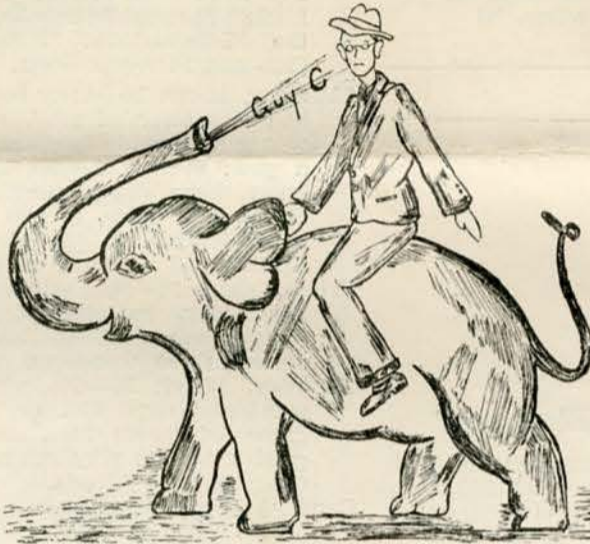
### Freedom, Our Most Precious Heritage

Eleanor Sikes Peters, interpreter of plays, presented "The American Way" in chapel, Sunday evening March 10. The play concerned our most precious heritage—freedom. It told the story of Martin Gunther, a German lad who came with his family to America in the mid-nineties and settled in Ohio, and who, through all his years of hardships and years of success held a consuming love and loyalty for our country. Mrs. Peters said that only when we have shared with Martin Gunther can we understand that the greatest thing life is liberty.

The play, which was quite a success on Broadway, involved a cast of 250 people and two community bands. Mrs. Peters, a most charming person, read the play with grace, enthusiasm and understanding. She came to the dramatic stage via Sweet Briar College, the University of Wisconsin, an instructorship at Bradley College, and graduate work in Chicago and New York studios.

## Community Concert Elects Officers

At a recent meeting reorganizing the St. Charles Community Concert Association, Dr. Roemer was elected honorary president. Talks were made expressing appreciation of Dr. Roemer's interest in the development of cultural standards and his influence as a patron of the fine arts. Dr. Harmon, of the Lindenwood faculty, was chosen president



What's Wrong With This Picture?

## Dean Is A Delta Gamma Will Again Walk In Queen's Train

The official Delta Gamma Sorority magazine, "THE ANCHORA," has in the March issue, a lengthy article on Dean Gipson and her sister Mrs. Ruth Gipson Plowhead. Both Dr. Gipson and Mrs. Plowhead were charter members of Beta Sigma sorority at the University of Idaho which has lately become the Nu chapter of Delta Gamma.

The article, entitled "Delta Gammas in Who's Who", gives a brief summary of the Gipson family history, along with the achievements of Dr. Gipson and Mrs. Plowhead.

Mrs. Plowhead is a well known children's book author and also writes quite extensively on flowers and gardening.

Dr. Gipson became a teacher in the high school at New Haven, Conn., in 1912. After receiving her Ph. D. degree at Yale in 1916, she made several trips to Europe and studied at Oxford for two summers. From 1920 to 1924, she was assistant professor of English at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., and since 1924 she has been dean of administration and head of the English department at Lindenwood. Dr. Gipson has published two books, "John Home—His Life and Works" in 1918, and "Silence" in 1930.

## Sent to District Meeting

Harriet Dalton represented Lindenwood at a meeting of the Mississippi Valley District of the International Relations Club at Winfield, Kan., March 8 and 9.

Southwestern College, located at Winfield, sponsored the meeting. The states represented were Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas. Two of the prominent speakers were Miss Amy Hemingway, national director of the International Relations Club, and Dr. Fred Rippley, specialists in American Foreign Relations at Chicago University. Section meetings were held and students led the discussion.

## A Golden Legionaire

Dr. Roemer, at a meeting of the Greek letter fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, at the University Club in St. Louis Monday night, March 18, was made a member of the Golden Legion of the fraternity, which is composed of Phi's (members) of a standing of 50 years or more. Dr. Roemer joined Akron chapter of Phi Delta Theta at West Virginia University on December 6, 1884. A beautifully embellished certificate has accompanied the announcement, signed by John B. Ballou, president of the General Council, and Paul C. Beam, executive secretary.

Dr. George Banta, of Menasha, Wis., made an address at the University Club meeting.

## Kansas City Editorializes On A Lindenwood Professor

Dr. Gregg's address in Kansas City recently, was the subject of an editorial that appeared in the Kansas City Star on March 17, entitled "Fort Osage at Sibley". The editorial follows:

"The Native Sons of Kansas could do no better than to carry out the suggestion made by Dr. Kate Gregg of Lindenwood College, that they undertake a movement for the restoration and perpetuation of Ft. Osage.

"Ft. Osage at Sibley, Mo., nineteen miles down the river from Kansas City, had significance in history which has escaped most persons. It was the first outstretching of civilization following the Lewis and Clark expedition. It established the eastern boundary of the Indian country and secured for the white man the title to most of Missouri and Arkansas. It was of international significance since it was a bulwark against the British on the north and the Spanish in the southwest. It was thronged by a host of the most picturesque personalities this continent has seen—fur trappers, trainers, army officers, explorers, missionaries, and the other valiant forerunners of the frontier.

"Ft. Osage was built of logs. It was no mammoth structure, and the construction of a duplicate of it, from plans and specifications, which are still extant, should not be an extremely costly project. Elsewhere notable posts and forts have been restored, some of which had far less importance than Ft. Osage. Perhaps the WPA can be induced to assist in the work. Certainly it is something which should be looked into. Dr. Gregg has done Kansas City a favor in calling this to its attention, and here is a project the Native Sons will find well worthy of their united effort!"

gave talks about three of the provinces in Spain. Janet spoke on the province of Galicia Almurcia; Jean gave a report on Valencia Cataluina; and Winifred told about the province of Andalusia. Dr. Terhune talked to the club the remainder of the meeting.

## Will Again Walk In Queen's Train

Harriette Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Adams of Shawnee, Okla., has been chosen by the sophomores to represent their class as attendant to the May queen.

