

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 16

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., May 28, 1940

\$1.00 A Year

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Notification of the awarding of scholarships for the coming year will be sent from the Dean's office this week. Students receiving scholarships are asked to notify the Bursar by July 15 if they are not returning in the fall. Scholarships imply that students receiving them will be willing to take any position on the campus to which they are assigned.

In the final meeting of the annual staff, Thursday, May 16, all business for the year was finished. It is the general opinion that the book was a great artistic as well as financial success. Dr. Gipson wishes to congratulate the staff.

This week there will be placed in all post office boxes, copies of the commencement program. Everyone is asked to keep these programs and bring them to all events during the week. Instructions will be given to those students who will be in the academic procession at baccalaureate and commencement. Announcements will be made in case of any change in these instructions.

Dr. Gipson wishes to say how much she has enjoyed working with the student body this year and she hopes to see many of the students back in the fall. To the seniors she sends all good wishes for whatever they may undertake after leaving Lindenwood.

• College Calendar •

Thursday, May 30—
Exams end.

Friday, May 31—

Art Exhibit (Fine Arts Building).

Saturday, June 1—

Senior Class Day—10 a. m.

College Horse Show—2:30.

Commencement Play—8 p. m.

Sunday, June 2—

Baccalaureate, Dr. Harry C.

Rogers—3 p. m.

Alpha Sigma Tau Tea and In-

itiation—4 p. m.

Alpha Mu Mu Initiation—4 p. m.

Choir and Orchestra Concert—

6:30 p. m.

Monday, June 3—

Commencement, Dr. Rollo

Walter Brown—10 a. m.

Alumnae Meetings—1 p. m.

Sympathy Extended

Everyone feels sympathy for Dr. Schaper in the death of her father, May 7, at their home in Washington, Mo. Judge Jesse H. Schaper, who was 75 years of age, was a noted attorney and former probate judge, well known throughout Missouri. For over 30 years he served as president of the Board of Education in Washington. During the world war, he organized and directed most of the war activities in Franklin County. His wife, Dr. Schaper's mother, died less than two years ago. The funeral was attended by

Dozens of Honors For Work Well Done

A St. Louis girl, Martha Weber, daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Weber, has been elected president of the Student Council for next year. She has been vice-president through the current year. Serving with her as vice-president next year will be Sara Jefferson, of Union City, Tenn., who also has had a place on the board through this year.

A general announcement of awards was made Wednesday at Lindenwood. For the first time in history there is an award to a Hawaiian girl, Hyacinth Young of Honolulu, in the Nelly Don series. Hyacinth wins the first prize (\$25) for the best completed dress in the home economics department. Second prize goes to Helen Martha Shank, of St. Louis, and third to Carol Hammerschmidt, Elmhurst, Ill. The Nelly Don costume design prizes are given, in the art department, first, to Betty Carleton, of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; second, Sallie Van Buren, Flossmoor, Ill.; third, Margaret Cassell, Los Angeles.

Betty Maude Jacoby, of St. Charles, is awarded the Pi Gamma Mu medal for excellent work in the social sciences.

In Alpha Sigma Tau, highest honor society of the Liberal Arts College, Mary Jean DuHadway, of Jerseyville, Ill., has been elected president; Ruth Faucett, Falls City, Neb., vice-president; and Sara Jefferson, secretary-treasurer.

Mary Jean DuHadway has also been appointed editor of the Linden Leaves for next year, with Helen Meyer of Orchard Farm, Mo., business manager; and Margaret Barton of St. Charles, advertising manager.

Freshman class competition for best story, under Sigma Tau Delta, resulted in the gold medal for Joyce Burge; silver medal, Rebecca Rath, Waterloo, Ia.; and bronze medal, Mary Catherine Downs, Pana, Ill.

Estelle Hays, of St. Charles, is winner of the home economics prize in household arts. The household science prize goes to Helen Martha Shank, of St. Louis; and Dorothy Franz, Waterloo, Ia.

For best-kept rooms in the five dormitories, awards were made to Jo Arlene Meredith, Wichita, Kan.; Dorothy Owen, Chicago; Martha Norris, Eureka, Kan.; Margaret Hatala, Gary, Ind.; Martina Wagner, Peru, Ind.; Jane Mauk, Portales, N. Mex.; Frances Cowan, Aurora, Mo.; Grace Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo.; Gloria Stinson, Amarillo, Tex.; Irene Altheide, New Haven, Mo.; June Goran, Pacific, Mo.; Dorothy Felger, Norfolk, Neb.; Jeanette Lee, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Helen Goldthwaite, Sigourney, Ia.; and Harriet Dillman, Waveland, Ind.

Each of the prize classifications also contained a number of honorable mentions.

a number of friends from Lindenwood, including Dean Gipson, Miss Hankins, Dr. Parker, Miss Cook, Dr. Garnett, and Miss McKee.

What Is Your Vocation?

Dr. Schaper Has Good Helpful Hints For This

The Department of Guidance of the college, under the direction of Dr. Schaper, is collecting a vocational information library, part of which is for the use of students in choosing professions. It is especially suited to the needs of college women, and should be of great aid in the selecting of a vocation.

Part of the information is filed in Dr. Schaper's office, and the remainder has been placed in the basement of the library. The files in the office are filled with current material, alphabetically listed, and relevant to occupational subjects. The pamphlets are received from week to week, and are the very latest information regarding each division of work.

In the basement of the library are to be found pamphlets regarding careers in home economics, art, salesmanship, school music, and many other modern vocations. Probably the most useful leaflet is the "Occupational Index," in which are found listed alphabetically the vocations, and under each are the material and articles pertaining to the subject. The articles are to be found in recent magazines, and the material may be obtained for a small amount. This leaflet is published by New York University. Another pamphlet on the same order as the "Occupational Index," is the "Vocational Guide."

This library should prove most useful to girls in learning about their chosen career, and Dr. Schaper urges its use in study and preparation for work after graduation.

Transported to the Tropics

Lindenwood's Mayday American and New

The Spring Festival was very much a success on Saturday afternoon, May 18, even though the weather man was anything but agreeable. A very large crowd attended the fete, and enjoyed every minute of it, even though it could not be out of doors.

The juniors' and seniors' procession preceded that of the queen's party. Carol Bindley and Kate were the first of the queen's attendants to enter, and they were preceded by the flower girls, Dor's Banta, Ruth Eldredge, Ruth Haines, Helen Kellman, Ruth Peterson, and Jean Wallace. The pages that announced the coming of the queen's party were Constance Scott and Betty Rowe. The next attendants were Frances Shepard and Grace Quebbeman, Maxine Tanke, Mildred Tanke, Rosanne Veach, and Jeanette Lloyd. Preceding the queen was the maid-of-honor, Martha Weber. Betty Kelley, the queen, then entered and took her place at the front of the stage, where she was crowned by the maid-of-honor.

The queen was dressed in a white

(Continued on Page 4)

Thirty Years' Service

Dr. Stumberg was honored Thursday, May 8, at a dinner given by the Sisters and the medical staff of St. Joseph's Hospital with the presentation of a gold watch. It was given to him in recognition and appreciation for his thirty years service to the hospital and the staff as pathologist.

Declines Seminary Call

Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, and a member of Lindenwood's Board of Trustees, was recently called to the chair of homiletics at Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburg. In a sermon on Sunday, May 19, Dr. Lowe announced that he would decline the offer and remain in St. Louis. Because of the unsettled conditions of the times, he said, he does not wish to leave his church without a pastor, even for a short time.

Lindenwood joins in congratulating Dr. Lowe on his decision.

President and Delegate For Mu Phi Epsilon

Members of Mu Phi Epsilon met in the library club rooms, Thursday evening, May 16 at 6:30 o'clock for the election of officers.

Officers elected and installed are: Dorothy Rhea, president; Pearl Lammers, vice-president; Irene Altheide, corresponding secretary; Vera Jean Douthat, recording secretary; Nell Motley, treasurer; Genevieve Kneise, chaplain and Pauline Gray, historian.

Dorothy Rhea was chosen to represent Lindenwood at the national held in Cincinnati, June 28-July 1. MuPhi convention, which will be

Who Cares If It Rains?

Twelve Busloads Multiplied Enjoyment of Lindenwood's Boat-ride

"Bang! Bang! Gee, it's morning and the sun is actually shining! What a keen day for our boat trip! Mr. Motley is certainly having fun shooting those firecrackers in front of each building. Guess every one is up—breakfast is earlier than usual and it's a long time until lunch."

All this was said by many of the sleepy-eyed girls when they were awakened by the booms of the firecrackers and decided to get up for the one and only time during the college year to go to breakfast. Once a year the entire college gets together to have oodles of fun on a boat and this was the day. By 7:45 a. m., all the girls were rushing around in great haste trying to get their cameras, cards, snoods, and kerchiefs in the same place at the same time, so that they could jump onto their correct bus to be off for the St. Louis docks and the

(Continued on Page 4)

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by the Department of Journalism

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Phyllis Carpenter, '42

EDITORIAL STAFF

Margaret Cannon, '42
Ann Earickson, '42
Lulagene Johnson, '42

Dorothy Jean Mathias, '42
Jacqueline Morrison, '41

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1940

The Linden Bark:

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

Robert Browning—From "Home Thoughts From Abroad"

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

—John McCrae

How Will the World Treat Our Graduates?

