

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 14.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 23, 1940

\$1.00 A Year

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

All applications for a service scholarship for the coming year should be in the Dean's office by the end of this week.

All students who are to wear the academic costumes at commencement must have their measurements in the Dean's office by the close of the week.

Students are requested to leave, at once with the Dean's secretary, the number of commencement invitations which they wish to order.

Students should see their advisors sometime soon so that their course for next year can be made before the student leaves for the summer.

The juniors should check carefully with the registrar the number of credits and the number of points they still need before they will be candidates for a degree for next year.

## • College Calendar •

- April 23—4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital, Ann Taylor, piano; Margaret Anne McCoid, violin.  
Poetry Society, 6:30 pm.
- April 24—Little Theatre, 4:30 p. m.  
Home Economics Club, 6:30 p. m.
- April 25—Certificate recital 11 a. m., Susan Kent.  
Alpha Sigma Tau, 6:30 p. m.  
Art and Kappa Pi dinner and opera in St. Louis.
- April 26—Alpha Mu Mu Banquet for Music Faculty, 6:30 p. m.
- April 27—Junior-Senior Prom — Missouri Athletic Association, St. Louis.
- April 28—Vespers — Dr. John W. MacIvor.
- April 29—Illinois Club, 5 p. m.
- April 30—Sigma Tal Delta, 5 p. m.
- May 2 — Dr. Roemer's Birthday party. Formal dinner dance.

## Babies Are Novelties

Rebecca is the proud mother of triplets, Shadrack, Meshak, and Abednego. They were born on the night of Washington's birthday, February 22. Three girls, Louise Olsen, Gloria Stunkel, and Pauline Gray, have adopted these hooded rats and are their "fond parents."

After the triplets were born their color pattern appeared first. Then hair began to grow. Two weeks after Shadrack, Meshak, and Abednego were brought into this world, their teeth appeared and two days later the three first saw light. Now they are beginning to play with one another and also are eating of their own accord. They are the size of a mouse now.

## Mr. Motley Meets With Mo. Democrats

Mr. Motley was among the 3000 Missouri Democrats present at the convention Sunday afternoon, April 14, at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis. Thirty electors for the National Convention were chosen, and the group endorsed the administration of President Roosevelt and the State officials. Although Mr. Motley did not make a speech, the meeting is reported as being most interesting.

## Fiesta of America's Middle Countries

The theme of the May Fete for this spring will be "A Middle American Fiesta." This includes dances from some of the various middle American countries, such as Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba, and Peru. Miss Stookey, who has traveled extensively among these regions, has studied the native dances and is producing a very authentic fete. The former Shirley Spalding of Lindenwood, from Peru, also assisted in teaching typical Peruvian dances. The costumes and dances will be just like those performed in the countries themselves, and native costumes will be worn.

Betty Kelley, a senior from Aurora, Ill., will preside as the May Queen at the May Fete. The fete will begin at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, May 18.

The girls that are taking part in the May Fete are making their own authentic costumes, and have them well under way. Some are now completed and are being used as patterns for the girls of the various classes to follow.

## Copies of Masterpieces

### Beautiful Reproductions of Varied Works Are Added to Fine Arts Building

A number of very beautiful color reproductions of old masterpieces have been added to the art collection in the new Fine Arts building recently.

The lower hall now houses a group of Italian renaissance religious paintings: Virgin and Child by Cimabue; Madonna, Jesus and John, by Botticelli; and Madonna and Child by Phillipino Lippi.

Two outstanding German subjects, St. Paul and St. Mark, and St. John and St. Peter, by Durer, have been added to the Hall landing.

Two English portraits by Gainsborough are now displayed in the Art Lecture room on the second floor: Mrs. Hallet, and Mrs. Robinson.

The famous Blue Boy by Gainsborough and a Flemish study, The Cello Player by Van Dyke are in the first floor Memorial Room.

The first floor reception room contains portraits from four different schools: Infanta Marguerita by

## Lindenwood Our Alma Mater

Florence Vellenga has written words for a new song that is to be a fight song for Lindenwood's teams that are going to represent the school at Columbia on Field Day. It is the hope that all girls will learn the words to this song, put all their spirit into it and get up a lot of the school spirit that is needed to have winning teams.

The song is to be introduced in a student chapel and it is desired that if you don't know the words by then, you should bring along your copy of the *Bark*.

### The Song:

Lindenwood our alma mater  
We will stand by thee  
We will fight and fail you never  
To eternity  
We will love you until the end  
You know that it's you we'll defend  
Hail, hail our teams all here  
And we're loyal to you, L. C.  
Always forward we'll be on the top  
Always forward we will never stop  
Hit high, hit low, COME ON  
L. C. LET'S GO  
— Oh —  
(Then repeat)

## Daughters of Rotarians Guests of Local Club

Daughters of Rotarians were entertained at a luncheon Thursday noon, April 1, by the St. Charles Rotary Club at the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church. Dr. Roemer and Guy Motley were very prominent members at the luncheon. After the luncheon Mr. Motley got up and told where every member of the girls that attended the luncheon was from, and upon completing that he led the group in songs.

Those who attended the luncheon were: Dean Hooton, Jean Briles, Harriet Dillon, Harriette Wilson, Joy Crudup, Frances, Cowan, Doris Banta, Sara Jefferson, Corrine Morson, Eleanor Jean Petty, Barbara Cobbs, Marion Berkman, Laura Nell Harris, Dorothy Berger, Jeanne Cook, Mary Jo Shepard, Joan Houghton, Ruth Dayton, Nell Motley, Cordelia Buck, Jeane Kenitz, Dorothy Jean Mathias, Roberta Schuler, Barbara Bruce, Martha and Jean Giles, Julia Steele, June Van Winkle, Rosemary Ewen, Katherine Smith, Mary Kern, Gerry Rasdal, Dorothy Meyer, Betty Ann Lillibridge, Peggy Kimbrough, Virginia Feller, Jerre Lewis, Jane Harris, Curtice Faucett, Molly Guard, Betty Kent, Joan Windsor, Raquel Canino, Charlotte Ching, Hyacinth Young.

Velasquez, Spanish; Portrait of a Nobleman by Franz Hals, Dutch; Merchant Gisze by Holbein, German; and Madame St. Croix by Van Dyke, Flemish.

## Summary of Commencement

### Auspicious Numbers for Lindenwood's 113th Annual Occasion

On Commencement Day, June 3, 118 certificates, degrees and diplomas will be presented to Lindenwood students by Dr. Roemer. The commencement address will be given by Dr. Rollo Walter Brown, eminent educator and writer; Dr. Harry C. Rogers, pastor of the Linwood Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, will give the Baccalaureate address.

Twenty-two Bachelor of Arts degrees and six Bachelor of Music degrees will be awarded. Eight girls will receive Bachelor of Science degrees. There will be one diploma in organ, six diplomas in piano, one diploma in violin and two diplomas in voice given.

Eighteen girls will receive teaching certificates, while five will receive certificates in speech and dramatics. Four Public School music certificates and two Home Economics will be given. Six will receive costume design certificates and six, business certificates. Thirty-one certificates of Associate in Arts will be awarded.

## Lindenwood's Registrar At National Convention

The American Association of Collegiate Registrars is meeting at the Statler Hotel today, tomorrow, and Thursday. This is a national meeting of registrars of colleges.

Miss Ostner is taking an active part in the meeting. She is on two committees, that of local arrangement and registration, and hospitality and introduction. Miss Ostner and Miss Elma Poole of St. Louis University, were in complete charge of an informal reception held last night.

One of the outstanding speakers will be Rabbi F. Isserman of St. Louis. The famed negro Celestial Choristers of All Saints Church will also be on the program. One of the leading discussions at the meeting will be on the admission requirements, including blanks, transferring, and acceptance of credits. An interesting discussion will be that of class and examination schedules.

## Heredity Counts In This Club

Lindenwood's newest social organization, the Encore Club, is composed of all those girls who are of the second generation, having had relatives attending Lindenwood at any time. Harriette Wilson has been elected president of the club and Katherine Craig vice-president.

The Encore Club is planning several social functions, including a party within the next few weeks when Dr. Roemer will present them with organization pins.



# LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Mary Ekberg, '41

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
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## EDITORIAL STAFF

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TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1940

## The Linden Bark:

Spring grass, there is a dance to be danced for you.  
Come up, spring grass, if only for young feet.  
Come up, spring grass, young feet ask you.

Smell of the young spring grass  
You're a mascot riding on the wind horses.  
You came to my nose and spiffed me. This is your lucky year.

Young spring grass just after the winter,  
Shoots of the big green whisper of the year,  
Come up, if only for young feet.  
Come up, young feet ask you.

—Carl Sandburg.

## Professions and Marriage Are Lindenwood Careers

With graduation in the very near future, seniors all over the country are giving much serious thought to their futures. It has been only in the past few years that careers for women have been an accepted thing, but despite this recency it is the unusual girl who has not prepared herself in some measure for a vocation even if she does not expect to earn her own living.