Harriette's goodlooking clothes fit in perfectly with her beautiful auburn hair, her shapely figure, and fair complexion. Although Harriette is not interested in designing, most of her clothes are those of her own creation of design. She enjoys interior decoration and is very much interested in department store work in buying.

This sophomore attendant was last year one of the May queen attendants representing the freshman class. She is an active member of the home economics club and is president of the Encore club.

## Palm Sunday Service

The Palm Sunday service in Roemer Auditorium on March 17 was conducted by the Rev. Theodore Gerken, rector of the St. Charles Lutheran Church. Mr. Gerken chose for his text the Easter message contained in the sixteenth chapter of Mark: "And the stone was rolled away".

"This statement, The stone was rolled away, is the capstone of our redemption, the proof that Christ had taken upon himself the sins of the world," said Mr. Gerken. "It is evident that it was God who rolled away the stone and this evidence is the cornerstone of our Christian Church, the foundation of our reurrection, and the proof that Christ lives and reigns through all eternity". The choir sang six Easter anthems, and there was a number by an instrumental trio.

## Provinces In Spain

When the Spanish club held its last meeting, Monday, March 11, three girls, Janet Goodjohn, Jean Bishop, and Winifred McQueen



# LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1940

### The Linden Bark:

My answers are inadequate  
To those demanding day and date.  
And ever set a tiny shock  
Through strangers asking what's o'clock;  
Whose days are spent in whittling rhyme—  
What's time to her, or she to Time?

—Dorothy Parker.

## Will You Ride A Donkey Or An Elephant?

The spring of 1940 is due to arrive almost any time now, and with the thought of the arrival of spring, the nation turns toward political views and the primary elections. So as the nation does, we hope Lindenwood will do.

Through different colleges all over the country, parties of different politics are being formed. Many students will not be able to vote in the national elections, but some day they will want to vote, and through the experience that these college politics give them, they will, without a doubt, be more capable voters, and will know more exactly what they want as the policy of their government.

The girls of Lindenwood are also going to follow the idea of organizing different parties on the campus, and will meet regularly to talk over their platforms. There are to be delegates nominated and sent to other parts of the state.

It is desired that many girls on campus try to influence their friends and get them interested in the game of politics. With a good following of girls, a great deal of action and interest can be stirred up on the campus.

Announcements will be made frequently of the different political parties' radio broadcasts which will enable the girls who are members of each respective party to tune in and thus have up-to-the-minute data concerning their interests.

Already the newspapers, magazines, and radio commentators are overflowing with news about the platforms, candidates, and the primary elections. It is just the beginning of another great political strife among the people, candidates, and their parties. If we start at once, we can get in on the ground floor of this era and enter into this program ourselves.

This bit of practice and of voicing of our own opinions in the matter of politics certainly should be taken advantage of by all the students. This will be, without a doubt, the one and only chance we shall have of taking part in politics before actually being able to vote in the state or government elections. We should all heed this chance, and take every advantage that it has to offer. KEEP UP YOUR POLITICS.

## Fools Are Really Human

April Fool's day, known to some intellectuals as All Fool's day (which we doubt), occurs on April 1. It was nice—in fact, quite sporting—to set aside one day for fools. It might even tend to make one consider fools as a favored class. Just on the spur of the moment, we can think of no day consecrated particularly to intellectuals!

But going back to this title of "All Fool's day"; each of us has a little of the *picaro* in him—hats with bricks under them, and empty pocket-books (no offense intended) testify to that. All of us like our fun. Why? Simply because we're human. Take, for instance, the little cherub who sews up the arm and neck holes in your favorite sweater on the night of March 31, and on the morning of April 1, after you have broken your fingernails and punched holes in the sweater, chirps "April Fool!" Should you kill it? No, of course not! It's human.

We at Lindenwood consider ourselves to be reasonably intelligent. Therefore we should look upon this fact with considerable interest: Major George Sibley, founder of Lindenwood, was born on April 1. Now what can we say? We should let our "human" qualities come to the rescue. We can say that the founder of Lindenwood was no fool. So, take heart, all of you who like to have your fun on April Fool's day, and all you who are the innocent victims. Remember that one person who has come to have a definite bearing on your lives started out on the first of April. And, as Confucius say, "He no end up so badly!"

## Correction

THE BARK wishes to correct several errors which were made in the May fete write-up in the March 12 issue.

The Tanke twins have been chosen attendants for the second year. Their

freshman year they were appointed special flower girls by Miss Stookey. Dorothy Ray and Elaine Reed were Freshman attendants that year.

Betty Kelley is a psychology major and an English minor. Both she and Jeanette Lloyd are members of Alpha Sigma Tau.

## • Campus Diary •

By D. J. M.

Tuesday, March 12—My post-office box wasn't empty by any means for I had the Bark in it, with all the news I had been waiting for. Most of the girls were pretty busy, trying to get to the Commercial Club meeting and the Triangle Club meeting.

Wednesday, March 13—Today Dr. H. T. Scherer spoke to us for our Lenten service, and he was very impressive. Later in the day there was activity in the Little Theatre, and meetings of the International Relations Club and Pi Alpha Delta.

Thursday, March 14—After lunch I had a shower of mail, which was most heartily received. Had a good musical recital, and I know there was a meeting of Sigma Tau Delta, in fact they had a grand tea, and Mu Phi Epsilon had a dinner in town.

Friday, March 15—Mail was a little low today, but the play on campus was wonderful, and the actresses did wonderful work.

Saturday, March 16—Oh, what a wonderful day. Got my first game of tennis in and how good it was to play again. All the gals were outside.

Sunday, March 17—Another wonderful warm spring day. Went to church in the morning, and in the evening the choir presented a wonderful vesper service and Rev. Theo. Gerken presented a grand address; it was appreciated by all.

Monday, March 18—Can't believe that the day turned out so beautifully after such a rain in the early morning. None of us can wait until vacation.

Tuesday, March 19—Ah! another student recital. And how the clothes were slung into the bags so that there would be no delay and no missing the important trains. Afraid school work played an unimportant role in tonight's activities.

Wednesday, March 20—I'm off for home—No one can stop me.

Wednesday, March 27—We're all telling of the worthwhile things of vacation. Now to get down to work again.