Soon from our school, thirty-six girls will graduate with many different degrees, and many different hopes in mind. These girls have been preparing for four years at this college, preparing to meet the world, and to make themselves felt in society. They will go into many fields, some will be teachers, others will hold positions of many various types in the business world, and still others will be married. Some of the girls will not be able to find a position in the place that they particularly want, and for them what is to come?

There is no question as to how well the girls that leave this campus this spring are prepared. They have been guided carefully by the excellent instruction at this school. They have been given much individual attention and have been carefully supervised and watched as they have developed their wholesome knowledge and the knowledge they have striven for in the particular field that they have chosen. They have been carefully guided especially by those faculty members that are heads and members of the departments in which they are majoring and minoring. Yet, with all of this, what is to come after commencement?

There are to be twenty girls graduating with teaching certificates. Some have already been placed, others are anxiously awaiting prospective answers. Other girls are looking forward to finding a place in the world as a singer, a secretary, business associate, a buyer, designer, story writer, or an actress. The great problem that arises before them is to find a position and to accustom themselves to face the world with strong prestige.

Our girls that leave here will make the best of citizens. They will also be able to face the world that awaits them without blinking an eye. They have spent the years preparing, working hard, and their preparation will not let them down now. They are the best girls that are, for they are the graduating class of Lindenwood College.

"Home" Has a Charm Beyond All Other Places

When some of the girls were asked why they liked their homes, they looked rather blank, stammered for a while, and finally gave up. Perhaps that is rather a hard question because we seldom seem to stop to think about our home and why we like it. We get homesick but we don't know exactly why. Perhaps it is just the idea of being away from home. Why do we like our home?

Our parents seem to be mere fixtures to us when we are at home, but when we leave, we begin to think about how grand they really are and how much we love them. They give us just as much of their time and efforts as they possibly can and often do without things that they want, so that we can have more. They always listen to our troubles or joys and try to give us help with our problems. Mother and Dad are always willing to do anything in their power to help to make us happy, and when we first leave home and have a few disappointments with no one near to help us out and give us a pat on the back, we really stop to think about how we really do love them.

Of course the food problem always comes into the home problem. When we are at home, quite a bit of the good food is founded on either our like or dislike of that food. When we are not at home, we have to eat, mostly, just what is set before us even if we don't like it. Here again, our parents try to please us to the utmost of their ability.

• Campus Diary •

By M. E.

Friday, May 10—Tonight the freshman class entertained the juniors at a lawn party. Everything was perfect.

Sunday, May 12—Rev. Mr. Fay spoke in vespers again. Several dates were scattered over the balcony.

Monday, May 13—The men on campus started the ball rolling again with a wonderful Hot Dog Jambouree. Dr. Roemer entertained the Student Board in the Tea Room.

Tuesday, May 14—Annual dinner for the seniors given by the juniors. Seniors are very happy with their gifts.

Thursday, May 16—Annuals are out for this year. They are very nice, as always. Hats off to the Annual Board.

Friday, May 17—We had guests tonight the Missouri Historical Society.

Saturday, May 18—Rain today. Spring Festival and crowning of the queen in the auditorium.

Sunday, May 19—Many cars on campus. Many parents visiting. Rev. Mr. Heim spoke in chapel.

Monday, May 20—Beginning of the last week of classes.

Tuesday, May 21—The big day—the boat trip. Everyone was up early and everyone had loads of fun.

Wednesday, May 22—Honors were announced and there were many lucky girls.

Thursday, May 23—Shirley gave her recital, "Barretts of Wimpole Street." Congrats, Shirley. It was very nice.

Friday, May 24—Not much happened today as final examinations started.

Sunday, May 26—Last touches are being put on term papers. Everyone is busy studying for exams.

Monday, May 27—Exams in full swing.

Tuesday, May 28—Barks are out for the last time this year. It doesn't seem possible that this year is drawing to an end.

Dean Thomas' Pupils In Well-Rendered Program

On Thursday, May 16, Mr. Thomas presented four of his students in a senior class recital. The girls were Beverly Mayhall, Margaret Anne McCoid, Dorothy Nieman, and Cordelia Buck. It was held in the rehearsal room of the Fine Arts building.

Beverly played Prelude English Suite in A Minor (Bach) and Elegie, Op. 3, No. 1 (Rachmaninoff). Margaret Anne's numbers were French Suite, No. 6 E Major (Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue) (Bach) and Sonata, B Minor, Op. 58 (First movement) (Chopin). Playing Prelude and Fugue, F sharp Minor (W. T. C. Book No. 1, No. 14) (Bach) and Concert Etude, F Minor (Listz) were Dorothy's numbers. In the last group Cordelia played Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue (Bach) and Waltz Paraphrase (Feldermaus) (Strauss-Schutt).

When we are at home, most of the responsibilities are taken from us and we don't have to worry about not getting up on time, running out of our allowance, having to keep our clothes in working order, or getting in on time. Usually when we are at home and have a special time to be in, if we are a little late, we just don't think much about it. When we are here at school, it is a standing rule that we must not be late getting in for any reason. This is, of course, good training for us, but we like the idea of not having to worry about it.

Yes, we do like our homes for many reasons but why, some of us can't even say. We don't stop to think about why we do like them. It is a good idea to sit down and wonder about it and perhaps enumerate our reasons. If we did this, we might appreciate them even more. Shall we all work toward having one of our own some day and by then, really know why homes are so popular?

New Library Books

The library offers the following new books for recreational reading:

Fiction:

Colby, F. B.—Black Winds Blow
Cornish, D. H.—These Were the Brontes
Davis, A. P.—Customer is Always Right
Echard, Margaret — Stand-in For Death
Engstrand, Sophia—Miss Munday
Habe, Hans—Sixteen Days
Jameson, Storm—Europe to Let Mystery Book
Priestley, J. B. — Let the People Sing
Rawlings, M. K.—When the Whip-poorwill
Swinerton, Frank—Two Wives
Wickenden, Dan — Walk Like a Mortal
White, S. E.—Wild Geese Calling
Zara, Louis—This Land is Ours

Biography:

Audax (pseud.)—Men in Our Time
Benet, Laura — Enchanting Jenny Lind
Bretz, Alice—I Begin Again
Ludwig, Emil — Three portraits: Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin
Winslow, O. E.—Jonathan Edwards

General Interest:

Adler, M. J.—How to Read a Book
Aikman, Duncan — All-American Front
Early, Eleanor—Lands of Delight
Hanighen, F. C. ed.—Nothing But Danger
Leacock, Stephen — Too Much College
Zahl, P. A.—To the Lost World

"The Barretts" Portrayed

Shirley Carlson chose the difficult play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolph Besier, for her certificate recital, Thursday morning, May 23, all of which she interpreted splendidly. Her delineation of the father was remarked as most striking, but her facility in every part, and her skill at changing her voice, was much spoken of. Her mother was here for the recital, and many flowers were presented at the close of the reading.

Discussing Public Affairs

Pi Gamma Mu met Monday, May 20, in the tea room for the last meeting of this year. New officers elected were: Margaret Barton, president; Peggy Turcott, vice-president; and Mary Helen St. Clair, secretary-treasurer.

Helen Bandy, Margaret Barton, Mary Helen St. Clair, Jerry Rasdal, Betty Kelly, and Jeanette Lloyd gave reports from the Public Affairs Convention which was held at The Principia College, May 3 and 4.

Elect New Officers

El Circulo Espanol, the Spanish club, met in the library club rooms Tuesday, May 7, at 6:30 o'clock. New officers were elected and are: Martha Weber, president; Nancy Hopkins, vice-president; and May Ekberg, secretary-treasurer. After the election, refreshments were served.

Points Awarded, Athletic Distinction

On Wednesday morning, May 15, the Women's Athletic Association presented its awards for the year. Those girls that won points for their numerals were: Kay Anderson, Marilyn Casebier, Margaret Chapman, Evelyn Feller, Ruth Haines, Jeanne Hastings, Frances Kellman, Helen Kellman, Catherine Lague, Jo Meredith, Jeanne Miller, Jackie Morrison, Marion Ohlson, Louise Oslo, June Ortiz, Mimi Ramey, Rebecca Rath, Betty Jane Runge, Reta Stiefel, Gloria Stunkel, Peggy Turcott, and Norma White.

The girls that won 300 points during the year were presented with L. C.'s. They were: Margaret Ball, Evelyn Bradley, Dorothy Owen, Mimi Ramey, Mary Helen St. Clair, Mimi Stumberg.

The girls that won 600 points and were awarded large L.'s were: Frances Brandenburg, Mimi Ramey, and Florence Vellenga.

First in Swimming and Ping Pong, at Meet

Lindenwood placed third at the Annual Field Day held at the University of Missouri, in Columbia, Saturday, May 4. Stephens College placed first for the day's activities and the University of Missouri placed second.