In line with these developments Lindenwood has a vocational guidance service which enables the student to study the opportunities and requirements of many occupations and to discuss with advisors the possibility of entering one of the many fields open to women now.

Lindenwood's graduating class this year seems to be rather tending toward the teaching profession. A number of girls in the music department intend to become public school music teachers, and at least two language majors hope to teach. Social work has always been popular as a vocational choice at Lindenwood and this year again several girls will enter the field. Lucy Vosburg, Martha Norris and several others plan to do graduate work before beginning their work.

As usual, some of the graduating class will be married too soon to have any career outside of marriage. These include Kay Wagner, Jeanette Lloyd, Cordelia Buck, and Beverly Mayhall.

Whatever their plans, the seniors are excited though a little dubious as to their own abilities, for this step from school girls to career women will be the biggest in their lives.

## Train Today for Good Citizenship

The League of Women Voters on Lindenwood campus is sponsoring the political drives that we have all heard so much about lately. Beginning today, political meetings and caucuses of various kinds will be held and they will go on until May 1. Ten delegates will be chosen from the Republican students here on campus to represent this college at the student Republican convention, ten will be chosen to go to the student Democratic convention, and ten will be chosen for the student Liberal convention. These conventions will be held at Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., on May 2, 3, and 4. The thirty delegates chosen will leave campus on Friday morning by bus to attend these conventions.

The meetings are to help the American college students to understand the workings of political machinery and to increase their interest in political affairs. Each party needs your help and support so come on to the meetings and cheer for your own party and ideas. Perhaps you will be one of the chosen to go to the convention at Westminster. Come to the political meetings and lend your support to your party.

## Birth of Shakespeare Celebrated Today

Today is the birthday of a man of whom the whole world is aware, whether it be consciously or unconsciously; a man who is remembered not for the things he did but for the people he created and for the words which he put into their mouths; a man of whom little is known but much is spoken. Not Hitler, not Stalin, not Mussolini, but a man who gave the world "infinite riches in a little room"—William Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare lived in a world which was very different from the tired, chaotic place it is today. During the reign of Good Queen Bess, England was a young nation just entering the days of her supreme glory. Every Englishman was conscious of his country; he felt a pride and a love that has seldom been aroused. There were new worlds to conquer, new experiences to be defined, and new goals to be attained. From such an atmosphere Shakespeare drew his inspiration.

Despite the grandeur of the sixteenth century, though, England was lacking in the personal liberties which we, as Americans, enjoy. There was little or no freedom of speech and of press. The only way a man could express his true sentiments was to create characters, put words in their mouths, and then place those characters upon the stage.

## CAMPUS DIARY

by A. A. E.

April 10—So-so weather today—part sun, part shade. Isn't this just like April? Camera Club met, and decided on champion photographers. The rest of us just studied some more.

April 11—Water, water all around. Also snow. Remember what they say about May flowers? Barbara Cobb dashed off a snappy little speech recital. Oh, to be an actress! The rest of us just studied some more. Especially the juniors and English.

April 12—All we need now is Diamond Jim Brady. Gay nineties? My dear, you should have seen the faculty and the seniors! The rest of us stopped studying for a few minutes and went to the show. Or some place.

April 13—Have you ever been to the St. Louis zoo? The (zoo)ology (pun intended, but not attained) class has. Nice sunshine after snow, rain, and mush.

April 14—Sunday. Nice warm weather. Rev. Mr. Rohlfing for vespers. Study.

April 15—Regular meeting of the H. I. M. club held. Also Beta Pi Theta. Swell weather. Study.

April 16—Spanish club meeting. Wonderful recital by Genevieve Kniese and V. J. Douthat.

April 17—Exams still going on; speech recital. Meetings of Y. W. and League of Women Voters. People come back from the movies with the queerest yell!

April 18—Dr. Lloyd Ruland spoke in assembly. German club and Mu Phi Epsilon met. Unusual weather—unusual for spring.

April 19—Moo! moo! It's the Athletic Association's barn dance. Such fun—my, my!

April 20—Saturday again. Study, go to St. Louis—it's your Saturday. Do what you want to.

April 21—Dr. Lowe for vespers.

April 22—Meeting of Kappa Pi and the Camera Club. A new six weeks begins—the last, incidentally.

April 23—Barks are out. Swan song for the diary!

## Y. W. C. A. Secretary Speaks At Meeting

On Wednesday evening, at 6:30 in the Y. W. C. A. Club Room in Sibley, the Y. W.'s held their meeting. Officers for the next year were elected and are to be announced today in student chapel.

Miss V. Novitch from Washington University, the secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the university, gave a most interesting talk on the aims and the activity of this association. After hearing the talk, a panel discussion was held, which was of interest to everyone at the meeting.

This Shakespeare did, and with electrifying results. A man of less genius might have created petty characters voicing personal opinions and unimportant observations. But the characters of Shakespeare are universal. They embrace all people and all ages.

There is no man who reads Shakespeare with any thoughtfulness or comprehension who cannot but find some situation or some comment which he can apply to his own problems. He can see himself as one of the characters, and derive from the character immense satisfaction. Shakespeare's advice is still good; his observations of men are still valid. In no other writer can there be found such profound knowledge and wisdom.

And so from this man, of whose personal life we know almost nothing and whose very identity has been doubted, we, four hundred years later, can draw advice which is still sound and true. Shakespeare should be, next to the Bible, our greatest intellectual delight. We find embodied in him the whole Saxon race. As Lowell said:

"Observe; think; morals draw; part false from true.

He did all, long ago; and better too.

Go, seek of Thought some yet unsullied strand;

His footprint there confronts you as you land.

What need for help on many words to call?

When I say 'Shakespeare', I have said it all!"

## New Library Books

The library offers the following new books for recreational reading:

**Fiction:**  
Bentley, Phyllis—Power and the Glory.

Bonney, J. L.—Murder without Clues.

Bristow, Gwen—This Side of Glory.  
Brophy, John—Gentlemen of Stratford.

Buck, Pearl—Other Gods.

Cabell, J. B.—Hamlet Had an Uncle.  
Carr, Lorraine—Mother of the Smiths.

Christie, Agatha—And Then there were None.

Corbett, Elizabeth—Queen's Holiday  
Fuller, Iola—Loon Feather.

Glaspell, Susan—The Morning is Near Us.

Henriques, R.D.Q.—No Arms, No Armour.

Hobart, A. T.—Their Own Country.  
Lewis, Sinclair—Bethel Merriday.

Llewellyn, Richard—How Green was My Valley.

Lockridge, F. & B.—Norths Meet Murder.

McMeekin, Clark—Show Me a Land  
Nordhoff & Hall—No More Gas.

Palmer, John—Man with Two Names.

Popkin, Zelda—Time Off for Murder  
Richter, Conrad—The Trees.

Russell, M. A.—Mr. Skeffington.  
Sayers, D. L.—In the Teeth of the Evidence.

Thielens, Gerrie—Awake! My Heart  
Van Doren, Mark—Windless Cabins.

**Biography:**

Cecil, David—Young Melbourne.

Dutch, Oswald—Hitler's Twelve Apostles.

Mora, Constanca—In Place of Splendor.

Quennell, P. C.—Caroline of England.

**General Interest:**  
Beatty, Jerome—Americans All Over.

Grabbe & Murphy—We Call it Human Nature.

Lengyel, Emil—The Danube  
Levant, Oscar—Smattering of Ignorance.

Smith, Nicol—Burma Road.

## World Leaders Convene No Fireworks Reported

The International Relations club met Thursday, April 4, in the library club rooms. An amusing burlesque of world affairs was presented, with Hitler portrayed by Betty Maude Jacoby; Chamberlain represented by Evelyn Bradley; Mussolini, Mary Sue Tallman; Stalin, Susan Kent; and Daladier was represented by Joyce Works.

A round table discussion, conducted by Margaret Barton, followed the play. The members of the club gave their opinions of the European war situation, and the developments which may arise.



## Success Stories From Business Girls

Charlotte Dalin of Ottumwa, Iowa, a former Business student, is now connected with the school board of her home town. She has the position of assistant secretary. Charlotte pays out monthly in expenses over \$40,000, including all salaries, labor, and repairs. Knowing Miss Allyn was interested in her work, she brought with her the annual report which she had just finished. It is in book form and is a mass of accounting detail work.

April 5, Dorothy Ann Knell of Carthage, Mo., came back to Lindenwood. She is working for Smith Brothers Manufacturing Company. Dorothy pays 400 employees every week. She also makes a three-month report to State and Federal government, types all invoices and uses the bookkeeping machine. She has been working for this company for two years and finds it extremely interesting.

Leslie Ann McColgin of Joplin, Mo., is now stenographer for the Crown Coach Lines, affiliated with the Southwestern Greyhound lines. Her work consists of dictation from several people, filing and mimeograph work. Also uses a hectograph. There is much legal work connected with her job.

Margaret Wepfer of Hot Springs, Ark., is now receptionist for the Frances Beauty Shop in Hot Springs. She keeps the books, makes all appointments and meets people as they enter the shop.

Miss Allyn had a letter from Marian Hutchinson of Ft. Smith, Ark., who is now working for her father.