## Fun and Psychology

Lindenwood Girls Interpret Fable  
By Pinero

Dorothy Simonsen and Avonne Campbell showed very splendid work in the spring play, "The Enchanted Cottage", presented Friday night, March 15. The production is a fable written by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and was directed by Miss Frees.

The play concerns the young couple, Laura Penninton (Dorothy Simonsen) and Oliver Bashforth (Avonne Campbell) who were in love and were very plain-looking people, but to one another they were beautiful and desirable. Despite this fact they are not physically attractive or attractive to others.

The scene is laid at a cottage on the edge of Fittlehurst Park. Lord Wisborough's seat in Essex. Act I is "Relics of the War—an afternoon in spring". Here, Oliver lives in a cottage by himself with his housekeeper, Mrs. Minnett (Shirley Violet Gardner), who, some say, is a witch and has weird powers. Oliver lives by himself because of his wretched form caused by the war and this particular cottage has been used for honeymooners for centuries back. He is visited by his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Smallwood (Marion Wettstone and Jeanne Miller), the village rector, Rev.

and Mrs. Charles Corsellis (Harriet Heck and Bernice Clark), and Major Murry Hillgrove (Barbara Cobbs, who is blind and is led about by Rigg, a valet (Nadeane Snyder). Here, Oliver meets Laura and they are married.

Act II concerns "strange happenings, and a dream"—evening, a week later. After Laura and Oliver are married they have become beautiful to one another and are very happy. But Laura dreams one night of a peculiar wedding—of chickens, witches, Oliver's hook-nosed sister, Ethel (Betty Sowden), an imp (Betty Lou Tatum), and another bridesmaid (Mary Sue Tallman). In this dream are three married couples (Mary James and Marcella Clark, Phyllis Drake and Sue Riley, and Susan Kent and Peggy Davidson) whose names have been scratched on the window glass.

"Truths—the following afternoon" is in found in Act III. Laura and Oliver find out that they are really not wonderful to other people, through Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood and Rev. and Mrs. Corsellis. They also realize that Mrs. Minnett was not a witch.

Comedy in the play was given by the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Corsellis who had eight children and whose simple mindedness kept the audience laughing. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Smallwood also supported comedy.

Donna Brown was stage manager, Margaret Anne McCold was in charge of the music and the production staff was composed of Phyllis Drake, Norma Barker, Georgia Shapkoff, Mary Sue Tallman, Helen Martha Shank, Betty Maude Jacoby, Susan Kent, Sarah Jane Murfey, Barbara Cobbs and Virginia Norton.

## Bouquets To Dr. Dawson

Leads Cultivation Classes in L. C.'s Own Flower Show

Dr. Dawson and her cultivated plants classes have brought to Lindenwood an early hint of spring. In their study of flower arrangement, they created such beautiful floral studies that Mr. Motley suggested they be placed on display in the downstairs hall of Roemer. Through early March, Lindenwood girls enjoyed flower arrangements.

Mass arrangements and Japanese line arrangements appeared in the exhibit one day. Beautifully balanced and "thought out" in line and color, these particular arrangements of daffodils, iris and early garden flowers were pleasing and instructive. Mass arrangements are the most common, and it is well for everyone to know something about them.

On another day miniatures made by the classes were displayed. These delicate and exquisite arrangements of violets, forget-me-nots, sweetheart roses, and acacia brought exclamations of pleasure from all who saw them. Miniatures are the most interesting of arrangements. A wide variety of odd containers and unusual flowers may be used.

The last exhibit of the cultivated plants classes consisted of arrangements for dinner and luncheon tables. The flowers used were carnations, pansies, gardenias, calla lilies and sweet peas. Two beautiful under-water arrangements of roses and tulips, done by Dr. Dawson, were included in the exhibit. Flowers placed under water will last ten to twelve days.

The most beautiful of the arrangements, after appearing in the exhibits were placed in the various offices on the first floor of Roemer. Dr. Dawson and her classes are to be congratulated on giving the school a taste of spring, and some ideas on how to arrange bouquets.



We are especially glad to present in this issue of the supplement among other things the work of a number of people whose writing we have not published before. We feel certain that our readers will join us in welcoming these new authors to our pages.

### THE DISTURBED CAT

by Jean Wallace, '43

A scrawny black cat lay softly purring at the head of a flight of twenty steps. Suddenly a man blustered up the stairs—a man with round red cheeks and a fat belly. He staggered up a little way, grasping the hand rail with every faltering step. Coming into sight of the contented cat, he stopped short; and he stared at it from his squinting and blood-shot eyes. He lunged at it, and with his heavy boots kicked it about as if it were paper. At the cat's bewildering cries, the man laughed loudly; and his pudgy body shook convulsively. With an abrupt twitch he sank in a heap upon a cracked stair. He rested his face upon two clinched fists and sobbed between gasps of alcohol-drenched breath. He tried to maintain his equilibrium, but he failed. With limping steps, the cat darted up to him and rubbed itself along the ragged edges of his pants. The drunk flung it away, and the poor animal lingered a moment, then turned away mystified.

After a few minutes' time, the flabby chunk of a man rose to his feet and groped his way upward to a door at the head of the steps. He leaned heavily upon it, turned the knob, and fell into the room.

Again the cat lay down quietly purring, contented and at peace.

### MY MUSICAL MEMORIES

by Eleanore Wenger, '43

"O Music! Thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?"

Jean Paul

Music is not the business of my life, but it remains its sweetest recreation.

I was about seven years old when the services of the local organist—a Miss Rauchenecker, of Evanston—were called in. My musical studies were systematic, and well directed. Every evening for an hour-and-a-half I practiced scales and various tunes, with my mother counting energetically beside me. I became very much at home on the fingerboard, and that is the important thing. No one ever gets at home there who has not begun young—not so young as I began, but at least under the age of twelve.

My first real master was good, patient Herr Berkmeier! I did my best, though this was not to his satisfaction; but he never measured his time with me. He had an indefinably sweet way about him which won me greatly, and made me love my piano more than ever. There was a sadness and delicacy about that pale diaphanous face, its hectic flush, its light hair, and massive fringe of mustache; I can remember it so well; and I must add, too, there was a little cough, which made me fear he was not destined to live long.—I was correct! Oh how his "Das ist nicht gut, kleines Maedchen; tut alles immer wieder" rings in my ears.