In the morning, qualifying rounds were held for all sports that were represented. For golf, Lindenwood was represented by Rebecca Rath, and Carol Davenport. The archery team consisted of Katharine Anderson and Corinne Sagness, Martha Weber and Gloria Smith made up the tennis team. The ping-pong team was Florence Vellenga and Miriam Ramey. Those on the swimming team were Captain, Estelle Blumeyer, Margaret Chapman, Peggy Dodge, Dorothy Jean Mathias, Bunny Wonder, Mariette Estes, Peggy Davis, Frances Kellman, and Ruth Haines.

The golf team did not qualify, nor did the archery team. The tennis team qualified, but did not place in the final standing. The ping-pong team placed first as did the swimming team.

There were about 60 girls that accompanied the teams to Columbia. There was great spirit on the trip out, as well as the spirit during the events. The girls did not ever let the team down, they rooted for them even til the return to the campus. The teams felt sure that the girls that accompanied them showed a grand representation of Lindenwood, and appreciated their spirit greatly.

Large Representation for Saturday's Show

The annual college horse show will be held Saturday, June 1, in the college paddock, beginning at 2 p. m. All girls who have taken riding this year will ride in the show.

Riding in the beginning singles class will be Jean Kenitz, Virginia Veach, Jerre Lewis, Daphne Ramey, Lulagene Johnson, Maxine Mendent, Marjorie Venderlippe, Mable Buhner, and Marjorie Ross. In the beginning pairs class will be Ann Thompson and Kate Taylor, Delores Davis and Florence Golden, Virginia Veach and Ardell Welter, Ruth Peterson and Becky Rath, and Sallie Van Buren and Jane Kimberly.

There will be two advanced singles classes; the first four winners of each group will compete for the final ribbons. In the first class will ride Ruth Peterson, Gloria Smith,

Phyllis Carpenter, Barbara Bickle, Ann Thompson, Florence Golden, Jean Bishop, Martha Abend, Elizabeth Thompson, Owanna Post, Barbara Ann Jones, Delores Davis, Katherine Smith, Annette Bledsoe, Mary Catherine Downs, Marilyn Shapiro, Lulagene Johnson, Peggy Price and Betty Kent. The second group includes Dorothy Felger, Margaret Chapman, Marion Van Druff, Martha Robbins, Kate Taylor, Virginia Norton, Jane Henss, Peggy Dodge, Marjorie Venderlippe, Sallie Van Buren, Carol Bindley, Jean Kimberly, Becky Rath, Daphne Ranney, Betty Moore, Mable Buhner, Ardell Welter, and Ann Gardner.

In the advanced pairs class will be Dorothy Felger and Gloria Smith, Margaret Chapman and Phyllis Carpenter, Ruth Peterson and Becky Rath, Jean Kimberly and Sallie Van Buren, Ann Thompson and Kate Taylor, and Marion Van Druff and Carol Bindley.

Dorothy Felger, Gloria Smith, Phyllis Carpenter, Katherine Smith, Becky Rath, and Ruth Peterson will ride in the five-gaited class.

The girls who are members of Beta Chi and those who rode in the St. Louis horse show must ride in the champion class. Those riding in this class are Marty Belle Baum, Dorothy Owen, Jeanette Lee, Louise Olson, Marion Ohlsen, Margaret Chapman, Jean McCulloch, Phyllis Carpenter, Ruth Peterson, Dorothy Felger, Gloria Smith, and Peggy Price.

The championship pairs class includes Jeanette Lee and Dorothy Owen, Marty Belle Baum and Jean McCulloch, Marion Ohlsen and Louise Olsen, Dorothy Felger and Gloria Smith, and Marion Van Druff and Carol Bindley.

Those jumping will be Louise Olsen, Marion Ohlsen, Jean McCulloch, Gloria Smith, and Dorothy Owen.

Duo Ensemble and Trio Concert Numbers, Mu Phi

Mu Phi Epsilon gave a recital in chapel Thursday, May 2. The first number, played by Pearl Lucille Lammers and Virginia McCarty on two pianos, was "Sonata In C Major" by Mozart. Dorothy Rhea sang "Die Weisse Rose" by Robert Heger, and "Command" by Charles Kingford. She was accompanied by Nelle Motley. Beverly Mayhall played a very unusual selection, "Noche en Espana," written by Charles Haubiel. Margaret Ann McCoid, violinist; Genevieve Kneise, cellist; and Cordelia Mae Buck, pianist made up a trio which played the andante and allegro of Joseph Haydn's "Trio No. VI."

Vera Jean Douthat and Pauline Gray sang "Sull' Aria" (Le Nozze di Figaro) by Mozart and "Serenade" by Toselli. They were accompanied by Irene Altheide. Dorothy Nieman played Franz Liszt's "Concert Etude in F Minor." The last number on the program was a two-piano selection, the Mexican Folk Song, "La Cucaracha." Pearl Lucille Lammers and Virginia McCarty were again at the two pianos.

Entertain In Webster Groves

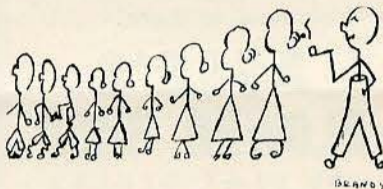
Several Lindenwood students gave a program for the Webster Groves Monday Club on May 6. The girls who took part were: Laura Nell Harris and Evelyn Wahlgren, piano; Vera Jean Douthat and Dorothy Rhea, voice; Genevieve Kneise, cello; and Shirley Carlson, a reading.

• All Bark and No Bite •

BY
COTTON CANNON

The last week of school sails around and All Bark and No Bite chugs off on its last voyage of the year... So "All Aboard," and let's start off with a bang like Uncle Guy did that morning he was playing with little firecrackers and torpedoes out on campus—

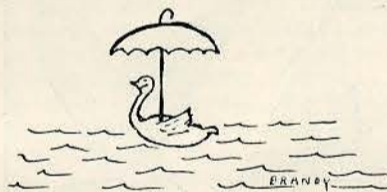
Uncle Guy packs us in the bus
for the boat trip



—all—

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS: Helen Bandy, who published an Annual and became the toast of the campus... Martha Weber, who was elected president of the student body... the said student body wearing bright and shining faces over the election... Maurine Marshall, who decided an appendectomy would be more exciting than finals (doing fine now, thank you)... Hattie Wilson, who gave a dinner and had enough parsley left over to feed a whole army of rabbits... Mary Dillon, who gave a peach of a diploma recital... Jackie Jopling, who thought she was sitting down on a trunk and found herself tied up and labeled "storage" in a big cardboard carton... Mary Alice Hudson, last year's freshe president, back for a visit... Phyllis Hoffmann, who innocently yelled out the answer to the sixty-first question in the cultivated plants written field exam... Mary Sawyers, who gets more phone calls than the St. Charles exchange can handle.

—bark—



May Fete

—and—

IT HAPPENED LAST WEEK: Roommates Battle and Nahigian parted company for the week-end, the former setting sail for Indiana and the latter weighing anchor for Columbia... Mary Elizabeth Rape and Frances Shepard got their left fourth fingers taken care of... diamonds seem to fairly flit around here toward graduation time... Queen Chapman had a birthday (Her highness is just recovering from the embarrassment of being introduced as April Fool Queen to everybody in Columbia on Sports Day)... Betty Jane Martindale went home... her wedding planned for June 8... Rena Eberspacher's two sisters came for a visit... Much craning of necks in dining room as the inmates tried to figure out which one was Rena... Jamie McGhee here for a visit... also Evelyn Rickabaugh who came back to see sister Pauline.

—no—

The Freshman Chorus deserves three cheers for its smooth work... Hope they stick together and croon on through next year as the Sophomore Chorus... Another bunch

WHO'S WHO

She hails from old Kentucky
And she lives in Senior Hall
Bud is mighty lucky
For she has charmed us all.

of Niccolls lassies have formed themselves into the "Manhaters Club," under the leadership of Letty Huber, their president... Their motto — "Women forever — men never!" They have some very heavy fines listed as penalties for rule breaking, such as date, 10 cents; boy's picture, 5 cents; letter with "love" in it more than three times, 15 cents... Balance in treasury to date: 20 cents and 3 mills... (There is an unconfirmed rumor that the object of the organization is to swell the treasury enough to buy the essentials for a big feed).

—bite—

It looks like it's time for this column to pull into port for the last time and throw the old anchor overboard—Have a grand summer, everybody—so long!

—30—

Donna Brown Recital "Peg O' My Heart"

A delightful certificate recital was given by Donna Brown on Thursday, May 9. J. Hartley Manners' "Peg O' My Heart" was the play which Donna chose to interpret.

The sweet drama of "Peg" was especially suited to Donna's voice and manner, and she portrayed each character to an excellent degree. The story of Peg, her difficulties with her rich relatives, and how she finally won the man she loved, was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Donna wore a lovely summer formal of pink net, and an orchid.

Donna's mother and little brother of El Dorado, Kans., were present at the recital.

Taking to the Field

The Cultivated Plant classes have been taking many field trips to end up their course. They have studied plants and trees about the campus and about St. Charles. They made a very interesting trip to the Park-view Gardens, and studied how the flowers were raised for cutting. The girls also have done work in the greenhouse, where they have many varieties of flowers in bloom now.