April 17, Edith Hindersman of St. Charles came back to visit Miss Allyn. Edith is working for Butler Brothers in St. Louis. She says that her two years in the Business department of Lindenwood helped her so much in the business world. Her work has increased and she has been promoted since she started work in June, 1939.

## Camera Club Organized With 25 Active Members

Much interest has been aroused on the campus by Lindenwood's new organization, the Camera Club. Open to any girl interested in photography, the club stimulates amateur efforts in taking pictures, and heightens appreciation of good photography. For those who wish to improve their camera work, there are good photography magazines in the library, and several new books on picture taking have been ordered. The desire of the club now is to have its own dark room for developing pictures.

The officers of the Camera Club are: president, Mary Catherine Downs; vice-president, Grace Gantt; and secretary-treasurer, Elaine Anderson. There are about 25 active members in the club.

At a meeting on Wednesday, April 10, the results of the contest, which the club sponsored, were announced. In this contest any picture which a member had taken, either off-campus or on, was eligible. The pictures were judged on the basis of their interest and the skill shown in photography. First prize was won by Mary Catherine Downs; second, by Jean Frawley; and the third prize was awarded to Miss Stookey. Eleanor Wilcoxson won honorable mention. The pictures were posted on the bulletin board in Roemer.

Another contest is now under way. These must be college pictures taken on campus or at some college function. The club is planning a hike, and many more interesting meetings.

## She Champions the Bus

"L. J." Is Only Sorry When the Journey Ends

Bus riding is one of my pet pastimes when work of some sort doesn't enter into the agreement, so when I learned that my favorite cousin was to be married, I immediately decided to go to the wedding by bus. After packing my bags in a big hurry and nearly breaking my neck getting down the steps of the dormitory, I fell into the cab to be taken to the bus station.

"One ticket to Columbia, please," said I to the ticket man. He seemed to be taking his own sweet time about writing my destination and all the needs-be particulars, when I looked up and saw the bus standing at the door of the station! The man appeared to be unperturbed by my trying to hurry him, but that bus wasn't leaving without me—no siree! I was planning to have too much fun at the rice-throwing event.

At last I was on the bus and had found a seat that suited me, and off we went. For the first few miles, I watched my fellow passengers and wondered about them. One was an older woman with three small boys. She didn't appear to be their mother, but they were obeying her to some extent. Another of my bus riding friends was a young boy in uniform who was sound asleep. Of course, when the ball of one of the children hit him in the stomach, he awoke with quite a start and looked a trifle disturbed at the whole thing. The woman sitting in the seat directly across the aisle from me must have been one of the well known back seat drivers because she never took her eyes off the road, and twice she went up to the driver to tell him not to pass cars because she was trying to get some rest! What won't they think of next? At one of the small towns along the way, several girls got on the bus. They were from some school and they took over the bus with their singing and talking. Everyone entered into the free-for-all fun and even the driver added his bass voice to the fray. All the passengers were beginning to have quite a good time together when we pulled up at the bus station in Columbia, and I had to get off. While I stood watching the bus roll out of the station, after putting me off along with my bags, the passengers were still singing, shouting, and waving goodbye to me.

Busses are really fun and to my way of thinking, they seem the best way of having a good time while traveling if you can't take your own car. Let's take a bus ride, shall we?

## The Rev. Mr. Rohlfing Speaks On Human Soul

Rev. C. H. Rohlfing, pastor of the St. Charles Evangelical Church, was the vesper speaker on Sunday, April 14. His address was "The Value of the Human Soul." He said that everyone agrees that there is something wrong with the world, but no one knows just what it is and there seems to be no solution for the cure. Two of the things that are needed are brotherliness, and old-fashioned religious and unselfish service. Even these would seem inadequate because we need to know the value of the human soul. There is nothing of greater value than this. We realize that it is of great value but we do everything else first and seem to forget the human soul. "The spirit of today seems to be that of eat, drink, and be merry."

If all the bad spots in our life

were marked by crosses, would we remember the value of the human soul? Often one remembers personal possessions and forgets spiritual possessions. The soul of man will abide. The thing that makes men alike and still different is the soul. "God still loves His people even after we killed His Son. He was willing to give His life for the saving of our souls."

## Vettori and Mann Heartily Applauded

Miss Elda Vettori, metropolitan soprano, presented a delightful concert on Sunday evening, April 7. She was assisted by James Mann, seventeen-year-old baritone; Clyde Spencer, violin-cellist; and Josephine Spencer, pianist.

Mr. Thomas, who introduced Miss Vettori, said that she was born in Venice, Italy, but that at a very early age she came to St. Louis, where she received all her musical training. From St. Louis she went directly to the Metropolitan Opera Company, where she sang for thirteen years. She now conducts her own school of music at Asheville, N. C.

Miss Vettori presented a varied and interesting program, including numbers by Rubinstein, Tschalkowsky, and Berg's The Herdsman's Song, as sung by Jennie Lind.

James Mann, who was warmly received by the audience sang a group of numbers including a selection from Tannhauser. His encores of popular songs were particularly pleasing. He sang a duet with Miss Vettori, a colorful and amusing number, The Singing Lesson, by Squires.

## Real Values In Food

Lima beans, peas, corn, and pineapple have recently been tested in the foods class. It was found in most cases that the cheapest brands of food were not the best quality, and it was usually the second or third most expensive brand that was of the best quality. The most expensive brand usually ranked about fourth. Girls testing these foods were Jeanne Miller, Grace Gantt, Louise Billings, and Ann Rayburn.

## Character Interpretation By Barbara Cobbs

Barbara Cobbs' presentation of "Allison's House," written by Susan Glaspell, the reading given in her certificate recital on April 11, was very interesting and unusual. Her characterization was good, and her interpretation of the old aunt, Miss Agatha Stanhope, was especially outstanding. The story concerned the doings of the Stanhope family on the day that they were to move from the old family home on the banks of the Mississippi to the home of John Stanhope, the father of the younger generation. Allison, who had been a writer, had died quite a few years before and Aunt Agatha had never allowed her room to be disturbed or entered by any one other than the family. After trying to burn the home so that she won't have to sell it or leave it, Aunt Agatha gives a small packet to Elsa, one of the younger girls, and dies. Elsa goes to the room of Allison and opens the packet to find that it contains some unpublished poems. Elsa and her father are reunited and they decide to publish the poems.

Barbara wore a dress of flowered organdy with blue velvet trim on the neck. This dress was very old fashioned and had a high hoop. As a corsage, Barbara wore a white orchid.

## Diploma Recital Pronounced Excellent

A lovely recital was given on Tuesday afternoon, April 16, by Genevieve Kniese, cellist, and Vera Jean Douthat, soprano. Accompanists were Evelyn Wahlgren and Laura Nell Harris.

Genevieve played five numbers: "Sonata" (Henri Eccles), "An Old Italian Love Song" (Sammartini), "Bourre I and II from Sonata in C Major" (J. S. Bach), "Landler" (W. A. Mozart), "Prayer from Jewish Life No. 1" (Ernest Block) and "Serenade Espagnole Op. 20, No. 2" (Alexandre Glazounow).

Vera Jean sang "Cara Selve" from Atalanta by Handel, "Der Nussbaum" (Schumann), "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" (Hahn), "Le Nile" (Leroux), "The Robin Sings In the Apple Tree" (MacDowell), "The Pools of Peace" (Carpenter), "The Night has a Thousand Eyes" (Hageman) and "Adieu Forests" (Jeanne d'Arc, Tschalkowsky).

Genevieve wore a blue satin dress with a pink lace jacket and Vera Jean wore a lavender and pink mousseline de soie, and carried a colonial bouquet of sweet peas and violets. The parents of both girls were present and enjoyed the concert. Ushers were Peggy Ann McCoid, Evelyn Bradley, Ruch Faucett, and Mary Jean DuHadway.

## Dr. Smylie Speaks On Borderline Christianity

Dr. Theodore S. Smylie, Oak Park Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, was the vesper speaker, Sunday evening, March 31.

In his address, Dr. Smylie stressed the borderline Christians along with human and spiritual affairs. He stated that lives should be distinguished by certain characteristics.

He urged that our lives be called apart from hazy and vague thinking and to come away from the mass. A woman can distinguish herself by courage and clarity of the mental processes. Another characteristic is to come away from the negative influences to positive moral attitudes. A negative influence may be very dangerous. And the last characteristic that he stressed was coming out of a vague religious life. A person may make himself distinguished by the radiance of religion. Everyone should go out a radiant Christian.

Dr. Smylie closed his address with a challenge for every Lindenwood girl to become a woman of distinction.

## Altheide and Motley Give Diploma Recital

The first of a series of diploma recitals was given Tuesday, April 9, in Sibley chapel. It was given by Irene Altheide and Nelle Motley, pianists. They both did very splendid work and were well received by the audience.

First on the program, Irene played Toccata in D Minor, Allegro Moderato, Adagio, Fugue, (J. S. Bach); and Sonata Rondo, Op. 2, No. 2, A Major (Beethoven). Later she played Two Etudes, No. 7 C Major and No. 2 A Minor (Chopin); Improvisation Op. 148, No. 3 (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach); and Valse Arabesque (David Guion).