My next teacher was Professor Berning. A short, stoutly-built little man. Genial with those who were sympathetic to him, and sharp, savage, and sarcastic with others.

A man more uncertain, unstable and capricious in temper I never met—but he was an exquisite player. His fingers were thick and plump his hands were fat and short. How he could execute passages of exceeding delicacy with such hands was a mystery to me; stretching the most impossible intervals and bowling his fat hands up and down the keyboard like a couple of galvanized balls.

He had a habit of sighing deeply over the lessons. "You should be in the profession. What's the use of teaching you? Bah!" Then he would listen, as I played some passages in my own way, half amused, half surprised, and satirical; my method was clearly wrong—but I made it sound right. Then without explanation he would begin to play and say:

"Listen to me; that is your best lesson, you rascal! I believe you never practice at all. Nature has given you too much facility."

At times poor Berning took quite a serious and desponding view of me. He would sit long over his hour, playing away and playing to me. If I did not acquire the right method, it was not his fault.

Since I have come to college,—my former instructors have simply become a detached episode in my musical life—and a new one has been put in their places. I have taken to my present teacher very quickly, but as yet I don't believe I know him well enough to describe him as I have the others;—but a greater musician I have never met.

Well! There it is — my musical career and all the memories. I think it is the most important factor socially to be able to get up and sing; or in my case — to play the piano. And I am so very grateful to my mother for having been such a tyrant about practicing.

### CRY "EL TORO" NEVERMORE

by Marje Jameson, '43

The arena was decorated with a thousand brilliant banners. The crowd was tense with excitement, eagerly awaiting the grand event which was to take place. Charras rode proudly around the arena displaying their skill in horsemanship. Slowly the ring was cleared. The spectators leaned forward in their seats, each experiencing a thrill of excitement. My heart was beating so fast and so hard that my whole body rocked with its pounding.

This was my first bull fight, and I can assure you, my last. I had only read of bull fights and heard my father's vivid stories of the thrill of the spectacle (my father is a great fan of the sport).

"El Toro!" The warning cry rang out over the ring. The gate swung open, and the bull sprang into the arena, stomping the ground and tossing his head wildly.

The Matador stood poised; slowly he raised his cape. The bull stiffened, then lunged forward. My heart stopped; I sat frozen to the seat. A series of charges by the bull — bare escapes by the Matador. I tried to take my eyes from the scene, for it was too horrible, but they remained fixed on the Matador. I lived a lifetime in those few short minutes.

A gleam of steel, and with the suddenness of lightning the Matador stabbed the bull; then sprang aside. The animal staggered, bellowed his death cry, and fell to the ground. Screams of joy rang through the crowd, and cries of "Viva Juan" were heard. With a cry, hardly of joy, I jumped up and begged my father to take me home.

Many a night have I spent dreaming of that fight. Then I am the Matador, feeling the hot breath of

the bull on my face, narrowly escaping his dagger-like horns. I awake shaking with fear and renew my vow, never to attend such a spectacle again.

### MY BILL

by Phyllis Hoffman, '43

The greatest heights of happiness and the lowest depths of despair are reached in the high school love affair—"puppy love" as termed by my parents, but all of life to me. Every moment was made precious by Bill's appearance. He was my Romeo, more vivid than one ever created by Shakespeare. This immortal author portrayed his hero as a dashing and daring human, but my boy was one with a fierce temper contrasted by a too-loud laugh. To me Bill was the answer to a maiden's prayer. The first unforgettable, bashful kiss was as sweet as a box of bonbons. The thought of seeing him again made my skin prickle with anticipation. After that kiss, he would never seem the same again. I visualized him as a man living on earth to protect only me. This was a selfish point of view, but at the time he was my chosen man. The dingy school halls blazed with a blinding light the second I caught a glimpse of him striding toward me with his devil-may-care attitude. To feel his strong hands squeeze my weak fingers was like making a lifelong pledge to each other. The coke dates after dragging hours of classes were like drops of refreshing water on a scorching desert.

"True love never runs smoothly" is an old saying which was predominant in our affair. Petty jealousies and stubborn misunderstandings led to days of misery. How could we have grown so far apart in such a short period? Every time the bell rang I raced to the door to find the paper boy or some family friends, never my proud and sensitive lover. When an uncanny feeling that assured me I would see him in a short time crept around my heart. I trembled with anxiety. The next moment the bell rang and there, standing outside, was my knight to make his apologies. After hushed whispers for several minutes all was forgiven and forgotten. The same soft lips brushed against mine, and my heart and soul were at peace.

### BUNHILL: 1669

by Ann Earickson, '42

It is a cold winter's evening in January, 1669. The wind whistles through the snowy garden and around the eaves of a house in Artillery Walk near Bunhill Fields. Through the window a light glimmers, and inside the comfortable living room, in front of a roaring fire, sit a man and three girls. The man is slender, fair-haired, and dressed in black. He gazes into the fire, but the fixed expression in his eyes indicates that he is blind. The three girls seem bored, restless. One of them—the oldest—holds an open book, while the other two are seated at a table, writing. The man speaks:

"Anne, Anne! You are paying no attention to what you are reading. You have no feeling for the words. You convey no feeling to me."

"But, Father—" The girl is impatient. "I do not understand the words! They mean nothing. Homer and his Greek! I say what is written before me. I cannot understand why you consider Homer so wonderful. I—"

"Hush, Anne. Homer is an ancient with a deeper understanding of today than many moderns, unfortunately. Very well—stop the reading. I will dictate some of the

verses which came to me last night. Mary—Deborah . . . are you there?"

The older girl lays down her book with a sigh, and the younger ones dip their pens in ink.

"We are ready, Father," says the youngest.

"Very well. Listen closely." And the man tips back his head and begins.

"High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the greatness and the power of Ormus and of Ind—wait. 'Greatness and power' are not the meanings which I wish to convey. Change them to 'wealth'—outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, or where the gorgeous East with richest hand showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold—"

"Wait, Father!" exclaims the girl called Mary. "You are going too fast. We cannot write it down."