Contralto in Repertoire

Mary Dillon, contralto, gave her diploma recital, Monday afternoon, May 20, at 4:45 o'clock, in Sibley Chapel. Laura Nell Harris accompanied Mary. She was also assisted by a trio, John Lammers, violin; Genevieve Kneise, cello; and Coralee Burchard, piano.

Mary's songs, presented with much grace and poise were: Komm, susser Tod, by Bach, The Spirit's Song by Haydn, Der Tod und das Madchen by Schubert, Che faro senza Euridice by Gluck, But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own, by Mendelssohn, Sea Moods, by Tyson, Pleading, by Elgar, Sweet Little Jesus Boy, MacGimsey; and Rise, Dawn of Love, by Campton.

Mary wore a white full-skirted taffeta gown with roses strewn on the left side. She wore red roses in her hair. Her ushers were Sue Riley, Patty Parnell, Peggy David, and Mary Virginia Sparks.

(Continued from Col. 3, Page 1)

net formal, trimmed in narrow satin ribbon. She carried a bouquet of red roses and white snapdragons. The queen's party was dressed in pink and blue, and carried pink roses and blue delphinium.

After the crowning of the queen, she and her party took their places in the front of the auditorium and there watched the fete.

The first dance on the program was American Holliday, done in three parts, Pompous Holliday, Pixilated Holiday, and Piquant Holiday. This dance was made up by the entire group, and was presented in good performance. June Oritz then did a solo Jamaican number, the Batabano Bamba, that was worthy of great applause. Raquel Canino and Gloria Stinson did an authoritative Puerto Rican number Tropical Samba with great art. The Peruvian Cuxco Indian Dance was presented in an effective way.

The Matanzas Rhumba, a Cuban number, brought a romantic air when given; and the dance was created by Betty Tatum.

To represent Guatemala, a Native Indian Market was chosen as the theme, where every village in Guatemala wears a different costume, so that on market day one can tell where a man is from by his dress. The dances in this group were all given with great precision and were San Martin Sacatepequez, Chicchicastenango, San Antonia Poloch, Palin, Santiago de Atitlan, Solola, San Antonio Aguas Calientes, Maqui Deer Dance and the Mayan Quetzal Bird from Huehuc Tenango.

The Mexican dances were a large part of the performance and were produced in an effective manner. The Santiago leaders were Jean Kimberly and Sallie Ann Van Buren. The dances were done some of the time in native costumes. The dances were the Los Apaches, Los Huapango, Hidalgo Peons, created by June Oritz, Danza de Tecomates, a dance of the gourds, Xandunga from Tehunate pec, Las Sembradores, the sowers, Los Viejetos, the dance of the little men, Las Canacuas, the Tारास्का Lacquer trays from Tzintzuntzan, Danza dela Mujer Apaches, and Los Inditos May Pole.

The last group of dances presented were the Jarabe Fiesta dances. They were El Jarabe Jalisco, El Jarabe Guanajuato, Bailadora Coqueta-Jarabe from Gurrero, El Jarabe Michoacan, El Jarabe Tapatio from Eacatecas, Matador Sema Corraez, done by Jane Johnson, Rosita, done by DeAlva McAlister, Chalita dance by Dorothy Simonson, and Chiquita danced by Betty Tatum.

The fiesta is given in honor of the famous matador. He is spoiled with continuous attention as all senioritas in Mexico sigh over him. His fickle attentions however, are given only to Rosita for the time being. On the last day of the fiesta, after all the Jarabes have been danced, he throws his heart at the feet of Chalita, only to be captivated during the next moment by the ravishing little dancer Chiquita.

Wonders of Astronomy

Dr. A. M. Harding, Director of the Extension Bureau of the University of Arkansas spoke at Sunday night vespers on May 5. Dr. Harding's talk, illustrated with lantern slides, was on astronomy and God's universe.

The vastness of the universe and the different aspects of our solar system were very well shown by the slides, many of which were in color.

Now that
Vacation Is
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for your patronage and confidence the past year. May you have a most enjoyable summer and we'll be glad to serve you when you return. To the Seniors—

Best of Luck!

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Wednesday May 29
"FARMER'S DAUGHTER"
with Martha Raye

Thursday May 30
Raymond Massey in
"ABE LINCOLN
IN ILLINOIS"

Friday May 31
"MY SON, MY SON"
with Brian Aherne
Madeline Carroll

Sun.-Mon. June 2-3
"JOHNNY APOLLO"
with Tyrone Power
Dorothy Lamour

Wed.-Thurs. June 5-6
Ginger Rogers
Joel McCrea in
"PRIMROSE PATH"

Friday June 7
"I WAS AN ADVENTRESS"
with Zorina
and Richard Greene

There was a college girl once,
(quite a bore),
She had blackheads and
pimples galore;
Now her skin's smooth as silk,
She drinks A good Malted
Milk,
Each day at our clean Dairy
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WE
MEET
AGAIN**

**PARKVIEW
GARDEN**

(Continued from Col. 4, Page 1)

Capitol. At 8:15 the first sounds of sirens were heard and the caravan of twelve buses started its journey.

The entire party was on the boat and had taken over complete command by 10 o'clock, so that when the boat started to move, a shout of joy went into the air that could have been heard almost back to the college. Everyone had her own idea about how to spend the time and some of the occupations were: bridge playing, knitting, dancing (this should almost be with a capital letter!), eating, sun bathing, and reading. After lunch, the journey was very quiet until the lock at Alton came into view. Then there was much running to the front of the boat to get a good look at just exactly what was happening. It was such fun being closed into a small room-like affair and watching the water rise and feel the boat go up. All of a sudden, there was green grass again and many people watching the goings on. At last the locks were passed and repassed and the trip back to St. Louis began. The amateur show was a great success and the entire group enjoyed the freshman chorus. Just after the entertainment, when everyone was out on deck, the sky became white black and the waves were white-capped. All the girls were in an uproar to know what was going to happen, when suddenly, the boat headed straight for the bank and two of the sailors jumped off and appeared to be tying the heavy ropes to trees. Such commotion and speculation as all this caused! After the storm passed, the amusements went on just as usual and the boat reached St. Louis about 5:45 p. m.

The girls immediately rushed to their respective buses and the trip home was begun. A much quieter group of buses proceeded through the downtown traffic and on out to St. Charles. Everyone has said that she had a scrumptious time and the older girls admit that it was the best one ever. More power to the organizers and we hope that it keeps on as the best annual all-school affair of Lindenwood.

Vocal Recital By Talented Class

Miss Gieselman presented eight of her voice pupils in a pleasing recital, Friday, May 10 at 3 p. m.

Ruth Ferguson sang "Melody of Love" (Malotte) and "My Friend" (Malotte); "Dancing Doll" (Poldini-La Forge); "Invocazione di Orfeo from Eurdice" (Peri), "The Little Betrothed" (Warren), and "My Johann" (Grieg-Aslanoff) were sung by Dorothy Norris.

Mozart's "Deh Veni, non tardar" (Marriage of Figaro) "Speak Not in Hate (Charles), and "Let My Song Fill Your Heart" (Charles) were sung by Jeanne Miller. Margaret Fischer presented "Vergin Tutta Amor" (Durante), "Into the Night" (Edwards), and "C'est l'Amour (Malotte).

Jean McPherson sang "Tu Lo Sai" (Torelli), L'Heure Exquise (Hahn), and "Silent Strings" (Bantock). "Zueignung" (Strauss), "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" (Hahn) and "Pilgrim's Song" (Tschaikowsky) were presented by Dixie Smith.

Marion Wettberg sang "My Abode" (Schubert), "Waldesgesprach" (Schumann) and Saint-Saens "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from "Samson et Delila." Frances Shepard presented "O Liebliche Wapen" (Brahms), "You Will Not Come Again" (Crist) and "Open Thy Heart" (Bizet).

The **Linden Bark** is happy to present the winners in the annual Sigma Tau Delta freshman medal contest.

Gold Medal

WHERE?

by Joyce Burge

The red candy-striped curtains, the shiny leather-covered stools, and the harsh lights of the Coffee Pot constricted sharply with the dark, swooping rain that pounded deafeningly outside. Charles Craig set down his coffee cup with a rattle, disentangled his legs from his stool, stood up, and stretched lankily.

"Sure is nasty weather to drive tonight," said Pop as he heaved his bulk toward the cash register to get change. "Hamburger, pie, coffee . . . How far you got to go?"

"Oh, just about sixty miles. I've got to be in Johnstown in the morning, so I thought I might just as well go on in tonight," Craig returned as he ground out his cigarette in a tray near the door. "Well, good night!"

The door clicked shut, and Craig strode swiftly to his car, climbed in, and drove out onto the highway that slithered away into the flooding rain. After about ten minutes of tedious driving in the downpour Craig thought he saw something white fluttering in the gloom ahead. The blob grew as the car moved forward, and Craig could discern that it was a girl wearing a white formal, wildly waving her arms. "What on earth is that girl doing out on the side of the road in the rain at this hour? Why it's two o'clock now," he muttered as he slowed down and opened the back door of his car.

"Oh please . . . will you help me get home to Johnstown?" asked the girl with a voice shaking crazily from terror and relief. Her hands jerked convulsively and her breath came in sob-racked spasms as she lifted her soggy, blackened skirt and tumbled onto the wide back seat.