Nelle's selections were Toccato in E Minor, Moderato, Fugato, Adagio, Fugue, (J. S. Bach); Rhapsody, B Minor, Op. 79, No. 1 (Brahms); Two Etudes, No. 8 F Major and No. 14 F Major (Chopin); Summerland (from "Three Visions") (William Grant Still); and Valse Finlandaise, Op 66, No. 1 (Palmgred).



**What School Will  
Have the Most  
On the Ball  
SPORTS DAY?**

•

**Why Wait to See  
WHO WINS?**

•

**Follow the Team and  
Cheer Them On to Win  
THE PENNANT**

### Readings in Little Theatre

Four students in the speech department presented a recital Wednesday, April 17, at 5 o'clock in the Little Theatre. Shirley Violet Gardner opened the program, reciting Alfred Noyes' "Barrel-Organ" followed by Margaret Benson, who presented "Ermine and Motley," by Irvin S. Cobb. Dorothy Simonsen read Browning's "Count Gismond," and Peggy Davidson concluded the recital with a cutting from James Barrie's "Dear Brutus."

### Lenten Season for Spiritual Uplifting

Dr. Harry T. Scherer, Pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church, Webster Groves, spoke at the Lenten services on Wednesday, March 13, at 11:45 o'clock.

For his text Dr. Scherer chose the words of our Lord from the seventeenth chapter of Luke, "Ten were cleansed, where are the nine?" "This shows that the Lord values our gratitude and wants it in a faith and devotion to Him," said Dr. Scherer. He went on to say that the spiritual percentage of man's personality today is not very high. "As Christians we face the danger of a great complacency and through this we may lose consciousness of our common humanity."

Dr. Scherer compared the leprosy in the Bible passage to humanity's sinful, diseased condition today, and suggested that the Lenten season comes, as did Christ, to lift us out of this state.

### Pan-Americanism

The Spanish club met Tuesday at 6:30 in the library club rooms to observe and discuss Pan-Americanism. Reports were given on the A E C powers, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. After a resume of these countries' activities and their importance, other South American republics and their developments were discussed. Refreshments were served.

### Careers Discussed By Delta Phi Delta

An interesting program was given at the recent meeting of Delta Phi Delta. It was held in the library club rooms, Thursday, April 11.

Cordelia Buck and Dorothy Nieman gave a musical reading, "Musical Love Story." Katie Craig and Cordelia gave a paper on the idea of what is to be expected from teachers in rural communities, towns, and cities. Discussions were held on "How to Find a Job" and current events were read.

### Participating in Student Conferences

Pi Gamma Mu met on Monday, April 8, in the Library Club rooms at 5 o'clock for a business and program meeting. Martha Norris and Peggy Turcott gave reports on the Institute for Consumer Education Conference which they attended at Columbia, Mo. After the reports were given a discussion of Consumer Education was held.

On May 3 and 4, Pi Gamma Mu will send six students to the Second Public Affairs Conference at Principia College. Betty Kelley, Helen Handy, Jeanette Lloyd, Margaret Barton, Mary Helen St. Clair, and Jerry Basdal will attend and participate in round-table discussions. The topic under discussion at the conference will be, "The Citizen and His Government".

Betty Kelley has accepted membership in the Missouri Delta Chapter of Pi Gamma Mu.

### THE BUS TRIP

by Virginia Teale, '43

### PACKING

Martha wearily surveyed the little overnight bag. In it were a long, black velvet coat, a white lace evening dress, silver slippers, a sequin bag, two jars of face cream, a hair brush, a box of powder, a bottle of nail polish, handkerchiefs, stockings, a powder puff, a tooth brush, a fresh blouse, a towel, a wash rag, and a pair of pajamas. "It's no wonder this thing won't close," she said, as she pressed the lid down and tried in vain to lock it.

### THE TRIP

About twelve of us were on the bus that day on our way to the Military Academy for the holiday dance. Most of us had never seen our escorts, and we were excited and a little fearful of what we might find in store for us. To cover our nervousness, we gaily sang popular songs, school songs, and a few old favorites, such as "The Old Mill Stream," and "Casey Jones." We told stories and now and then indulged in wild surmises about the boys with whom we were destined to spend the evening. Finally, the long ride ended; we drew into the little town which was the home of the school for boys. Then, a loud yell went up. Were those tiny boys in uniform standing on the corner there our friends? Why, some of them looked as if they were still in grade school! No, we breathed a long sigh as the bus passed the little boys and went on down the street to where another group of boys were waiting. Seeing these tall young men in their brown uniforms, more than one girl slyly glanced into her mirror, straightened her hat, patted a stray curl into place smoothed on her gloves, and settled her face in her most alluring smile.

### OUR LANDLADY

Our landlady gave us a gracious welcome. She was a tiny woman, not much over four feet tall, in a rustling black taffeta dress. Around her neck hung a quaint gold watch. She wore her soft, greying hair in a braided knot high on the back of her head. Her blue eyes smiled at us as she said primly, "Come in, girls, and do sit down. You must be tired after your long journey."

### THE MAN WHO CAME TO OUR DOOR

by Dixie Smith, '43

Gingerly twisting our front door bell, an old, shabbily dressed man planted himself on the door step and waited for admission. Gazing through our front room window at his stooped figure and heavily-whiskered chin, my sister and I, ten and fourteen respectively, decided to ignore the caller. As the intruder twisted the bell one, two, three, four times in quick persistent turns, he thrust his nose against the glass window and peered into our house. Receiving no response, he stepped defiantly to a front room window and looked directly into my face!

Pulling my sister's hand, I dropped to the floor and sat there as rigid as a rock. What did he want? Had he seen us?

At that moment, the screen door banged, and I sat up to see him walking not down the side walk but around the house. As I peered cautiously through the dining-room windows, I saw the old fellow look into the garage window, pull out a long, white sheet of paper, and write on it. Then he limped over to my sisters new, balloon-tired bicycle, spun the pedals around, and gripped a tire between his hands.

Noticing our dog, who was barking furiously, he moved warily toward him, grabbed his head, and looked at his license tag.

Dashing aside, I yelled, "You leave my dog alone!"

"Don't worry, little girl, I won't hurt him. When your mother comes home, give her this," he said, as he handed me the long, white sheet of paper. "I'm the tax collector."

### MINUTE SKETCHES

by Adelaide Caraker, '43

#### I

After tedious effort in preparing my microscopic slide, I expectantly began the gradual focusing. A few seconds elapsed. Then, instantaneously, a honeycomb of substance sprang before my eyes. Each cell was finely but distinctly outlined—some with clear transparent strokes and a few with inky lines. The hueless matter confined within these cells contained iotas of pale greenish yellow. As I watched this network, I noted a mobility of the minute particles. They glided along in a sea of protoplasm. This transformation of an Elodea lead remains imprinted upon my memory.

#### II

I watched a little bird, perhaps it was a sparrow, hopping near the edge of a roof. The feathered creature rested a moment, jerking his head from side to side. Then, fluttering his wings, he hopped nearer the edge, stopped, and began preening himself. One of his kind sailed by and aroused his attention. Instantaneously, the restless bit of fluff darted away.

#### III

Thin, filmy, and intricately woven, the mesh-like web occupied one corner, near the ceiling, of the rather untidy room. The threads former irregular, somewhat oval patterns. A mass, barely discernible as a dead fly, was lodged near the center of the network.

#### IV

Two strands of brilliant, iridescent droplets, graduated in size, recline, slightly curled, on their immaculate, silken pillow. Each pearl reflects the omnipresent light and contains a nucleus of luster.

#### V

Lying on a tall, glimmering, silver box on the dresser was a

### DESCRIPTIONS

by Harriet Courtney, '43

### SNOW UNDER THE STREETLIGHT

In summer I can lie in bed, and from my window look at the moths and light bugs swarming around the streetlight. And tonight from my bed I can see snowflakes dancing and rolling and jumping around that same light, and then gliding noiselessly to the ground. One flake, whiter and larger than the rest, unwillingly leaves the light and descends to the street where it will be crushed under wheels of a passing car.

### BABY

I don't know Baby's real name, unless it really is Baby. Anyway that is what Katy, his wife, calls him, so I call him that too. Baby is a poor old German carpenter who lives off the little his wife makes cleaning homes. He knows very little English, and only rarely does he use that correctly. So squinting are his eyes that he can hardly see to do his bad job of carpenter work. His long, dirty, gray underwear hangs below his shirt sleeves, and his hands are always brim, but I have never seen him without a clean shirt. His old habits can never be changed, but Baby is content with Katy to take care of him.

### CAMPUS SECRETS

In the hallway of Nicolls dormitory after the lights were out, girls in pajamas or house-coats sat on the floor outside various doors. Some of the mhad put their hair up on large steel curlers, while others used bobby-pins. Jane had done neither; her hair was wet and straight she had just finished washing it. Large white blotches spotted Andy's face, and her eyelashes shone with vaseline. Marion was having difficulty writing with gloves on, but it is more important to have soft hands than good writing. As she read, Ruth was rubbing cold cream on her face, concentrating more on the massage than the book. The hall was smoky but quiet. Each girl studied and drank her coke without realizing how funny she looked.