The man starts forward in his chair. "Slower! slower! Always pulling back, dragging down! Oh, God, if I but had my eyes!" He grips the arms of the chair and sinks slowly back. "Patience, patience," he whispers. "They also serve who only stand and wait." I must be patient." Aloud he says: "Enough for tonight. I am tired. In the morning we will go on. He rises, and gropes his way to the door leading from the room. There he turns, and directs his sightless eyes toward the three girls. "Good night, Anne, Mary, Deborah—my daughters. God be with you. Sleep well." And he leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

Alone in his own chamber, the blind man stands for a moment, then gropes his way to the bed. He sits down, and raises his hands to his sightless eyes. "Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable." I must not fail now. I must go forward. My day will come; my misfortunes will be compensated. I will fulfill my duty to my God."

The wind moans softly through the frozen garden and around the eaves of the house in Artillery Walk near Bunhill Fields.

### A VACATION EXPERIENCE

by Joyce Burge, '43

A few years ago the Women's Board of Missions established a center for the care of children of migrant families at Judsonia, Arkansas, which happened to be my home town. Because Judsonia is situated in the center of the strawberry-growing territory, every year the migrant families pour into this section and settle in shacks, tents, barns, sheds, or any other place that provides a little shelter, while they pick berries for a living.

Before the center was established, whole families including small children and tiny babies went to the fields early each morning. The babies lay all day on ragged quilts in the corner of a field or packing shed. Crawlers followed their mothers up and down the hot, dusty rows of plants. Because of their exposure to these hardships, they had no resistance to disease. One woman, I remember, had a sick baby, yet dared not miss one day's work in order to care for it. She left it under a tree with an alarm clock set for the hour for the baby's medicine. Some women tried to nurse their babies, but they were so hot that the milk disagreed with them. Because sweet milk would sour in the bottles, several mothers substituted cold tea for milk.

When the Women's Board of Missions discovered the situation, it established the center and employed four women, one of whom was a trained nurse, to care for little children. Churches and other organizations donated clothes, toys, books, canned goods, and other



necessary supplies.

I spent an interesting summer working there. Each morning we drove from farm to farm collecting all sizes of children. I usually held a baby in each arm and propped one between the driver and myself. If one child cried, the whole carload took up the refrain. Upon arriving at the building, we tucked our babies into baskets and spread mosquito netting over them. They ranged in age from three weeks to seven months. Next we popped the crawlers into makeshift pens. It wasn't at all unusual to hear one crawler screaming because his playmate had snatched out a tuft of his hair.

For the benefit of the larger ones, teachers read simple Bible stories and fairy tales and played games until noon. They also acquainted the children with the use of a toothbrush. Many of them had never seen such a thing, and they knew very little if anything about hygiene.

At noon, following a thorough scrubbing, each child was placed at one of the four long tables and was given a hot, nourishing meal with plenty of milk. Immediately after lunch, everything was quieted, and everyone went to sleep for an hour or two. One little girl was extremely nervous, and to add to our difficulties, she was spoiled. She wouldn't eat enough; she never played with others; and she refused to sleep until I had completely exhausted my energy. I couldn't get her to stay asleep longer than twenty minutes at a time. She was a pitiful example of what happens to a sensitive child exposed to the conditions that migrant life brings. However, most of the children slept soundly. After they had awakened, the afternoon went on very much as the morning had gone, and at about four o'clock we started home again.

The problems we faced at times in our work made me realize the tremendous necessity for some solution to the problem of migrant laborers. I have asked myself several questions about it. What can the future hold for these children? What influence will they have on our nation if something is not done soon? The Women's Board of Missions has recognized the need and has begun a movement that must be carried out to a greater extent if we are to progress as a great nation should progress.

#### PAUL ENGLE

by D. Ann Graham, '42

An acquaintance whom I think interesting and whom I am proud of knowing is Paul Engle, the poet. I met him one night at the home of Mary Nissen, a neighbor and the girl who later became his wife. At the time I was more impressed by his good looks than by the fact that he was soon to leave for Oxford. Very little had then been heard of his poetry although a mutual teacher of Paul and I had told of the beautiful graduation poem he had written, as well as of his insatiable desire for new words. I was terrorized by the fact that I was terrorized by the fact that I would be required to write poetry for the teacher who had started Paul toward the top. However she seemed to realize that I was only human.

To say that I am human might imply that Paul is not. He is really a most human person. Throughout high school, college, and even Oxford he took an active interest in playing football and cricket, as well as rowing for three years. He is the only American to have played on the Oxford cricket team. At

home he enjoyed nothing more than an all-day picnic and canoe trip down the Wapsipinicon River with Mary. He and she were both excellent swimmers and paddlers. More than this, he loved Mary in a very human way, as is expressed in this, his poem entitled "Mary":

You said that I would forget you,  
forget your lithe  
Body thrusting the night-black  
water, lifted  
On the long swell of the current,  
the strong feet beating;  
Forget you, brown as the granite-  
crumbled beach,  
Running on the wave-hard sand;  
forget  
The way down river with our  
paddles flinging  
Wild and flashing moonlight.  
You were wrong,  
For always now I see you, always  
swimming  
With body supple as a diving otter's  
Churning a wake of pale foam in  
the torn  
And tideless estuaries of my mind  
Where the shy fish of memory leap  
and shatter  
The quiet water, their dark scales  
gleaming.

Poems like this and others in his two books make me like poetry. They seem to express the dire condition of the world and yet show faith in America and in the future, some hope for better things to come. For light pleasure I prefer *American Song*, but for more serious moments *Break the Heart's Anger* has some lovely pieces. The style is sturdy, outspoken, vivid, alive with feeling. The thrill of receiving a first edition of the second book for graduation was surpassed only by Paul's promise to autograph it. Thus I, the one who disliked all poetry except Shakespeare's plays and a few epics and other narratives, have developed a new and pleasant diversion in modern poetry.

#### A DRESS FOR THE MEETING

by Laurabeall Parkinson, '41

Miss Barker noticed the last few patches of the dirty winter snow as she closed the door, locked it, and hung the key on a nail. The almost warm early spring breeze struck her face as she turned quickly around to follow the path through the gate and out upon the street. Two or three school children passed her and she smiled happily at each one. "The first day I've been out since the cold spell," she thought to herself as she walked erectly along. "Dr. Lowe's prescription after the grocery store," she continued, going over each item on her shopping list.