"What's going on out here? You lost?" Craig pushed the gears in a second. "It's lucky for you that you have that white dress. If you hadn't been so white, I'd never have seen you in this deluge."

The girl stared fixedly at a spot on the upholstery for a second; then she started as she realized someone was talking. "I . . . I've been in a horrible accident, and I want to go home! I couldn't find Jim anywhere. Maybe he was . . . oh no . . . that can't be. I'm imagining things. I . . ." Her mouth twisted downward, and she began to cry violently.

As soon as the girl had sobbed out her hysteria, Craig asked gently, "Where do you want me to take you? Is your home in Johnstown?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I'm Irene Lovell, and I live at 432 North Bennet Street. I'm awfully tired, but I've just got to get home soon. Mother and Dad will be worried about me." Biting her lower lip to steady it, she continued, "You see . . . Jim and I are engaged and we're so happy. Tonight was a special occasion. The dance was perfect; then we were riding along and the rain didn't seem to be very heavy. But, all at once, Jim yelled 'Look out!' and we turned over and over." Irene lapsed into miserable silence, and Craig thought it best not to harass her with further questions.

For the remainder of the trip, he concentrated on following the sloshing, wrinkling surface of the gray pavement. The squish, squish of the windshield wiper, an occasional sigh from Irene, and the

hollow, mournful sound of shifting wind in the pine trees were the only noises for awhile; but when the lights of Jamestown blurred through the windows, Irene sat up straight and directed Craig to her address. Finding the place easily, he climbed from his car to help her out. "Well here we are, at last," he laughed as he flung open the door. "Why, why . . . what in . . ."

The seat was empty. Irene had vanished. As Craig stared in stupefaction, the door of the house opened and a tousled man, evidently aroused by the noise of Craig's arrival shouted, "What's the idea of making so much racket at this hour of the night?"

"I'm sorry, sir," returned Craig, advancing to the steps. "I suppose you'll think I'm crazy. Maybe I am; but I brought a girl in a white formal who claimed she lived here to this place just now, and when I opened the door to help her out, she was gone. I'm . . . I'm dumbfounded; don't know what to think."

"Think? Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know what to think myself; but I'll tell you what I know. It was just such a night as this at two o'clock about a year ago that my daughter and a friend, returning from a dance, skidded over an embankment and were killed. You, sir, are the **third person** to bring her home to us." The man shook his head and turned back with haggard eyes to his house. "Good night."

Silver Medal

THE UNFORTUNATE ONE

By Rebecca Rath

Three girls sat in the hotel room, waiting for the call from downstairs. They were nervous—fidgety with expectancy. Kay took long drags on her cigarette, blowing the smoke out in strong, hard puffs; Jeanne, in front of the mirror, combed and re-combed stubborn hair; Betty stood by the window twisting the cord hanging from the shade.

The final hour was here. Rush week was over. The teas, the dates, the fun, the worry—all could be looked back on, smiled at, and shuddered over. Ahead was pledging and the sorority!

As Betty unconsciously wound the cord through her fingers, she gazed out the window to the street below. Cars whizzed by—open cars holding good-looking young men and women gayly laughing. This was it. This was university life.

Soon—in fifteen—ten—five minutes—she would have the right to be one of these gayly laughing young women. The word would be passed along, and then Kay, Jeanne, and she would go downstairs to take their places in the line of girls waiting for the final moment of rushing. Then the gay young women would come in, take her—and Kay and Jeanne—and sweep them out to the waiting open cars. Bursting with gladness, they would pile in laughingly and be whisked off. There would be those left behind, but they were the unfortunate ones. Suddenly a soft rap on the door. "You may come now."

A cigarette smashed against the ashtray, a comb clanged as it hit the glass table top, and the window shade snapped up with the sudden release of the cord.

Three girls went through the door to the elevator and pushed the button. The light of the elevator slid to a stop; the door banged open. Crossing the threshold, Betty looked deep through the gap into the shaft. A surge of emotion rushed up from it—excitement, gladness, and joy. Another step and the three press-

ed hands until the elevator door banged open again. They walked slowly to take their places in the line of girls, their eyes clinging to the closed doors. Outside, a noise arose—laughing, shouting, and singing. Then the double doors burst open. In swarmed the gay young women straight toward them. Grasping the arms of the chosen ones, they said, "Will you come?"

Kay and Jeanne went, carried out by the gay young women through the noise and laughter to the waiting open cars, to pledging and the sorority. Betty stood still in the broken line, stunned and silent. There would be those left behind, but they were the unfortunate ones.

Bronze Medal

NO DATE

by Mary Catherine Downs

It is five o'clock of a bright March afternoon and the city busses swarm up and down busy Washington Avenue, stopping momentarily at numerous street corners along the way to pick up hordes of weary workers and wearier shoppers who are waiting to be carried away from the bustle and roar of the crowded St. Louis business district. On the corner of Washington and Tenth Street stands a smartly dressed girl in a gay navy and white turban. She scans the changing crowd around her with an expectant, searching look, glances briefly but dutifully at the clear black and white signs on the front of the approaching busses, and waits. Delmar, Page, Park, Vandeventer, Natural Bridge, Page-Wellston, Park—the busses rumble by the corner. Park—she starts slightly and turns to stare into the cluttered window of a hardware store. Noticing her reflection in the plate-glass window, she carefully pushes back a stray lock of hair, smiles slightly to herself, and then resumes her place near the curbing. Members of the group around her drift gradually away as the busses pause and then go whirring onward. Others come to take their places. Page, Vandeventer, Park, Natural Bridge—still she waits. Suddenly she smiles. A boy approaches. "Well, imagine meeting you here, John Curtis, of all people!"

"Why, hello, Jean. How are you? You didn't come in all alone today, did you?"

"Yes, I just finished my Easter shopping. Everyone else at home was busy; so I'm by myself now. I've finished all my work," she hints; "so I'm wishing that there were something really exciting to do. I suppose you are—"

"Let's see, it's a Park bus you take, isn't it?" he interrupts. "Well, here you are. Good-bye, Jean."

With proud, hurried steps, Jean rushes over to the waiting bus. Swish, away it goes. It is five-thirty one dreary evening in March.

Honorable Mention

HORSES ARE JUST TOYS

by Doris Jean Banta

Jon is grown up now. Eighteen and cutting her wisdom teeth on chewing gum. It has been at least three months since she has had on a pair of breeches, and I am sure she has never before stayed out of them this long since she donned her first overalls.

I do not know what her adult life will be—quite probably the biggest portion will be a husband and a few children and a home. Her childhood, however, consisted of Marg Hunter and horses.

When Marg rode down the street

on a spotted pony and offered to let Jon ride behind the saddle, babyhood ended and childhood began for Jon. And at the same time an ambition to be a good rider possessed her. She spent the remainder of her early childhood riding behind the saddle on Marg's pony and begging her father for one of her own.

When she was twelve, he at last gave in and bought Jon a bay mare. Not long after, Marg, too, graduated to a full-size horse, and the two girls began really to live on and with horses. They made scrapbooks of horse pictures; they collected little metal, wooden, and china figures of horses. Their rooms were full of bits and spurs and pieces of leather. Their book-cases were jammed with "horsey" books varying from **Black Beauty to The Care and Breeding of Horses**. They knew every saddle horse in the country and had their private opinions on the merits of each one.

Their interest in horses was woven into their friendship. There was a friendship of rivalry, a friendship of "Whose horse runs the fastest?" "Whose does the most gaits?" "Whose will jump the highest?" It was a cheerful, friendly rivalry. Each girl sincerely admired and loved the other.

The result of the friendship was a Jon who, in her early teens, was simply mad about horses. Horses were her life. She thought she could not do without them. She would ride always! She would be a superb horsewoman, she would ride in shows, she would own many horses.

The beginning of the great change came with the birth of her mare's colt. A little beauty he was. Jon called him "Tiff" because he was sorrel-red like the clay he was foaled on, with stocking feet and a star in his forehead white like the tiff in the clay.

Tiff lived two handsome, spirited years, and to his beauty Jon sacrificed beloved old Queen, the mare. Then, in that spring when Jon was busy reading books on the breaking and training of saddle horses preparatory to riding him, Tiff died of distemper and pneumonia after lingering through several weeks of veterinary care.

Her mother told Jon the news several days afterwards. Jon had expected it, but she wept bitter hot tears into her pillow. For the first time in five years she owned no horse. She knew that she would not have one this summer. Good horses were too hard to find at reasonable prices. Her ambition to be a great horsewoman was being stifled. What would a summer be like without a horse? How could she stand it? The pillow was quite soggy before she fell asleep.

In the fall after the horseless summer, Jon entered college. It was inevitable that she take horseback riding. She looked forward with pleasure to her return to the saddle. Immediately, however, she discovered that her style was all wrong; but, nothing daunted, she began to learn anew how to ride a horse. This was advancing her ambition—she was becoming a better horsewoman! She was happy on those sunny fall days struggling with the theories of the riding-master.