Torn corners of the notebook curl up because they have frequently been carried to class. Pencil marks trace and retrace the design on the back to show that the owner is nervous. In the book are some useful class notes, and a few unfinished letters. Unfastened pages of odd sizes hint untidiness, but the whole notebook bulges with importance.

On the desk Mademoiselle magazine was open to a picture of a beautiful girl wearing a new spring formal. By the magazine an unfinished coke sat on a candy wrapper. In the left-hand corner by the lamp lay a note pad on which was written, "Do English. Take clothes to laundry. Buy new gym suit. See if Jane has second-hand French book." In the right-hand corner were a number of books—a well-worn French book, an English rhetoric, a botany book, and *Grapes of Wrath*. The desk belonged to a college freshman.

furry white kitten. A pink yarn nose, glassy green eyes, and a baby blue ribbon bow gave to him a lifelike appearance. Snug and content he lay there as if to say proudly, "Just look at me. I'm somebody."



**SIGMA TAU DELTA CONTEST**

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, annually sponsors a contest for freshman students. The prizes awarded are three medals—gold, silver, and bronze—and two honorable mentions. These awards are given for the best pieces of any type of original composition, to be submitted to Miss Parker in the English office not later than four o'clock, May 6, 1940, and not to exceed three thousand words in length. Various types of writing which may be entered in the contest are essays, dramatic sketches, short stories, and poems or groups of poems. Any student may hand in more than one entry, but only one award will be given to any one person.

Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) and the pages numbered. The name of the contestant should appear only on a card enclosed in a sealed envelope. A pseudonym is to be written on the outside of the envelope and on the first page of the manuscript, the sheets of which should be firmly fastened together.

Medals will be awarded to the winners in chapel at the close of the semester, and the prize compositions will be published in the *Linden Bark*.

The sketches and descriptions by freshmen which constitute this issue of the literary supplement are more than just bits of practice-writing. From the mere varieties of style they exhibit the reader may guess at the personalities of their authors. And from their content he can learn a good deal more. We think these are interesting pieces—by interesting people.

**TWO DESCRIPTIONS**

by Margaret Ann Johnson, '43

**OUR RADIATOR**

We awaken in the morning to the gentle purring of the radiator. I stumble out of bed and grope my way to the contraption and turn the valve. The purring ascends to a shrill whistle with an occasional clang, as of a trolley bell furnishing an undertone. The rhythm is furnished by the bubbling of the water through the pipes. All the while, the steam hissing out of the valve accompanies these other amazing notes. Soon the tones are lowered and throughout the day, only a hissing as of a snake ready to strike, is heard. Thus every room has a one-man band.

**FAINTING**

You know you are going to faint, but there is nothing you can do to prevent it. One minute you are standing in a room, feeling quite normal, but the next minute, your head begins to get light; objects recede into a distance; you break out with perspiration; you feel cold. Then a black veil falls over your eyes, and you are conscious of nothing until you awaken and find yourself on the couch. You hear voices, but they do not seem to belong to your world; you see people, but they too belong to another world. Finally you regain your senses and feel quite normal again.

**WINTER OR SPRING?**

by Betty Breuster, '43

As I was looking out of the window, I noticed that parts of the dingy, gray snow had melted, uncovering a dirty, black soil sparsely covered by a few blades of grass. Overhead, droplets of water clung to the branches of trees, every once in a

while dripping down on some unsuspecting passerby. Beside the sidewalk a crusty, sooty snow had banked, making the walk look like a wide road between two hills, as on a relief map. A toppled-over snowman had lost its mannish appearance and was nothing more than a bespeckled mound. The panes of my window were frosted and cloudy. This, I thought, is the time which lacks a name, between winter and spring.

**DISASTER AVOIDED**

by Marilyn Shapiro, '43

As I mounted the horse, I was cheered a bit by being warned that if I didn't hold the horse correctly, he would buck me off and I would get all muddy. I didn't seem to be holding him right, for he began bucking, not realizing that he had a rider on his back who wasn't used to that sort of thing. I felt the blood slowly drain from my frightened face, and visualized myself lying in the midst of the squishy mud with all my bones broken. I finally managed to dismount my exuberant friend. A few minutes later, I was surprised to find myself enthusiastically saying, "Gee, that was fun!"

**REMINISCENCE**

by Betty Schoen, '43

She sat on the bed Indian fashion. Her expression was thoughtful, almost pensive. The collar of her pink blouse made her complexion more olive than usual, her hair even blacker. Her fingers twisted through the cluster of curls at the nape of her neck. Picking up another letter from the collection which had been scattered around her, she looked at it somewhat longer than the rest, then put it on the top of the neat stack and tied them all together with a blue ribbon.

**WHAT DOES THE DARKNESS HIDE?**

by Beth Douglas, '43

In my recollections of very early childhood, the memory of one emotion stands out above all others—the fear of the unknown, or anything that I could not see, or feel, or understand. I was afraid of "the dark," not because of anything that I knew was hiding there to harm me, but merely because I did not know what was there. I knew that my fear of dark rooms worried my father. I realized that he was proud of his little "son-daughter," for he often bragged that I was afraid of nothing except the dark. He always said the last jokingly, but I knew he wanted me to overcome my fear.

One night he asked me to bring him something from the next room. I walked quickly up to the door, wanting desperately to do the small thing that he asked, but the sight of the vast darkness and the fear of the unknown horrors it might be hiding were stronger than my desire to please my father.

"But, Betty," he said, "the light switch is just a little way from the door, and besides, you were in that room only a minute ago. It was lighted and you saw there was nothing to be afraid of in your own little room."

But the fact that, at the time, the nursery was dark made a difference. The deep shadows held some unknown dread. I did not know what they held, and that frightened me.

When I was a little older, another fear loomed before me, larger than that of darkness. Big Boy, the family's favorite dog, died in my arms one day after having been

struck by an automobile. The incident did not make me afraid of dying, for there was nothing horrible in his quiet death, but it made me afraid of what lay beyond life. My first feeling was only one of loneliness without him. Later I began to wonder where he was. What would another world be like? What would it hold for me? Nobody knew, not even my daddy. Somehow I believed everything beyond this world to be shrouded in darkness, and that brought back my old fear of shadows and their uncertainty. These thoughts haunted me for days.

As I have grown older I have lost many of my very young fears. I have almost conquered my horror of the dark, but occasionally, when I have to be alone in it, I feel that I would like to sing a good, old-fashioned hymn in a strong, brave voice, as my grandmother always does.

The uncertainty of what lies beyond death still worries me sometimes, but now, as I leave my inquisitive childhood, I am gradually learning to think of the unknown as something that must be just accepted and not understood.

**LEMPI SEPPALA**

by Eleanore Wenger, '43

Lempi Seppala would never make a modish-looking maid. Hers was a trim enough figure, in a broad-hipped, wide-shouldered peasant sort of way.

When she set foot an American soil for the first time, Lempi wore her hair pulled away from her forehead and temples, held with side combs, and wound at the back in a bun of neat, slippery braids. In her ears she wore little gold hoops. Her hair was straw-colored, with no glint of gold in it; her eyes blue, but not a deep blue. She was not pretty, but there was about her a certain freshness of coloring and expression.

And now, a year later, her hair was bobbed, and her clothes were American, and she said, "I'll tell the world."

She had learned with amazing swiftness to prepare American dishes, being a naturally gifted cook. She knew how to serve from the left, to keep the water glasses filled, not to remove the service plates until the dinner plates were at hand, and to keep thumb-marks off glass salad dishes.

I'll never forget one afternoon when I helped Lempi do the marketing. We started across the street. "Eiev! watch it!" yelled a tough taxi driver, just skimming her toes. He grinned back at her.

"Watch your step, Swensky!" "Shod op!" retorted Lempi, haughtily.

Lempi's bedroom was not the most exquisitely kept of bedrooms. Perhaps, after daily scouring, dusting, mopping, and wiping in other sections of our home, there was a certain wholesome and nicely balanced atmosphere in the slightly musty disorder of her own private room.

She is, in short, an excellent middle-class American servant—spunky, independent, capable, and friendly.

**SHATTERED PRIDE**

by Jerry Sandall, '43

I had entered the room very calmly and with a feeling of smug complacency to have a conference with my English teacher over the term theme which I had written. I was a senior in high school and was quite sure that my aim in life was to be a writer. I had just finished what I thought was a very beauti-

ful and interesting piece of writing on the Aztec religion, and expected the teacher to compliment me enthusiastically on my latest literary achievement. So with this confident feeling I sat down in the chair by her desk. The teacher started to thumb grimly through a great sheaf of papers on her desk, not paying any attention to me, or saying one word of the praise which I had expected. Already I was beginning to feel uneasy. At last she found my paper and handed it to me for my inspection. Much to my horror, the paper which she had handed to me was covered with red ink! There were big red check marks where I had left out commas, there were big, unsightly circles of red that enclosed misspelled words, words which I was so sure that I knew how to spell, and worse yet, the word "trite" was written over most of the phrases which I had worked and struggled to produce. My pride and struggled and labored to produce. My pride and snug complacency were ripped. I was bereft of any feeling of confidence, or any thought that I was to be a great literary artist. I was even frightened! Here I was in the hands of an unmerciful teacher who was poking fun (at least that's what I thought) at my masterpiece, who had marked it up and criticized it until there was nothing left except the passages which I had quoted. My only thought then was to get away quickly. Thoroughly humbled and dejected and crestfallen, I slunk out of the room, dragging with me the few remnants of my shattered universe that were left.