That queer pain had struck her left arm last night and she used the last amyl nitrite capsule; she mustn't forget to get some more. She walked along, almost springing in her steps, her two black-gloved hands holding her purse tightly in front of her and a plain black felt hat set straight on her head. Soft gray hair was swept back, covering her ears; and sad eyes, that even today seemed to twinkle as she nodded her head in good mornings, were set deep in her head. A happy smile curled at the corners of her mouth.

She stopped first at the grocery store, where she purchased a dime's worth of cookies, some green tea, a few vegetables, and some fruit. The grocery boys were fond of Miss Barker, for she was always so exact in what she wanted, but willing to substitute whenever she was unable to get what she desired. James, a favorite of hers, opened the door for her. "Good morning, Miss Barker. Certainly seems nice to see you out. We've worried about you,"

he said, grinning broadly.

"James, it's been a cold winter, and I've stayed close by my fire, but now that spring is here again I'll be coming down for my orders," she said, putting her grocery list down on the counter, and following him about asking the prices of vegetables. Searching in her bag, she found the correct change for the food, and adjusting her purchases in her arms, she went out of the store.

Next, to the drug store for the capsules—she mustn't forget, for they were something she couldn't be without. She hurried on, looking in each store window as she passed by. Lacy's on the corner would have lovely things—new spring things; and the thought of clothes stirred her to increase her speed until she found herself standing before the window gazing with awe at the many-colored dresses. Hardly had she stopped until her eyes fell on a dusty rose silk dress. It was a matron's dress, but the blue velvet bows on the sleeves gave it a note of frivolity. If she could only have that dress! The price would be too high for her meager income, but perhaps they would allow her to try it on. "Just the thing for missionary this afternoon. The first meeting this spring, and Miss Barker appears in a lovely rose dress. I can just hear them whispering as I come in, but the price—and with all my bills. There's Dr. Lowe's bill (and I mustn't forget those capsules); there's the grocery bill and Tilda's check. She needs her money, and besides, I don't need a new dress," she argued with herself. But before she stopped arguing, she found herself in the store.

The salesgirl stepped toward her. "May I help you?" she inquired.

Miss Barker's eyes were hazy now. "Yes. May I try the rose dress on? The one in the window with the blue bows on the sleeves," she said.

Anxiously she slipped into the dress, and meeting herself in the long mirror, she stood gazing. The rose in the dress brought out the pinkness in her cheeks; or perhaps she was flushed from the excitement. The blue bows added just enough color to the dress to emphasize the blue in her sad eyes.

How well she remembered the night John had told her always to wear those colors, because she had worn a pink gingham dress on a hayride one night and he had tucked blue gentians in her golden hair. She could hear him laugh and say softly, "Louise, dear, always wear the colors you're wearing tonight. They're lovely on you." Louise had promised, and then John one night had written her a note and left it in her mailbox. Just a few words that read, "If things turn out well, I'll come back for you." No return address—just a few words that could mean so much and yet were so vague. The *Middlebury Review* had only a short paragraph: "John Stanton has left for England to join his uncle. The two are making an extensive tour of the Continent."

Why hadn't John told her of his plans? They had meant so much to each other the few months they had been together. John never spoke of the future. It was something he avoided in their conversation. Louise had asked him one night what he wanted to do, and he had replied slowly and persistently, "To always do the things I like to do, to travel all over the world, and maybe someday—" but he didn't finish his sentence. Yes, there had always been that strange, mysterious air about John, but perhaps that was the reason she loved him. Perhaps by now he had inherited great wealth and was living on a fine

estate with a delightful wife, a stable of horses, and fields of blue gentians; or again, he might be lost in some far away country. Maybe, even now, he would come back.

Miss Barker had paraded back and forth before the mirror until the salesgirl had winked slyly at another girl. "Oh, how lovely this dress is, and it does look well on dress," she continued. Her sudden flash came over her face. "Those capsules, I mustn't forget to get them, or they'll bury me in the dress," she continued. Her sudden voice, "I'll buy the dress," startled her, as well as the salesgirl. Before she realized it she was walking out the front door with her arms loaded with bundles. Thirty-nine-fifty was quite a sum for Miss Barker to pay, who everyone said lived on tea and cakes.

She walked anxiously along, each step making a sudden snap on the pavement, until she reached her gateway. Opening the gate she hurried into the house. Quickly she slipped out of her green wool dress into the soft cool silk dress. Anxiously she hunted in the closet for her last spring hat, a pale blue straw she had bought with pink forget-me-nots around the crown.

Slipping into her dark coat and snatching up her black gloves, she retraced her steps back to the street, "Now to the drug store for the capsules, then down to Tilda's to see that new baby, and on to missionary," she whispered to herself. She hurried on, glancing at her reflection in each window glass and smiling to herself. Past the drug store and on to Tilda's. But Tilda was not at home; so speeding her steps she started for the church.

Breathing quickly as she reached the chapel, she settled herself quietly on the back row. The group had commenced to sing. She slipped off her coat, brushing the dress and adjusting the blue bows. Unnoticed she reached for a hymnal and joined the singing. "Cast your burdens on the Lord—all your sins and grief to bear." The crowd sang on, but Miss Barker on the back row felt a sharp pain in her left arm and searching vainly for the capsules. Suddenly she realized that in her excitement she had forgotten the prescription. Yes, the drug store's windows were painted black and her reflection had been unusually good there. Perhaps this was only a minor attack and the pain would leave. But it grew more severe, until she hat down, trying hard to look only weary from the walk. Unable to conceal her agony, she burst forth at last with a gasping sound. Her cry was muffled by the singing. Her head fell to the side of the seat. Miss Barker was dead.

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**Will Honor Faculty**

At the recent Alpha Mu Mu meeting a discussion and a decision was made to have a dinner for the members of the music faculty and for the members of Alpha Mu Mu in the near future.

Just before the serving of refreshments, Rena Eberspacher played a piano solo, Dixie Smith sang, and Lauranell Harris gave a talk.

**Triangle Club Meets**

Seventeen members of the Triangle Club met for dinner at the home of Miss Karr and Miss Lear on Tuesday evening March 12 at six-thirty. Dinner was cooked by all the members and on the menu were fruit cocktail, city chicken, browned potatoes, peas, fruit salad, hot rolls, and fudges cake. After dinner the girls sat around the fire and read biological poetry.