Then, one bright morning in late October, when Jon raced eagerly down to her mail box, she found two letters. One, from her father, she thrust into a book, fearing a lecture. The other was a newsy one from a chum in another school. Jon read it as she slowly reclimbed the stairs to the monotony of her French class. It was not until class began that she opened her book

and rediscovered her father's letter. Marking the place in her book with her elbow, Jon gloomily tore the end of the envelope and unfolded the stiff sheet of letterhead to behold her father's neat script.

There in the first line six wicked, neat blue words jumped at her—"Marg Hunter was killed while riding." Jon could not read beyond them nor remember what came before them. Icy coldness enveloped her—no, it couldn't be! She looked again at the trembling paper in her hands. Again she saw only the six words. She could not go beyond them. Folding up the paper, she put it in its envelope again. Tears came to her eyes, but they did not fall.

"No! I mustn't cry here," Jon thought. "I'm in college and it wouldn't be dignified. I look awful when I cry and I shouldn't have been reading a letter in class and besides—well Marg wouldn't want me to cry."

But the reality of the cruel blue words kept raising the lump in Jon's throat no matter how violently she downed it.

"She's dead. Yes, dead!" Jon repeated to herself. "Killed. Killed riding! How else would Marg die? That is the only way she'd like to die—riding, of course! Tears, tears, don't let them fall, don't! No reason to cry! She wouldn't like it. She never cried!"

Jon's mind ran loose like a horse in the hills. Back over all the years it rambled, back to a cotton-topped Marg on a spotted pony, back to a tall young girl riding like the wind, back to a smile through a campfire, back to a daring jump. Oh so many memories ran riot in her mind, and all among the memories danced the six blue words!

The bell rang and class was over. Jon finished reading the letter in her room, and decided not to go home to the funeral. She would cry at the funeral, and she did not intend to cry about Marg. Jon was sure Marg wouldn't like it.

That afternoon Jon went to the stables to take a jumping lesson. She was not frightened, not nervous. The bar was low. Why, she and Marg had ridden the old pony over stone walls higher than that when they were little children. She rode the horse boldly at the jump, up and over, but her form was, as usual, all wrong! Don't do that; do it so! Watch your hands! Your knees!

For the first time she resented the riding-master's instructions. Bah! She and Marg had jumped without watching their hands and knees! They had had fun riding their way. Fun was all that counted. Pooley to all this form.

Riding became boredom to Jon. She disliked the ring, the horses, the criticisms, the instructions. At the semester she dropped riding lessons.

Jon does not ride at all anymore. She does not cut out pictures of horses, nor do little figures of them fascinate her. Horses seem remote—a part of the past. They came into Jon's life with a tow-headed child on a spotted pony; they went out with a tall young woman on a lean black horse running as fast as he could go! Jon mourns for neither Marg nor horses. Both are simply pleasant memories of childhood.

Honorable Mention

WOMEN

by Jean McPherson

"Bob told me the dance was going to be the most super thing of the year. I'm going with him, you know. After all, he should know, 'cause he is treasurer!" Janice said,

opening conversation between second and third periods.

"Yes, Janice, Jimmie said the officers' dinner was the thing. Of course, this isn't our first season, and the whole thing will be sort of boring, don't you think?" said Berry, with the air of boredom already creeping through her. "Naturally, I'd feel sorry for anyone who just wasn't asked, 'cause everyone will be there. I guess I wouldn't mind though, 'cause we all know we can have dates if we want them. Don't you think so, Margie? Well, Janice, what was that shove for?"

"Yeah, Betty, I'm really not very set on going. I've sorta got a half-way invitation to M. U. for that week-end, and since dances are getting monotonous, maybe I'll go up." This was from Margie. She was plain, with hair pinned close to her head, no make-up, and anklets that just didn't match her sweater at all. In spite of all these out-of-place things (for a junior in high school), her nose had a sweet little tilt and her unpainted mouth a natural pout. A tiny freckle dotted her face here and there, and her eyebrows were naturally arched in spite of the stray hairs along their lower edge, which seemed determined to grow just to add to her unkempt appearance.

Class bell rang and Margie smiled sweetly, tossed a flying lock of hair, and started down the hall. After Rooms 21 and 22 had been safely passed, she slowed down a little, always speaking to the people who scurried by, and always smiling. Eagerly she searched each face for more than a friendly "Hi, Margie!" Enviously she watched the couples pass her. Each girl leaned a little toward the boy in a blue football jacket at her side. Each girl's eyes lifted in absolute homage (ten minutes later in homage to another jacket with perhaps one more white stripe on the sleeve). A few heroes walked by Margie alone, but she didn't have them by her side long enough to hold reverence in her eyes, even if it were one of her traits.

Oh, I wish I were really going, she thought miserably. Why must I have to lie about dates and walk to classes alone, or anyway not rate more than the local goon-child? Just because I can't think two stripes on a sweater sleeve is the sure road to Seventh Heaven. I suppose, and 'cause when I look in the mirror all I see is a mass of freckles and a mouth! Jack is the only dateless male, and even Janice with all her line couldn't rate that date when she wanted it so bad she could spit!

"Hi Margie!" Six feet-two of eighteen-year-old man power slowed down its track stride to the rhythm of Margie's early-to-class saunter.

"Hello, Jack!"

"Watsa matter?"

Margie leaned a little toward the young giant and merely smiled. Teeth and no eyes was the inevitable result. She knew it, but was amazed that here was a boy who didn't look a little sick and pass on.

"You look kinda blue! Is it spring or just love?"

"Jack Wilson, can you possibly imagine spring or love making me look like a calf at slaughter? The thing is, I just washed my face and can't do a thing with it."

"Frankly, Short-stuff, I can't imagine you doing anything but looking beautiful. Look, I'm sorta late for practice, so pardon me while I detour. Keep your chin up, Short-stuff. Someday somebody might ask you a nice sort of question and you'd be caught with your mouth open. That would be tragic! 'Bye, Little One!"

"'Bye, Hideous." There goes

popularity number one, she thought, and all I can rate is a 'Short-stuff' and 'Keep your chin up!' I wonder, if maybe I started being a little more like Janice, I could rate a bid to Kappa.

With eyes perfectly expressionless, Margie strolled into Music Appreciation and mechanically plopped her books on the third desk in the fourth row from the end, following in their wake with her chin in her palm.

"Miss Holcomb, the bell has rung, you are not in your seat, and I'm just ready to ask you the dates of Beethoven's life." This from a horrible nightmare in horn-rimmed spectacles, sweater and skirt (vainly trying to look collegiate, but hideously lacking in color harmony), and lots of teeth embroidered in gold.

Margie turned her eyes from space and let them fall on Miss Arkins without even wincing. This omission was obviously lack of concentration on the formidable object confronting her.

"Huh?"

"Sit down, Miss Holcomb!"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. (If I were just a little bit more like Janice, she'd just say, 'Well, maybe, but I'd have to do some straightening out. You see, I have four other dates to Kappa, but I'd much rather go with you!' That's what she'd say, and that's what I'll say!) Beethoven? Oh, he had lotsa talent, and sorta played the Kappa—I mean—piano, or something. (That's what I'll do! If she can, I can)."

So on through botany and English lit Margie moved in a semi-daze. She experimented in gym with letting her hair fall, and discovered a sort of hidden glamour. Not much, but an eyebrow brush, a cake of rouge, pancake powder, and a tint of lipstick did the rest. A new Margie emerged from Door 12 after gym, a Margie so new that Jack Wilson nearly passed her without speaking.

"Say, Short-stuff, meet me in the lost and found in about ten minutes, I have something I want to ask. 'Look at the war paint. God, it scares me! Get a headache quick, and don't be late!"

"Yeah, sure—ten minutes—lost and found (Janice would be ten minutes late. Let's see, four other dates—glad to break 'em—rather go with you—headache.)"

The next fifteen minutes she passed with alternate heart palpitations, reviews of speeches, and experiments with expressions. She finally floated to the desk, looked every inch an invalid, and—

"Mr. Chriss, I've just developed the most horrible headache. Really, it's simply splitting!"

That over with and a pass out of class acquired, she slowly rushed to the lost and found.

"Women! All alike! Don't know what it is to be on time! This time something really important, and this one is five minutes over due. Well, I'm glad you finally decided to keep your appointment, Miss Holcomb."

"Now, Jack, dear, you know I just couldn't wait to come, but that nasty Mr. Chriss just wouldn't let me out." A mixture of pain and pout lingered on her face before she raised her head to give that "I-just-can't-breathe-when-you're-near" smile.

"Margie, I'd kinda like to ask you to do me a real big favor. You're real smart and I'm not, and you'd know how to do it, but I'm kinda mixed up! Would you—"

"Well Jack, maybe, but I'd have to do a little straightening out first. You see, I've already got four bids to Kappa, but I'd much rather—"

"Huh? I only wanted you to do

my trig for my four o'clock."

"YOU want me to do your TRIG. Oh, you're awful—simply a brute!" With this, all that was left of Margie was a swirl of skirt and a flash of nauseating yellow socks mildly toned down by dirty saddles.

"Women! They're all alike! You ask 'em a simple question, they get huffy, and start bawling! Gosh, they're stupid!"