**DESCRIPTIONS**

by Jean McCulloch, '43

**I**

Running lightly down the slope, as if on wings, the child paused, and after looking cautiously about her to see that there were no intruders, turned aside from the path and threw herself down beside a huge clump of ferns, breathing a deep sigh of relief.

**II**

With a gale of energy she threw the bag of dirty clothes into the basin full of water. We watched her, watched her slim, brisk shoulders and bent back, her strong hands squeezing the clothes through their fluff of snow-white soap suds.

**III**

The sharp, biting odors of ammonia flew like cat's claws to the sensitive nostrils of the chemist. His eyes watered from the strong on-rushing, stinging sensation and the nauseating power of the chemical drove him from the laboratory.

**IV**

The child stood gazing into the cloudy green depths of the aquarium which held his pet goldfish. The water was still except for a few tiny bubbles which continually spurted up and burst through its glassy surface.

**SEVEN-THIRTY DATE**

by Betty Jane Runge, '43

It was seven o'clock on Saturday night, and as usual, the girls in Sibley were rushing around half-dressed for that seven-thirty date that had been accepted at the last minute. My hair was still a pinned mass and my face, one smear of cream.

While I was still pacing the floor, waiting for my turn to take a bath, I heard someone shout, "Bee Jay! I'm through." I picked up a towel, a cake of soap, and a wash



cloth, and dashed into the bathroom. Judy, the girl who had called me, had turned the water on, but she must have forgotten that a cold-water faucet was an existence. As a result, the water was steaming hot.

I adjusted the faucets and began to test the water with my foot. After many trials, I got into the tub and began splashing hurriedly. Just then, someone yelled, "Runge! Long Distance!" Somehow I scrambled into my robe and slippers and got down to the telephone, only to find that one of the girls in Senior Hall had forgotten our Monday's assignment in French. I finished taking my bath and was in my room by seven-fifteen.

My stockings and panties were still damp from their morning washing. With shadeless lamp bulbs dimmed by the drying garments, I attempted to make my face as beautiful as possible. After all the hairpins had been removed and my hair had been combed, I put on my still damp clothes and my dress.

I spent the next few minutes searching every corner of the room for the shoes I had intended to wear. When I couldn't find them, I happened to remember that I had left them at home the previous week-end. While I was running from room to room trying to find a pair of brown "spectators" that would fit my badly proportioned foot, someone yelled, "Runge!" What was I going to do—no shoes! "Long Distance." Long Distance! that was a little better. At any other time, I should have been gloriously happy to receive a telephone call, but tonight, when I was late and without a pair of shoes—oh! me!

I hurried down the steps and picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

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"This is she."

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"What!"

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"Of course. It's all right. I'll see you then. 'Bye.' Car trouble! He wouldn't be able to get here until eight o'clock.

At this point, the words that came to my mind would have been unfit for even an angry sailor to hear, but without saying a word, I turned and leisurely climbed the stairs.

#### WHITE LINEN LIE

by Sallie Van Buren, '43

Babytalk was never one of my childhood characteristics. Probably because my parents never adopted the usual line for babies still in the gurgling stage, or stood over my crib uttering bits and phrases of adult-made baby chatter. I was always taught to speak of my parents as "Mother" and "Daddy"; never "Mom" and "Pop," although today I frequently beguile them into something with the use of these monikers. I was never allowed to invent substitutes for the usual first words and phrases, but was taught the correct word from the start. If I couldn't pronounce it, I received the amount of attention and coaching necessary for mastery of the word.

However, I was not a walking dictionary, as these statements might suggest. There were a few words that I either could not, or would not, pronounce correctly. One of my pets was the word handkerchiefs, which I pronounced "hankersheets." I delighted in saying it and used it profusely on almost every occasion, whether there was a demand for it or not. I liked it mostly because it was a long word, at least for my meager vocabulary,

and it gave me a glow of satisfaction to be able to pronounce it swiftly and easily with all the nonchalance of a learned speaker.

On one particular occasion, which was a little after Christmas and during my craze for the big word, I told a lie. Some friends of Mother stopped me on the street and asked me in the usual Yuletide spirit what I had received from Santa. I rattled off my list, which was by this time fully memorized and beginning to seem small through familiarity. But not forgetting my big word, and wondering if my list could stand a little lengthening, I added that I had received some "hankersheets."

The ladies received my last utterance with more concern and interest than I had anticipated, for I had not thought that of all my list my last item would be of most interest. But suddenly—I was gripped with a fear. The surprised looks on their faces and questioning remarks over my "hankersheets" made me wonder. Did they know that I was lying?

It was a long time before I spoke of handkerchiefs without good reasons again.

#### ALONG WITH THE CROWD

by Sylvia Wright, '43

The crowd is filled with excitement. The mobs are constantly pushing ahead, swaying to and fro with the impact of the hundreds of individuals awaiting the arrival of Rex and the beautiful floats which follow. The air is overflowing with the sounds of laughter and gayety, and every few minutes a shout is heard, "Here it comes." But no, it is only a false alarm. The people continue tramping through the streets, throwing confetti, and singing merrily on their way. The person next you gives you a jolt as he endeavors to find his way through the crowds, but you don't mind as you're filled with the Mardi Gras spirit.

Dear me. It looks as though the man in the clown suit has robbed a still. Will you look at the horrified look on the old woman's face? My, what a funny hat! Some girls go to such extremes. I don't know how much she paid for it, but she might just as well have taken a feather from the Christmas turkey and pinned it on an inverted lampshade. Why can't mothers teach their children not to blow horns in people's ears? The man back of me seems terribly interested in something. Wonder what it can be. Oh, it's some high-school girls dressed as the Dionne quintuplets. Do people always have to struggle so much to get in front of a person?

After the first stages of boredom wear off, I feel a queer anticipation creeping up on me. I want to shout and laugh out loud; but since the person next to me doesn't look particularly festive, I control my feelings as long as I can. The man selling horns and confetti passes by, and I'm tempted to buy a horn and blow with all my might. But the lady near me may not like that. Then all of a sudden I don't care what the other people think. I grab a horn and start walking along with the crowd, my companion's arm linked in mine. We run, sing, shout, and blow to the high heavens, as though we were calling every one to come out and be gay. We join the hilarity and gayety of the mob. All our cares and worries are forgotten. They seem trivial at such a time.

We keep in step with the groups of the streets and continue down Canal, one of the widest streets in the country. But in a little while our friend, impatience, encounters

us. Why doesn't the parade come along? It should be here now. Look what time it is. I wish the lady next to me would stop poking me in the ribs. If that man steps on my foot again I may forget I'm a lady. I really would like something to eat, but I'd rather stand out here than wait in line for an hour and come out feeling as a smashed straw hat looks. Why doesn't the peanut vendor come along? Darn that baby! Can't she find anyone else to drip ice-cream on? I wonder where she got it.

At last, the parade! Everyone is in a good humor now. All necks are craning, and children are begging to be held up in order to see better. All hands are grabbing for souvenirs thrown off the floats. It's almost become a "free for all." Rex has passed by now, and the crowd begins to scatter, each person going his own way. Trampled confetti, peanut shells, and mangled souvenirs are strewn over the streets. A desolate feeling comes over you and you wish the festivity were not all over, though you know that all good things come to an end.

And so to Mardi Gras, symbolic of gayety and frolic, we say "au revoir," until we meet again.

#### DESCRIPTIONS

by Elizabeth Thompson, '43

##### I

The library was quiet and peaceful, until Sally and Jean bounced in. Slamming their books down loudly, they clumsily dropped into the chairs murmuring in no weak tones, they exchanged the latest gossip, accompanied by the constant crack and pop of their gum, which they were chewing with fervor.

##### II

A sudden tug at the line, a quick reeling in, a jerk, and the sunfish flopped over the gunwale. Rainbow-colored, sparkling in the sunlight, the wounded fish lay on the gray bottom of the boat. Wiggling and flopping, it gasped in the air. Holding the slippery, scaly fish in my hand, I took out the barbed hook. A sharp prick from the ribbed blue green fins, and I dropped the colorful fish back into the cool blue waters. My hand shone with bright scales undimmed by the slime.