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with George Raft  
Jane Bryan

Friday April 5

**"REMEMBER"**  
with Robt. Montgomery

Sun.-Mon. April 7-8

**"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"**  
with Alice Faye

Friday April 17

**"CONGO MAISIE"**  
with Ann Sothern

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BY COTTON CANNON

Hallelulah! The screwballs have come into their own. All year long they have browsed and bellered about our fair campus, and now they will be honored on All Fools Day with most ceremonious ceremonies . . . The services will begin at sunset, 6 a. m., on the golf course (anybody showing up is a bigger fool than we think they are), when Miss MARGARET CHAPMAN will be crowned (with a coke bottle) APRIL FOOL QUEEN . . . She is jolly well the only chap who could possibly be handed this honor; when she whispers a secret to her roommate in Irwin the whole story bounces off the blackboards in Roemer; once when she sneezed, the explosion echoed and reechoed through the Ozarks . . . We are proud to announce her queen of all the other fools. (we sure whizzed through those ballots in a hurry.) All hail Queen Chapman, may she be foolish forever!

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X



Queen Chappie

Doris Banta had a gawdigious time at Rolla. . . . Why do foolish people spend perfectly good allowances for opera when they can stay home and listen to Georgia Shapkoff's repertoire of songs? . . . Maybe they pay to get away . . . we dunno . . . Did you see Dr. Schaper sailing forth on one of our early spring days in a spiffy new spring bonnet? . . . She confided that she sailed too fast, however, and bopped the feather on a door . . . (S'always a good story, Dr. Schaper.)

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

If you can figure out how to turn this thing so as to read it, you're a better gal than we think you are . . . we had to bribe the inmates of the journalism room to hold the typewriter upside down so we could write this; just to mix you up . . . Really, something should be done about these juniors who don't know their way around yet . . . Jennie Kniese looked and looked, but just couldn't find her Bible class . . . 'Tis told that some freshman finally put her on the right track.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Here we go again . . . anybody wishing lessons on how to become a contortionist in fourteen easy lectures, see us . . . the fifteenth lecture is a laboratory . . . we teach you how to bounce a typewriter on your nose . . . Uncle Guy C. Motley had lots of fun running up and down the stairs in Butler and serenading the gals on all three floors on the night of the dinner dance . . . We didn't actually see him slide down any bannisters, but betcha he'da liked to . . .

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

This line says absolutely nothing at all . . . APRIL FOOL !!!

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## Sidelights of Society

### Easter Hospitality

Easter vacation has come and gone and everyone is happy. Most everyone went to their homes, but a few trekked off to visit some one else. The buses, trains, and planes were all filled to capacity. Some even said that the reservations for planes to Chicago were closed a week in advance. But all cared about was just so they got to their destination, no matter how.

Louise Mailander visited Ruth Shartel in Neosho, Mo.; Virginia Rose took Effie Holley to her home in La Grange, Ill.; Betty Merrill, Kansas City, had as her guest her roommate, Polly Pollock. Mary Jo Shepherd took a small delegation to Evansville with her that included Kay Abernathy, Amalie Allen, Marjorie Smith, and Virginia Norton, Marion Olson went to Omaha with Ruth Peterson. Kay Salyer had as her guest in Mt. Sterling, Ky. Mary Lee Rosegreen with Jane Sims of Hazen, Ark. went Phyllis Hoffman, Becky Rath and Dorothy Simonsen. Carol Bindley went to Anderson, Mo., with Betty Lou Tatum.

"Aunt" and "relative" visiting was done also. Anne Thompson visited in Tulsa, Jackie Joplin was in St. Louis with an aunt, and Electra Pearson spent vacation in Kansas City. Lucille Vosburg spent the week end with Dorothy Rhea at Hannibal, Mo., and Mary Helen St. Clair visited an old Lindenwood friend of last year, Joyce Gainsly, who lives in Salina, Kan. Helen Marie Gallagher visited friends in Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis.

### D. A. R. Guests In Club Room

On Saturday, March 2, the members of the St. Charles Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, were guests at 1 p. m. of Dr. Gregg, and Dr. Parker, Mrs. Thos. Rogers, of Defiance, Mo., and Miss Anderson, of St. Louis, in the library club rooms.

A beautiful bouquet of roses, Japanese iris, and snapdragons had a place on Lindenwood's "Easter Sunday" (the last before the vacation) beneath the portrait of Mrs. Roemer, in Roemer Auditorium lobby. The flowers were a gift brought by the mother of two small boys, who were christened that afternoon by Dr. Roemer. They were grandsons of Mr. Parker Woods, of St. Louis, an old friend of Lindenwood's president.

Pi Alpha Delta held a meeting March 13. All the members were present and after the business meeting, the girls and Miss Hankins played an old Roman game that is much like the present game of tittat-toe.

### Musical Tea

Members of Mu Phi Epsilon met in the library club rooms on March 18 at 6:30 o'clock. The program was presented by Dorothy Nieman and a trio composed of Peggy McCoid, Genevieve Kniese and Cordelia Buck.

After the music numbers, refreshments were served.

Quaint invitations were received to the Home Economics Club Spring Style Review, that is to be held on the first of April at four forty-five in the College Club Rooms.

### Sophomores Entertain Use St. Pat's Day Motif

The sophomore class entertained the faculty, administration, and student body at a dinner-dance on Friday evening, March 8, at 6:30 o'clock. Decorations carried out the St. Patrick's Day motif and the dinner was excellent.

The dance in Butler gymnasium began at eight-thirty with music by the New Yorkers. Decorations in the gym were those used at the Student Board dance several weeks ago. Favours, distributed after the grand march, were little felt Lindenwood banners.

Many lovely dresses were to be seen, but the following were especially eye catching. Grace Quebbeman wore white silk crepe with three quarter length sleeves and a rather full skirt. The sleeve and top of the dress were appliqued with narrow black cord and belt was shirred.

The Tanke twins' dresses were of pink faille with full skirts and long sleeved jackets trimmed in vari-colored sequins.

Jeanne Briles wore a bright spring print with a full paited skirt, and print puffed sleeves. The softly gathered bodice had a V neckline.