Honorable Mention

DEBT

by Shirley V. Gardner

"Jo Dee, Bob and I are going for a long walk. Won't you join us?" Jane tried to ask casually. I thought it seemed all planned, but I decided to go anyway. I don't know why but they seemed so tense; I thought I'd break the silence.

"This is an innocent way to spend an evening. Isn't it?"

"It is an ideal way, I think," Jane replied. Her voice was thoughtful and dubious. I thought she wanted to ask me something but was afraid to. Well, I could start the questions, anyway.

"Jane, if you had three wishes what would you wish for?"

With a little nervous laugh Bob burst out in a dignified but subtle tone, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Shut up! First I want a career. Then I want loads of money and happiness, I guess."

She never thought of health. I cursed. I was bored, disgusted, and serious. I didn't know what they were trying to lead up to. I began to think. I asked myself about wishes, choices, and philosophies. To me philosophy is religion.

At this point, I lit a cigarette; and, looking unemotional, I asked my cigarette, "Is there anything wrong with smoking?" And to my surprise I didn't answer back. I didn't attempt to justify myself. I guess I didn't need to. I began to think about things seriously—not only about smoking but about everything.

Part of me answered a question that hadn't been asked. "I guess God owes you something. I guess science has been better to you than nature, anyway." Oh! that must have been it—must have been what they were trying to lead up to.

"Jane," I said suddenly. Jane and Bob both jumped. I guess I did break the silence quickly. "I know what you and Bob want to ask me. You want to ask me if I know what people think of me. Don't you?"

It took them off guard. Bob stammered, "How—how did you know?"

"Oh, I guess I really didn't. But I think I have a right to do what I want to. I think I'll tell you why too. I've never told anyone since we moved up here.

"Well, it was my seventh year that did it. Before that I only imagined things. They say when one sense is cut off another becomes more acute, but how much more acute I never realized. From things I heard (from conversations), my imagination ran wild. For then, and before then, I could only imagine what now I can see. For seven whole years I wondered what my mother looked like—what everything looked like. People told me how beautiful the world was—how red the sun—how blue the sky—how bright the water sparkled. I didn't know what red was. I didn't know what blue was. I didn't understand what sparkled meant. But I imagined things. I imagined things far beyond what they really are. I substituted gold and amber for brown and tan. I was blind, everything was

in reality dark, brown, and black. Yet in the world I knew there wasn't any black or any dark. And now, as I feel my head and look close under my hair, I see the scar—the scar that, after seven whole years of a world of only imagination, freed my optic nerve. The scar that made my own mother and me strangers. The scar that brought reality. It crumbled my world. I—I hated to see. Oh, people said how wonderful it was, but I—I tell this only to you—I hated to see. The life I thought would be gold was brown. The amber things were dull, misty gray. The whole world was covered with a whitish shadow that made my wonderful mountains, my bright, light sun seem far away.

"Then I began to wear glasses. I despised them. All the more I hated this dull world. Beside my make-believe land it was oh—oh—terrible. After seven—seven long years of working, wishing, and hoping to see, I wasn't glad. But Mother was. Now I could go to school. At first it wasn't easy, but Mother tutored me. And along with the poor, unsystematic school I advanced rapidly until now (and I am not flattered to say this) I am ahead of most of my friends in grade but not in knowledge.

"That, that is what God did to me. Cheated me out of my first seven years. I have really only lived nine years, or should I say, I really only lived my first seven years.

"At any rate God owes me something. I aim to get it back."

**"The Nazarene" Reviewed
By Miss Hankins**

Sigma Tau Delta met Tuesday, April 30, and enjoyed an excellent review of Scholem Asch's remarkable book, "The Nazarene," which was given by Miss Hankins. In her review, Miss Hankins emphasized the mysticism which surrounds the book, and the beautifully cadenced prose in which it is written. The book, despite its Jewish view-point, is a clear and striking picture of the life of Jesus. It is divided into three parts: the story of Jesus, as told by the right-hand man of Pilate; a fragment of the gospel, according to Judas Iscariot; and the story of the persecution and crucifixion, as told by a Jewish student. The three books combine to form probably the strangest and most moving book in modern fiction.

**Fulton Convention
Political Success**

Lindenwood's representatives to the political convention at Fulton report that a grand time was had by all, politically and otherwise. Shortly after they arrived with L. C. banners flying, the group separated, the Liberals meeting in the chapel, the Republicans orating in the gym, and the Democrats trudging down to the Court house. The issues were all hotly contested, and the meetings were flavored with the spice of the real thing. Meals at fraternity houses were pleasant interludes in the convention; there was always activity somewhere, speeches, a track meet, a play at William Woods, and of course a dance, held in the gym Friday nite to the music of El Roland, St. Louis. Fourteen of Lindenwood's number bunked in the jury room of the court house, which was indeed a picnic until the inmates of the jail above arose at 6 a. m. and did a thumping good imitation of a bunch of Boy Scouts learning the Morse code.

Saturday night at 8:30 the bus

was waiting for twenty-eight drooping, silenced politicians, who climbed on board and slept—all the way back to St. Charles.

**Diploma Recital
In Sibley Chapel**

Tuesday afternoon, May 7, Marjorie Smith and Dorothy Nieman gave a piano-organ recital in Sibley chapel. Marjorie was pianist and Dorothy was organist.

Kimbrough New President

The Commercial Club had its last meeting of the year Wednesday, May 8. The girls met out on the golf course where they had a picnic. During the first part of the meeting the girls elected officers for the next year. Peggy Kimbrough was elected president; Betty McKendry, vice-president; and Betty Brewster, secretary and treasurer.

Before serving food, a present was given to Miss Allyn by the club members in appreciation of her being sponsor of the club for the year.

**Best in Olives
and Asparagus**

The girls in the foods class have completed their special study of certain brands of food. The last four that were tested were asparagus, plums, ripe olives, and green olives.

Later the asparagus was used in preparation of vegetable dishes, the plums were used in making plum whip and other plum desserts, and the olives at the dinners as part of a relish dish and in salads.

Betty Merrill, Frances Brandenburg, Kitty Traylor, and Mary Jane Tarling had charge of testing these foods.

**Piano and Vocal
Entertainment Numbers**

Giving an excellent diploma recital, Tuesday afternoon, May 14, in Sibley chapel, were Evelyn Wahlgreen, pianist, and Dorothy Rhea, soprano.

Especially well received were Evelyn's "Treasure Waltz" (from "The Gypsy Baron") by Strauss-Dohmanyi, and Dorothy's "Das Hend" by Richard Trunk. Evelyn Knoop accompanied Dorothy on the piano, and Cordelia Mae Buck accompanied her on the organ.

Lives of Composers

The final meeting of Beta Pi Theta was held Monday, May 13, in the library club rooms. Plans for next year were discussed. Four reports were given on the lives of composers. Nadeane Snyder spoke on Chopin; Ann Earickson, Sa'nt-Saens; Mary-Pemberton, Massenet; and Terry Larson, Bruneau.

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Readings in Little Theatre

The speech department presented a recital in the Little Theatre on Wednesday, May 15, at 5 p. m.

Mary James read "Humoresque" by Fannie Hurst. Dorothy Simonsen gave an extemporaneous speech entitled "Lesson No. 1." It was the story of a ballet lesson. Dorothy illustrated the body movements, making her speech very effective.

Sue Riley also gave an extemporaneous speech. It was entitled "Behind the Doors." It was about the Gold Star Mothers there will be, if there is another war. Grace

Studied Local Charity

The Case Work class visited the Emmaus Home on Tuesday, April 9. The class was shown through the institution by Rev. Mr. Stoelker, head of the home, and then were given a talk by Dr. Schultz, an authority on the various types of epilepsy. Movies of daily activities in the home were also shown.

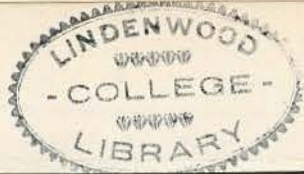
Quebbeman gave a cutting of the third act of Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland."

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BRAUFMAN'S & HUNING'S



Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer's Birthday

School Celebrates At Freshman Dinner Dance

A formal dinner-dance, in honor of Dr. Roemer's birthday, was given by the freshman class on Thursday, May 2. A delicious dinner was served at 6:30 o'clock in the dining room, and an entertaining program was presented. Dixie Smith and Betty Ann Lillibridge sang several songs telling the story of the life of Dr. Roemer, and the wonderful work he has done at Lindenwood. Mr. Motley read various telegrams of congratulation which Dr. Roemer had received during the day. Virginia Feller, president of the freshman class, presented Dr. Roemer with his birthday present: a check from the freshmen to be used in placing some gift from them in the new Fine Arts building.

Dancing began at 8 o'clock. The gym was beautifully decorated in pink, with a huge sketch of Dr. Roemer on one wall. It was a gay place as the girls, in lovely spring formals, danced in honor of their president. After the grand march, framed pictures of Dr. Roemer and Cotton were presented to each girl, as remembrances of happy days at Lindenwood. The whole school owes a vote of thanks to the freshmen and their sponsor, Miss Morris, for a thoroughly lovely party.

Will Be Supervisor

Cordelia Buck has been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the vocal music supervisor in the Washington, Mo., public schools. Cordelia is well known here at Lindenwood where she has been the school accompanist for the past three years. She will graduate in June.