#### SKETCH IN THE FIRST PERSON

by Susan Loetscher, '43

Since it is all too obvious and since I can't remember back that far anyway, I shan't dwell on the fact that I was born or on the events which immediately succeeded. I've worn glasses since I was two, and my earliest recollections are of the grief I used to come to over having to wear them. I can still see my distracted family literally combing the grass in our side yard for my glasses, which I had hidden there in the hope that they wouldn't be found and that I might not have to wear them. Another scheme I used — even more provoking to everyone — was to take the horrid things off and spin them on the sidewalk, cutting large star-shaped scratches in the center of the lenses. Of course, this would necessitate new lenses, and for a few days I could be free of the bothersome things while they were being repaired. I always hoped Daddy would tire of having this done and would give up; however, being a very persevering man, he always had them attended to immediately. Neither scheme ever brought permanent results except the humiliating memories of several sound spankings.

Time takes care of all things

though, and I was now occupied with such a momentous event as entering kindergarten. Here I encountered my first major disillusionment in life; you see, kindergarten turned out to be a fraud. I had planned for weeks to come home from school that first day, stretch out on the floor to read the "funnies" as my older sister always did, and surprise Mother and Daddy by being able to read aloud to them. According to my plans, I sprawled out with the "funnies" before me — but that was as far as I could go. The words looked just as queer as they always had. Indeed, that teacher hadn't taught me a thing. The persuasive powers of my entire family worked overtime to convince me that I couldn't be taught to read at once and that if I would just keep going to school, I would know how before very long. I took them at their word and waited.

My main diversions all through grade school were make-believe and playing with dolls that had handmade and unhemmed wardrobes. Make-believe always meant dressing up in Mother's cast-off evening gowns — often, to her grief, those which hadn't yet been cast off — and being a gorgeous "movie star." During physical training I used to long to be at home strutting around in Mother's clothes. You see, our teacher always allowed us to choose the games we would play; the boys always wanted to play "Over the Hill," to me a very barbarous sort of game. Since the boys outnumbered the girls in the vote — of course, there were always a few horrid tomboy creatures who sided with the boys — our physical training class always ended with several of us having skinned elbows and black eyes resulting from that terrible game. About the only time I ever appreciated boys was when they lent me their *Hardy Boys* books, a series including tales of whispering caves and golden cities which, at the time, I was reading with much enthusiasm.

Shortly after entering junior high school the realization came with a wonderful blow: all boys were not ogies. A group of my friends and I started a club which turned out to be quite a wild affair. The boys were at that remarkable age where they jumped off roofs and swung from chandeliers to show their manliness. We all attended a class in social dancing, and my life centered around preparing for that Friday evening each week. Having been blessed with parents who didn't worry about me and didn't insist upon an unreasonable hour for getting home, my troubles were fewer than some of the other girls'; however, I had a seven-year-old brother to contend with whenever I invited the crowd to my house. Curiosity is my little brother's middle name, and he could always be seen lurking around corners with a disturbing, mischievous grin on his face. It still makes me furious when I realize he will never be bothered by anyone younger to make him miserable when he arrives at the age for parties.

High school was the usual glorious whirl of football seasons and mad crushes on members of the team or the coach, everyone simply bursting with school spirit and having a rather independent and aloof attitude towards studies. As I look back, those days seem to have been the heyday of all my time in school. Last year college meant principally a new wardrobe and train rides. Like my first day at kindergarten, I found college quite different — more that just train rides and new clothes.

Perhaps I have grown up a little, though; I can read the "funnies" now.



**SKETCHES**

by Betty Lou Muller, '43

**CANDLELIGHT**

When the fire from the match touches the wick of the squat yellow candle, a dazzling radiance leaps out of the ebony blackness, and then the flame settles peacefully into a steady yellow-white and blue flame. Under the influence of the miniature light, grotesque shadows swarm through the room. Pint-size Coca-Cola bottles became huge giants, and a hand becomes some monster's claw bent on destruction. When the fire is extinguished, the horrors of the shadow world disappear, and all that is left is a tiny glowing red blotch where the flame was. This slowly grows fainter and fainter, until it, too, is gone, and the room returns to total darkness.

**AFTER LIGHTS**

After lights in Niccolls Hall seems to be the busiest time of the entire evening. When the eleven o'clock bell rings, the whole building becomes a veritable Grand Central Station. Girls run from one room to another, banging the doors behind them; the halls are filled with conscientious students doing belated homework and muttering about the injustice of it all; somewhere at the other end of the hall, a muffled portable radio hums its very modern version of an old classic; now and then, the stairs squeak with the traffic between second and third floors; and above

all, is the incessant chatter and giggling of approximately one hundred and twenty girls all talking and laughing at the same time.

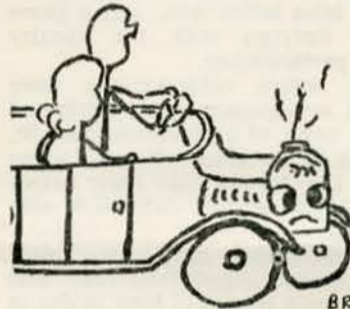
**MY ROOM**

When I think of how my roommate slaved last night to clean this room and then look at it in its present state, I become discouraged and slightly ill. The green covers on the beds are wrinkled and have slipped to one side with sundry articles of clothing, records, and books scattered aimlessly over them. Our desks are dusty and sprinkled liberally with cigarette ashes. The floor is a mass of dust and bits of hair, and the clothesline is loaded with the day's wash. Sometimes I wonder whether it pays to clean at all.

**All Bark and No Bite**

By  
COTTON CANNON

The time is nearing when the juniors and seniors will spend an entire day under a mud pack, pop into new spring formals, and go slithering off to the Junior-Senior Prom at the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis where they will enjoy the tops in dining and dancing.



BRANDY

—S—

Don't we have any Patty Berg's or Eleanor Holm's registered here? Surely there are some of you who can dog paddle or are at least an expert in trotting around a golf course getting mad at a little white ball. Sports day is coming closer and closer and a dozen schools throughout the state are priming their athletes to take the pennant away from us, which we of course are not going to stand for . . . if you are unathletic lass, why not roll along anyway on the bus with the team? Lend your moral support to the team and have fun in Columbia!!!

—P—

There are absent-minded people, and then, there are absent-minded people. Susan Loetscher wins place of honor on page eight in our absent-minded professor's little black book. She and her suite-mate Carol Davenport were barrelling across campus to modern dancing, when Carol suddenly happened to cast her eyes downward. And there was little Susan pitty-patting along in broad daylight in her sock feet.

—O—

Betty Rowe and Harriet "Grandma" Wilson have been dating fellows they met at the Parks Air College dinner . . . Rob had better get out here and keep an eye on Ev Knopp these week-ends . . . Mary Doolittle came back to visit Ann Taylor and Peggy Dodge . . . Ardie Bullard spent the week-end with Phyllis Steward and last year's third Ayres gang . . . What are the pinned seniods in Irwin going to do about the prom? . . . Good subject for late conversation these spring nights . . . Dorothy Jean Mathias went home with Marjorie Green to Kirksville . . . the week-end included a Jr.-Sr. prom and Yama Yama Dance . . .

—R—

All those nice make-you-hungry smells wafted through Roemer Hall are directly due to the fact that the cooking students are giving their dinner parties. Many have been the slips, cuts, and crashes in



BRANDY

the little kitchen, but Catherine Lague wins the eggbeater for the most original accident ever to happen in a kitchen. Although she cut her head on the canopener, she

**WHO'S WHO**

This senior comes from St. Charles town  
And nary a horse does she let get her down,  
Our college doctor of her is quite proud;  
She's in on all shouting, but is never too loud.

finally got the can open and served dinner right on time.

—T—

Martha Jane Reubelt has been wearing that S. A. E. pin for a long, long, time . . . Lulagene has guests from her home in Brookfield, Mo. . . . Mid Tanke had quite a rush on hand several Sundays ago . . . Half the town of Kirksville and a goodly number from St. Louis dropped in . . . Our gang riding in the horseshow looked even better than a page from a fashion magazine . . . Jean McCulloch, they say, was awfully, awfully excited . . . Susan Kent certainly looked adorable at the Washington u. prom. . . . Betty Macon went into the city and lost five dollars . . . mebbe she's gonna have to have someone to look after her, like Susan Loetscher does . . .

—S—

Nancy Bell almost started a private revolution in the dining room the night she struck a piece of silverware against a plate and was promptly rewarded with a loud bong . . . Nearby tables thought it was the gong for silence, and quiet gradually spread over the entire room . . . and there was Nancy faced with many pairs of staring eyes who watched and waited.

—D—

Last week-end Ann Gardner and Jerky Morrison went to Chicago to a Conference of International Student service at the International House, University of Chicago . . . Betty Laird and Betty Burnham have been doin' a lot of steady double datin' . . . Polly Rickabaugh had a big birthday celebration . . . Martha Laney might well be described as the lady behind the venetian blind . . . when it lightnings, she hangs towels and blankets over the blinds and sits in fear and trembling . . .

—A—

The kids in Senior Hall have been reveling in strawberries and cream. Kay Wagner's Bill blew in unexpectedly from Louisiana and brought them a crate of the big luscious ones.