### Little Theatre Plays

#### Dramas of Varied Subject Matter

Two plays, "The First White Woman" by Babette Hughes, and "Murder at Mrs. Loring's" by S. Sylvan Simon, were presented in the Little Theatre by the dramatic art department, Wednesday, March 13, at 4:15 o'clock. These plays were directed by Miss Gordon and the stage managers were Sarah Jan Murfey and Virginia Norton. The scenery and stage crews included Mabel Buhner, Marcella Clark, Barbara Cobbs, Sarah Jane Murfey and Virginia Norton.

In "The First White Woman" Doris Nahigian played the part of Belle Burlington, a female explorer of 45. Grace Quebbeman, was her daughter, Anne Burlington. Nadeane Snyder was Freda, the maid. Miss Cooper, Belle's literary agent, was played by Virginia Norton. Barbara Cobbs played the part of Sarah Townsend, and Mary Alice Lillard was Julia Black.

The characters in "Murder at Mrs. Loring's" were Jane Peterson, a nurse, Mary James; Doctor Henderson, a psychiatrist, Sarah Jane Murfey; Emma, the housekeeper, Susan Kent; Mrs. Loring, a wealthy neurotic, Shirley Carlson; and Celia Porter, Mrs. Loring's cousin, Donna Brown.

### Dancing Discussed With Initiations

Tau Sigma, the dance sorority on the campus, met Tuesday, March 7, in the library club room, to initiate the new members: June Ortiz, Peggy Kimbrough, Peggy Davidson Carolyn Jane Johnson, Molly Guard, Norma White, Dorothy Simonsen, Ginger Barker, and Betty Tatum. Martha Jane Ruebelt, who attended Lindenwood two years ago and was a member of Tau Sigma, was welcomed back to the organization. Miss Stookey, the president, the secretary, the treasurer, and two sergeants-at-arms officiated in the initiation. Pretty corsages of sweet peas and roses were presented to Miss Stookey, the new members, and the other members present. The Tau Sigma song, written by Jean McPherson's sister, Frances, was sung at the close of the initiation and refreshments were served.

### Pi Gamma Mu Hostess

Pi Gamma Mu entertained on Monday afternoon, March 11, at 4 o'clock with a tea in the library club rooms for all of its members and all girls majoring and minoring in social sciences.

During the serving Peggy Anne McCoid played the piano. Dean Gipson, Mrs. Lloyd B. Harmon, Mrs. R. J. Rath, and Mrs. R. L. Garnett, served. The refreshments were cake and coffee.

### Murfey Gives Recital; Presents "Candle-Light"

Sarah Jane Murfey was the second of the girls to give her certificate recital in Roemer auditorium. Hers was March 7. The play was "Candle Light" by Siegfried Geyer. This was a comedy and Sally was especially fine as the character, Prince Rudolf Haseldorf Schlobitten. This play was the story of the Prince, his butler, Josef, Baroness Von Rischenheim, and her maid, Marie. The prince was called away from home unexpectedly and, while trying to reach his lady friend to cancel an engagement, Josef talks to an unknown woman over the telephone. She accepts his invitation to come to the apartment of the Prince, and they are both very surprised to be discovered by the Prince when he returns early. Josef pretends he is the prince, Marie pretends that she is a wealthy married woman, the prince pretends that he is the valet of Josef, and when the Baroness enters, the entire scheme is brought to light. Sally presented the play very realistically and made each character lifelike.

Sally wore a black blouse and red skirt with a gold leather belt and a gold necklace.

### St. Louis Parents Here

Mary Jane Tarling gave the first dinner of this semester, Tuesday, March 12, in the home economics dining room. Such a dinner is a requirement for each member of the home economics class in cooknig.

The menu consisted of apricot nectar, canapes, pork tenderloin, sweet potato puffs, fresh green peas, butter horns, vanilla ice cream, angel food cake, and coffee. The center piece was attractively arranged with orange snapdragons.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tarling, parents of Mary Jane from St. Louis, Miss Anderson, Martha Weber; and Ann Rayburn, served as Mary Jane's host.

### Talks and Music

On Tuesday afternoon, March 12, the Commercial Club had its meeting in the library club rooms. At the business meeting they discussed their biggest event of the year, the nature of which is still undecided.

Martha Robbins gave a reading in a very attractive way. "A Hurried Call". Margaret Hatala gave a paper about secretaries, called "Secretary Conscious", which did interest all the members of the club. Jean McPherson was the last performer on the program; she sang two numbers, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes", and "Indian Love Call".

### Best Grades Recognized

Sigma Tau Delta entertained the members of the freshmen and sophomore class who had made an E or an S in English. The tea was in the library club rooms, Thursday from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock. Chocolate cup cakes, minettes, tea and coffee were served. The colors were green and yellow.

## WHO'S WHO

This sophomore is from Irwin hall;  
She's funny, cheerful,  
friendly, too.  
Of her class she's  
treasurer,  
Once of the Student "Bored"  
she was president new.  
She comes from far-off Iowa—  
In fact, from Waterloo.  
And if you're not  
real careful,  
She'll make an April fool of you!  
Who's Who?

### Instrumentalists Present Choice Musical Program

Last Tuesday, a splendid recital was presented in Sibley Chapel by the students in the music department. Pianos and organ duets were played by Pearl Lucille Lammers and Laura Nell Harris and Ann Taylor and Dorothy Niemann. Pearl at the piano and Laura Nell at the organ played "Scene Persane" (Rroeger) and "Dreams" (Stroughton). Ann and Dorothy, the latter at the organ, played "Nocturne" (Kroeger) and "Musette Minature" (Juon). These duets were especially pleasing.

Mary Standerline, accompanied by Janice Martin, sang "Tanto Sospirero (Bencini) and "My Lady Lo Fu" (Warren). Barbara Tennant accompanied Constance Scott, who played a cello solo, "The Swan" (Saint Saens) Suite Op. 1 (D'Albert) with movements Allemande, Gavotte; and Musette was played very skillfully by DeAlva McAlister.

A trio composed of Louise Olson, Genevieve Kniese and Marjorie Smith played "Sonata No. 8 (Le-Clair) and the movements Adagio-allegro, Satabanda and Allegro assai.

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