Senior Luncheon Held

Dr. Roemer Entertains At Missouri Athletic Club

Dr. Roemer entertained the senior class at its splendid annual luncheon Saturday, May 11, at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis. The decorations were yellow and white snapdragons. During the luncheon Peggy McCoid played soft music and Cordelia Buck played the school songs.

The menu included fruit cocktail, cream of tomato soup, steak, mashed potatoes, asparagus tips, combination salad, hard rolls, strawberry sundae, jelly roll, and coffee.

The program consisted of short addresses by Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gregg, Dean Hooton, Dean Gipson, Dr. Linnemann, Christine McDonald, Mr. Thomas, Dr. Stumberg, and Mr. Motley.

Guests besides the seniors were: Dr. Gipson, Miss Hooton, Dr. Gregg, Miss Hankins, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. Linnemann, Mrs. Underwood, L. Motley, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Mrs. Belding, Mrs. Siedhoff, and Mrs. Zeisler.

The Lindenwood choir sang at the morning services of the Oak Hill Presbyterian Church in St. Louis on Sunday, May 19. Thirty-two girls, under the direction of Miss Gieselman, sang "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" (Bach), and "Send Forth Thy Spirit" (Schuetky).

READ
THE
LINDEN BARK

Honor Lindenwood Alumna, Distinguished Clubwoman

Mrs. A. J. Krueger, president of the Eighth District Federation of Women Clubs, an alumna of Lindenwood, was entertained by Dr. Roemer and the college at a tea on Saturday afternoon, May 18, immediately after the May Fete. Mrs. L. C. Lodge, president of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, accompanied Mrs. Krueger, and there were also about 125 members of the federated district of clubs present. Members of the faculty and administrative staff were also invited.

Miss Hankins was in charge of arrangements, and the students of the Encore Club served. The club room was decorated with baskets of flags and wigelia. Serving was done from two tea tables, on which were light green candles, and center-pieces of pink and white daisies and pink snapdragons. Lime ice, served from four punch bowls; iced squares of cake, green, pink and white; and nuts, were served.

Beautiful Spring Tea For Sixty Guests

Pi Alpha Delta had its annual spring tea, Monday afternoon, May 6, in the college club room. The guests included Dr. Roemer; Dr. Gipson, and Miss Hooton; also four guests each whom the members invited, making a party in all of about 60.

The table was decorated with lilacs and candles, and the officers of the club poured. Angel-food cake, strawberries, whipped cream, candy, nuts, tea and coffee were served. During the tea, Peggy McCoid and Nelle Motley entertained with piano music.

Officers of Pi Alpha Delta are: Betty Meyers, president; Nadeane Snyder, vice-president; and Kay Salyer, secretary-treasurer. M.s.s. Hankins is sponsor.

Tuxedos and Formals Clever Theme at Formal

The annual sophomore prom was held in Butler gymnasium, Saturday night, May 11. Those in the receiving line were, Dr. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Dean Hooton, and Miss Tucker, sponsor of the class.

The theme of the prom was "Tuxedo Junction," and the decorations were unique. At the south end of the room, there was an arch labeled "Tuxedo Junction." Behind the bandstand at the opposite end of the gym, figures of a man in a tux and a girl in a formal made out of cellophane created a very delightful appearance. At measured intervals around the walls of the gym black and white lamp posts were located, and between each lamp post there was a white trumpet and musical notes.

At ten o'clock a supper was served in Ayres dining hall, where the tables were attractively decorated with white candles. Chicken salad, potato chips, hot rolls, relishes, strawberry parfait, and coffee were served.

Music for the prom was rendered by the New Yorkers, and dancing continued after the supper until 12:30 o'clock.

St. Charles Alumnae Club entertained the faculty, administration, and senior girls of the St. Charles High School at a tea in the library club rooms on Friday, May 4. The Encore Club helped to receive the girls and showed them the campus.

Dr. Roemer Host To All Student Board

The annual dinner for the student board was given by Dr. Roemer Monday, May 13, in the tea room.

Dr. Roemer congratulated the board on its fine work and Kay Wagner gave her appreciation for the cooperation of the group this year. The centerpiece was made up of a lovely mixed bouquet, and the unusual place cards and nut cups were small wishing wells. Summer bags were presented to each guest.

Included in the guest list were Dr. Gipson, Dean Hooton, Miss Cook, Mrs. LeMaster, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Arends, Miss Hough, Miss Mottlinger, Kay Wagner, Martha Weber, Sara Jefferson, Marjorie Dearmont, Mary Helen St. Clair, Margaret Fisher, Frances Brandenburg, Betty Kelley, Mary Kern, and Joan Houghton.

New in Beta Chi

Nine new members have been taken into Beta Chi, the honorary riding club. To become a member one must be able to put a horse through five gaits, jump three feet in good form, saddle and bridle a horse, and mount and dismount correctly.

The new members are Margaret Chapman, Louise Olsen, Marion Ohlsen, Jean McCulloch, Gloria Smith, Dorothy Felger, Jeanette Lee, Phyllis Carpenter and Peggy Price.

For the past year Mimi Stumberg has been president; Geraldine Rasdal, vice-president; and Jacqueline Morrison, treasurer. Other members are Dorothy Owen, Marty Bell Baum, and Sally Murphy. Miss Reichert is sponsor of the group.

Men of the College Serve Outdoor Party

At 9:30 on the evening of Monday, May 13, the sweet notes of a bugle called the Lindenwood girls back of the tea room, where they found Dr. Harmon, Dr. Betz, Frank Whys, and Mr. Motley presiding over a table spread with wieners hot tamales, and cokes. It was a party given by the men on the campus, and the women on the campus were highly appreciative.

In the open space between the tea room and Senior Hall, flares were set in a semi-circle, and their light brightened the scene behind the tea room. As the girls stood in line waiting for food, or gathered in groups on the grass, they sang college songs and the campus was a lively place.

The parties given every spring by the faculty are thoroughly enjoyed by the girls, and they are loud in praise of the food and fun which accompany wiener-roasts behind the tea room.

Juniors Are Entertained

On Friday evening, May 10 at eight o'clock, the freshman class entertained the faculty, administration, and junior class at a beautiful lawn party in honor of the juniors.

The lawn in front of Sibley was decorated with lawn furniture, trellises, and Japanese lanterns. Entertainment was furnished by a small orchestra which played from Sibley porch and by the freshman chorus, directed by Jean McPherson, which sang a number of fraternity and school songs.

Several of Lindenwood's student musicians, Anne Taylor, Frances Shepard, Beverly Mayhall and Margaret Anne McCoid, were guests of the Kiwanis Club of St. Charles at a recent luncheon, giving a program

Outing for Music Sorority

The members of Mu Phi Epsilon were given a luncheon at St. Alban's, Saturday, May 4, by their patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Friess, and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gauss. The members of the music faculty who are members of Mu Phi were also at the luncheon. They are Miss Isidor, Miss Englehart, and Miss Coulson. Betty Ellen White, who was a student here two years ago, and Mildred Jumet, who was here last year, were guests at the party. The group left the campus at 11:30 and returned at 6 p. m.

Dinner Honors Paid Seniors and Juniors

The annual junior dinner for the senior class was given on Tuesday evening, May 14, in Ayres dining room. The junior and senior classes marched into the dining room and were seated at reserved tables.

Martha Weber and Christine McDonald, presidents of the two classes, made short speeches and the seniors were presented with Prince Machiabelli initialed kits and a crown bottle of Duchess of York perfume.

On Friday, May 17, a dinner for the St. Louis Historical Society was held in Ayres dining room. During the dinner, which was served at 6:30 o'clock, the president of the Society spoke a few words, and the Lindenwood girls sang some school songs. After dinner the Society met in the library club rooms.

Lindenwood students went in large groups Sunday, May 19, to the morning service at the Fifth Street Methodist Church, for the day was observed as "Lindenwood Day". Dr. Roemer preached the sermon, and the Lindenwood choir sang, with solos by Pauline Gray and Vera Jean Douthit.

Dr. Edgar Vance, Presbyterian pastor of Alton, Ill., father of Ruth Vance, conducted vesper service at Lindenwood, last Sunday night.

Dr. John W. MacIvor, president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, has recently been elected to the Board of Directors of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Due to rain, the International Relations club picnic on Friday, May 17, was held in the library club rooms. Mrs. Rath was a guest at the picnic. Mr. Rath has sponsored the group throughout the year.

The Athletic club held its last meeting of the year in the library club rooms, Thursday, May 16. Final business was cleared.

Westminster Glee Club Sings in Dining Room

The Westminster College Glee Club presented a thoroughly enjoyable concert on Monday, May 6. The boys and President McCluer arrived late in the afternoon and ate dinner in the dining-room with the girls and Dr. Roemer. In the dining-room, the girls sang Lindenwood songs, and the boys sang Westminster songs.

The concert began at 7:30. The program ranged in songs from "Bless the Lord, O my Soul" and "Dextera Domini" to "Short'n' Bread" and "The Big Brown Bear." There are 22 in the Glee Club, and Lindenwood always enjoys the concerts presented by the boys.