—Y—



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Friday April 26  
"EARL OF CHICAGO"  
with Robert Montgomery

Saturday April 27  
"BRITISH INTELLIGENCE"  
with Boris Karloff  
Margaret Lindsay

—&—  
"MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY"  
with Joe Penner

Sun.-Mon. April 28-29  
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"  
with Bing Crosby  
Dorothy Lamour  
Bob Hope

Wed.-Thurs. May 1-2  
"STRANGE CARGO"  
with Clark Gable  
Joan Crawford

Saturday May 4  
"SEVENTEEN"  
with Jackie Cooper  
—&—  
"MAN FROM DAKOTA"  
with Wallace Beery

Sun.-Mon. May 5-6  
"PINOCCHIO"  
Walt Disney's Feature  
Cartoon in Technicolor

Wed.-Thurs. May 8-9  
"THREE CHEERS  
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Sun. Mon. May 12-13  
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There was a college girl once,  
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## Sidelights of Society

### Spring Dance Big Success

Much in Evidence Were New Spring and Summer Formals

Many goodlooking formals graced the floor at the junior date dance, Saturday, April 6. Some were of cotton and others were more of late spring formals.

Harriette Wilson looked charming in a white moss crepe made on the new long torso line. The neck of the dress was plain while the sleeves were slightly draped. It was also draped around the hips in front. With the formal, Harriette wore a matching necklace and bracelet of heavy gold with the medieval idea of design.

In pheasant red chiffon was Jenny Lynn Sager. The top, which was also fashioned on the torso line, was made up of small tucks, as were the sleeves made of tucks. The neck line was plain with a peter pan collar. The skirt was made very full by the use of accordion pleats. Jenny Lynn wore a small red velvet ribbon in her hair.

Wearing blue and white candy stripe seersucker, Eloise Hainline looked very nice and summer-like. The formal was cut low in a straight piece and the shoulder straps were gathered in a ring and buttoned. The waist was gathered to form a full skirt. The straps, pockets, and bottom of the skirt were trimmed in white rick-rack. With the formal, Eloise wore a white pique bolero type jacket with modified leg of mutton sleeves.

Bette Rowe wore a powder blue chiffon. The small puffed sleeves were dropped from the shoulders and through the bodice the material was full. The tight fitting girdle of the dress emphasized her wasp waist, and the skirt fell in soft folds. Bette wore a necklace of costume jewelry featuring rhinestones set in gold.

A formal of white mousseline de soie was worn by Eleanor Jean Petty. The neck was high with a round collar and a small black velvet bow. The long sleeves were quite full and were tight at the wrist. A tight waist line was laid in folds and the full skirt was gathered on. Wide lace inserts were on the yoke of the dress, the sleeves, and at the bottom of the skirt.

The juniors can't be congratulated too much, the writer thinks, for the grand dance. The decorations were most appropriate for this season, centering around spring flowers and garden scenes. A silver ball revolved in the center of the room and various colored lights shone on it. The refreshment stand was attractively decorated with lilacs, and there coca cola was served. In the center of the room was an arbor where green leaves, berries, and colorful flowers adorned the arches.

### Roller-Skating Party

Friday, April 6, the Athletic Association sponsored a roller-skating party at the Arena in St. Louis. The fifty girls who went report a wonderful time. Before returning to the college, they stopped at Garavelli's.

Jackie Morrison and Ann Gardner were in Chicago last week-end visiting their families. They also attended an International Relations Club meeting, held at International House.

### Seniors Induce Gay Stunts

The annual party given by the seniors for the faculty was held on Friday night, April 12, in the library club rooms. The theme of the party was the "gay nineties" and appropriate costumes were worn.

The evening's entertainment consisted of a melodrama in which various members of the unsuspecting faculty were asked to take part, community singing, a fashion show which Miss Isidor won, and a game called totypes with the faculty again participating.

Just before refreshments were served, newspapers were distributed giving news of Lindenwood and St. Charles in the 1890's. Several items about the faculty and their activities, if any, at this date were also included.

Refreshments, ice cream with strawberries, angel food cake and coffee, were served at long tables in the museum which was decorated to represent a strawberry festival.

Dr. Gipson will leave tomorrow night for the rest of the week in Topeka, Kan., where she will attend the Southwest Central section of the American Association of University Women. While Dr. Gipson is away, she expects to visit at the University of Kansas, Lawrence.

Mrs. Burkitt, of the music department, returned today after an absence of four months. She has been convalescing from an operation. Miss Louise Wright, University City, has been teaching in Mrs. Burkitt's place.

Ruth Peterson returned Sunday night having spent four days at her home in Omaha, Neb.

Saturday, April 13, the beginning zoology classes made a trip to the St. Louis Zoo. The girls were very interested in the pandas.

### Raquel Camino Entertains

Saturday, April 13, Raquel Canino served a Spanish dinner in the dining room of the home economics department. Her menu consisted of chicken rice, avocado and orange salad, kidney beans, hard rolls, celery and olives, ice-cream and cake. Her guests were Miss Hooton, Miss Anderson, Miss Dunaway, Charlotte Ching, and Mary Ekberg.

### Lindenwood Ranked Well In Maryville Horse Show

At the Maryville College Horse Show, Lindenwood has its share of honors. The show continued for three days, April 17, 18, and 19. However, Lindenwood girls rode only on Thursday, April 18.

In the novice singles class, Louise Olsen placed first while Dorothy Owen placed second. Dorothy and Louise won first in the novice doubles. There were two advanced single classes. Dorothy won fourth and Mimi Stumberg, fifth, in the first group. In the second, Jeanette Lee placed first, Gerry Rasdal, third, and fourth, Martha Bell Baum. Riding in the advanced doubles class were Mimi and Gerry who won second. The team of four composed of Dorothy, Mimi, Jeanette, and Gerry, placed second. In the musical balloo, Dorothy and Jeanette were third.

Others riding in the show were Jean McCulloch and Marion Olsen. Ruth Tillman performed tricks on a horse. Mr. Dapron is the riding master for the girls.

### Pep Rally at A. A. Dance

The Athletic Association entertained the school Friday night with a barn dance, which certainly proved very entertaining. Everyone attended the dance in less than her Sunday best clothes and they had a grand time acting as hill-billy's. During the course of the evening a pep rally was held to help back the girls that will soon be going out to Columbia on the various teams to participate in the annual Field Day. During the rally it was suggested that as many girls go along with the teams to support them as possibly could.

All dances of yesterday and today prevailed at this great occasion, and the orchestra fitted into whatever mode of dancing the girls wanted to do. Congratulations to the A. A. for putting on such a splendid dance!

### Relatives and Friends Praise College Menus

Continuing the dinners given by members of the foods class were Frances Brandenburg, Marjorie Young, Catherine LaGue, and Helen Rosa Bruns.

Helen Rose Bruns gave her dinner April 17. The guests were Dr. Terhune, Miss Anderson; her mother, Mrs. I. G. Bruns; Mrs. B. H. Jolly; and her host, Grace Gantt. She served mint cocktail, veal bird, potatoes au gratin, cob cut corn, hot rolls, jelly, apricot and banana fan salad, lime jello with white cherries, sponge cake, and coffee. Orange calendulas were on the table and orange and green was the color combination used.

Catherine LaGue, who gave her dinner April 8, used orange and green for her color combination. Her flowers were orange calendulas. The menu was pineapple mint cocktail, baked ham with baked spiced peaches, egg salad, baked potatoes, carrot rings filled with spinach, hot rolls, jelly, orange ice served in orange cups, chocolate cake, and coffee. Catherine's guests were Dr. Gregg, Miss Anderson, Jane Mauk, Hyacinth Young, and her host, Owanna Post.

Using red as her color scheme, and red and white carnations as her center piece, Frances Brandenburg gave her dinner Friday, April 19. The menu consisted of cranberry juice served with asparagus and cheese canapes, breaded veal cutlets, cheese cauliflower, buttered beets, tomato and cottage cheese salad, hot rolls, apple jelly, angel food cake topped with strawberries, and coffee. Guests at the dinner were Miss Anderson; Harriette Wilson, host; Shirley Carlson; Dr. M. Brandenburg of Louisville, Ky., her father; and Howard Brandenburg, her brother.

The menu Marjorie Young used for her dinner April 10, was crab meat cocktail, baked ham, jelly, ice cream with strawberries, chocolate drop cookies, and coffee. The flowers were orange calendulas and orange and green was carried in the menu. Marjorie's guests were Miss Reichert, Miss Anderson, Betty Burnham, Margaret Ann Johnson, and her host Helen Rose Bruns.

Dr. Gipson attended a luncheon, Saturday, April 13, at the College Club in St. Louis. The luncheon was in honor of Miss Margaret Morris, dean of Pembroke College and national president of the Association of University Women.

Janet Goodjohn and Virginia Feller spent last week-end at Kansas State college, Manhattan, Kansas. They were guests at the Phi Beta Phi house.

### Lindenwood Participates

The St. Charles League of Women Voters and the Lindenwood College League of Women Voters held a joint meeting in the St. Charles Library last Wednesday night. A number of the members of the college League went down to join in the meeting and several former Lindenwood students spoke on the program.

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